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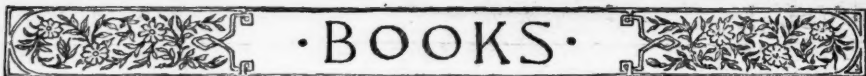
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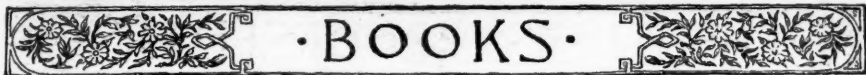
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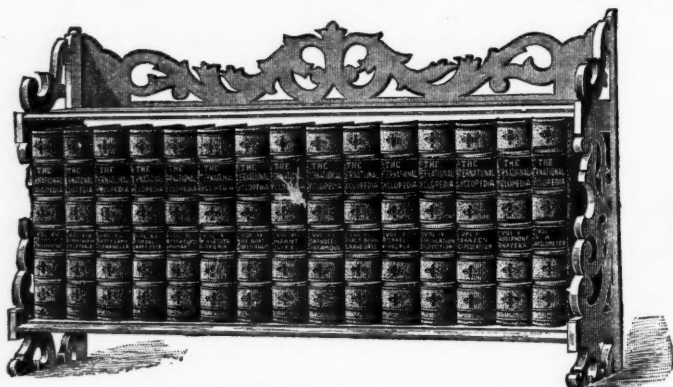
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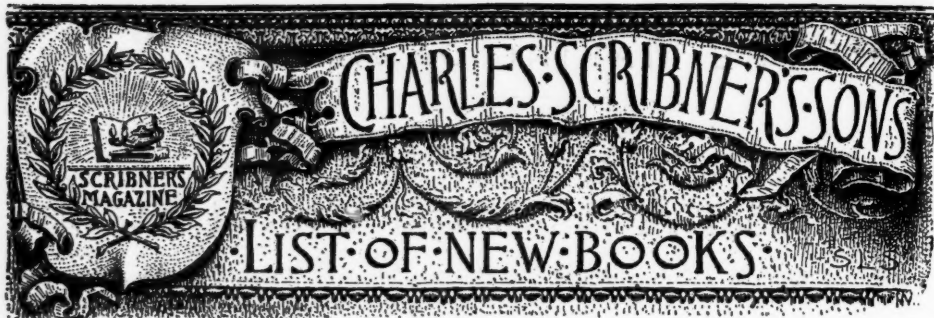
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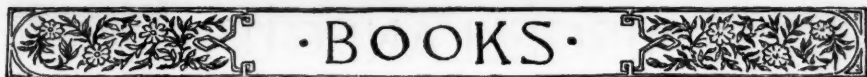
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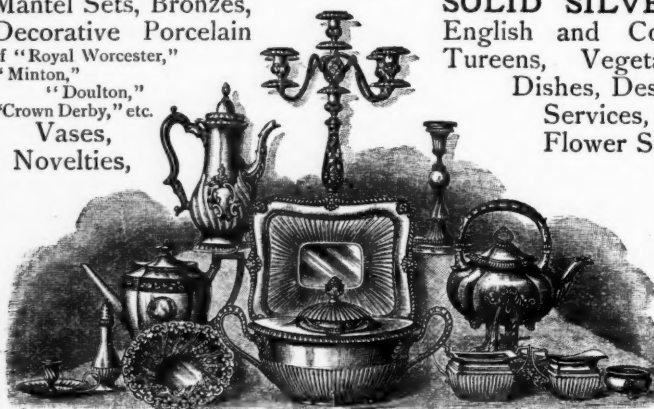
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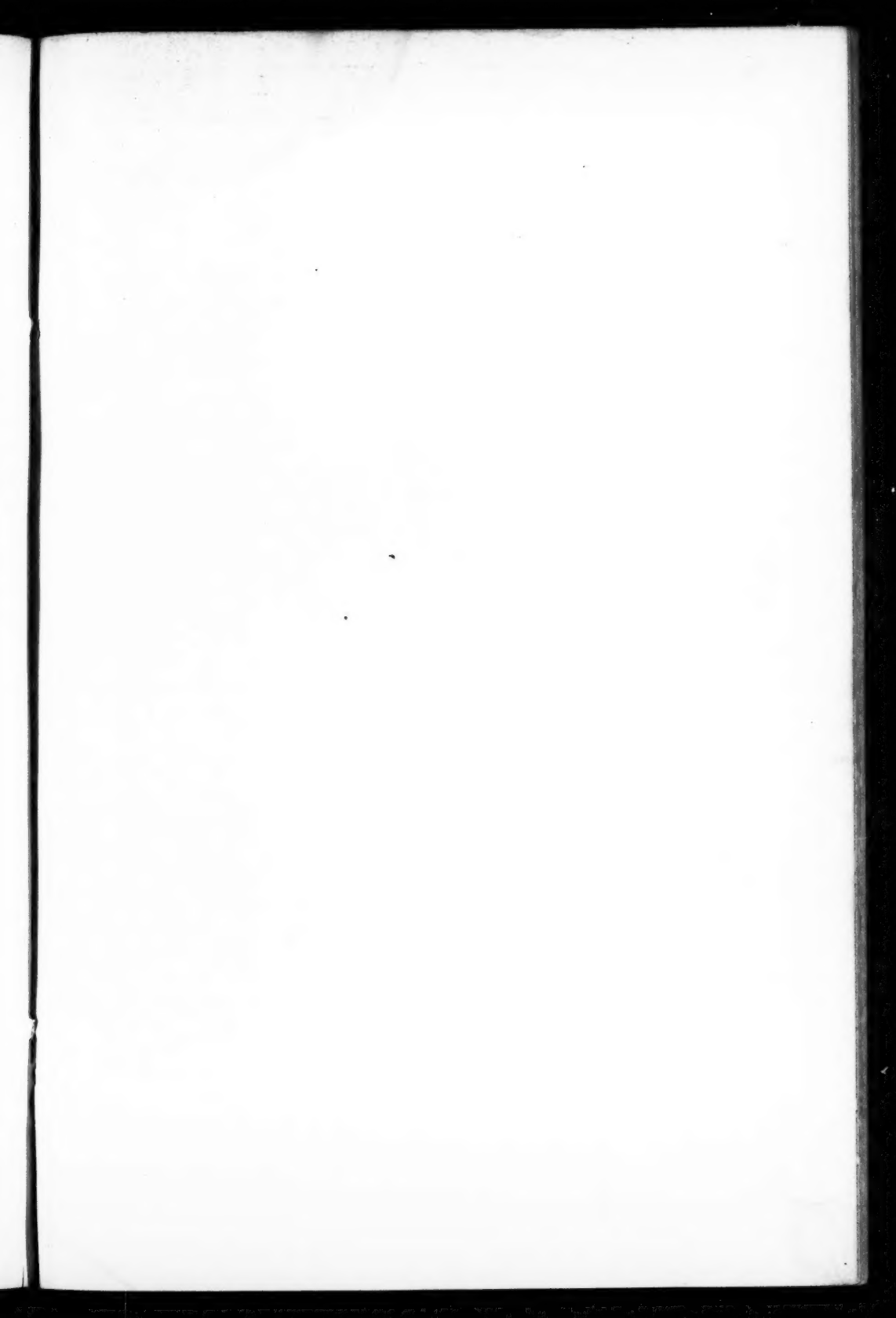
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

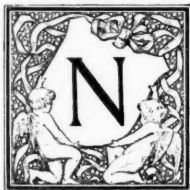
VOL. I.

APRIL, 1887.

No. 4.

A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

INTRODUCTION.



THE writer of recent times is so much quoted as Thackeray; scarcely a week passes without his name recurring in one or other of the leading articles of the day; and yet whilst his published works retain their influence so firmly, the personal impression of his life and conversation becomes more and more shadowy and indistinct as the friends who knew and loved him the most are gradually becoming fewer and passing away. Thackeray's nature was essentially modest and retiring. More than once it appears that he had desired his daughter to publish no memoir of him. Mrs. Ritchie, who alone could do justice to her Father's memory, and who has inherited the true woman's share of his genius, and of the tender and perceptive sympathy of his character, has ever held this injunction sacred, even to the extent of withholding all his letters to his family from publication. Yet it happens from time to time that some chance letters of doubtful authenticity, and others utterly spurious, have appeared

in print, and have even perhaps found acceptance amongst those who, knowing him only by his published works, were without the true key for distinguishing what was genuine from what was simply counterfeit.

The letters which form this collection were most of them written by Mr. Thackeray to my husband, the late Rev'd W. H. Brookfield, and myself, from about 1847, and continuing during many years of intimate friendship, beginning from the time when he first lived in London, and when he especially needed our sympathy. His happy married life had been broken up by the malady which fell upon his young wife after the birth of her youngest child; his two remaining little girls were under his mother's care, at Paris. Mr. Thackeray was living alone in London. "Vanity Fair" was not yet written when these letters begin. His fame was not yet established in the world at large; but amongst his close personal friends, an undoubting belief in his genius had already become strongly rooted. No one earlier than my dear gifted husband adopted and proclaimed this new faith. The letters now so informally collected together are not a consecutive series; but they have

always been carefully preserved with sincere affection by those to whom they were written. Some of them are here given without the omission of a word ; others are extracts from communications of a more private character ; but if every one of these letters from Thackeray could be rightly made public, without the slightest restriction, they would all the more redound to his honour.

JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD.

29 CARLYLE SQUARE, CHELSEA.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In arranging the letters for publication, a simple chronological order has been followed, regardless of their relative importance. In some cases the originals were not dated ; and in each of these instances an effort has been made to supply the omission. Often it has been possible to do this with certainty ; and in that case the date is printed above the letter in Roman type. Where such certainty could not be reached, conjectural dates are given in italics and enclosed in brackets ; but even then they have been so far verified by means of incidents referred to in the letters, or other evi-

dence, that they may be depended upon as fixing very closely the time of the notes to which they are attached. In this final arrangement of the letters, and in some additional annotation, the Editor has enjoyed the privilege of advice and assistance from Mr. James Russell Lowell, who kindly consented, with the cordial approval and thanks of Mrs. Brookfield, to give them this aid.

The Editor is permitted to make public the following letter from Mrs. Ritchie to Mrs. Brookfield :

36a ROSARY GARDENS, HEREFORD SQUARE, S. W.
April 28.

MY DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD :

I am very glad to hear that you have made a satisfactory arrangement for publishing your selections from my Father's letters. I am of course unable myself by his expressed wish to do anything of the sort. While I am glad to be spared the doubts and difficulties of such a work, I have often felt sorry to think that no one should ever know *more* of him. You know better than anyone what we should like said or unsaid, and what he would have wished ; so that I am very glad to think you have undertaken the work, and am always your affectionate

ANNE RITCHIE.

LETTERS.

[Jan. 1847.]

[To Mr. Brookfield.]

MY DEAR W. :

There will be no dinner at Greenwich on Monday. Dickens has chosen that day for a reconciliation banquet between Forster and me.

Is madame gone and is she better ? My heart follows her respectfully to Devonshire and the dismal scenes of my youth.

I am being brought to bed of my seventh darling with inexpressible throes : and dine out every day until *Juice* knows when.

I will come to you on Sunday night if you like—though stop, why shouldn't

you, after church, come and sleep out here in the country ?

Yours,

JOS. OSBORN.

[To Mr. Brookfield.]

le Dimanche.

[August, 1847.]

MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ :

De retour de Gravesend j'ai trouvé chez moi un billet de M. Crowe, qui m'invite à diner demain à 6 heures précises à Ampstead.

En même temps M. Crowe m'a envoyé une lettre pour vous,—ne vous trouvant pas à votre ancien logement

(où l'adresse de l'horrible bouge où vous demeurez actuellement est heureusement ignorée)—force fut à M. Crowe de s'adresser à moi—à moi qui connais l'ignoble caveau que vous occupez indignement, sous les dalles humides d'une église déserte, dans le voisinage fétide de fourmillants Irlandais.

Cette lettre, Monsieur, dont je parle—cette lettre—je l'ai laissée à la maison. Demain il sera trop tard de vous faire part de l'aimable invitation de notre ami commun.

Je remplis enfin mon devoir envers M. Crowe en vous faisant savoir ses intentions hospitalières à votre égard. Et je vous quitte, Monsieur, en vous donnant les assurances répétées de ma haute considération.

CHEVALIER DE TITMARSH.

J'offre à Madame l'Abbesse mes hommages respectueux.

1847.

[To Mr. Brookfield.]

MY DEAR OLD B. :

Can you come and dine on Thursday at six? I shall be at home—no party—nothing—only me. And about your night-cap, why not come out for a day or two, though the rooms are very comfortable in the Church vaults.* Farewell.

Ever your LOUISA.

(And Madam, is she well?)

[1847.]

[Enclosing the following note.]

TEMPLE, 8 Nov.

MY DEAR THACKERAY :

A thousand thanks. It will do admirably, and I will not tax you again in the

* In this Letter, and elsewhere, reference is made to my husband's living in the "church vaults." Our income at this time was very small, and a long illness had involved us in some difficulty. Mr. Brookfield's aversion to debt and his firm rectitude of principle decided him to give up our lodgings, and to remove by himself into the vestry of his District Church, which was situated in a very squalid neighborhood. Here he could live rent free, and in the midst of his parish work, whilst he sent me to stay with my dear father, the late Sir Charles Elton, at Clevedon Court, for the recovery of my health. At this juncture our circumstances gradually brightened. Mr. Thackeray, my uncle, Mr. Hallam, and other friends interested themselves towards obtaining better preferment for Mr. Brookfield, whose great ability and high character were brought to the notice of Lord Lansdowne, then President of the Council, and head of the Education Department. He appointed Mr. Brookfield to be one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools, an employment which was very congenial to him. Our difficulties were then removed, and we were able to establish ourselves in a comfortable house in Portman Street, to which so many of these letters are addressed.

same manner. Don't get nervous or think about criticism, or trouble yourself about the opinions of friends; you have completely beaten Dickens out of the inner circle already. I dine at Gore House to-day; look in if you can.

Ever yours, A. H.

MADAM :

Although I am certainly committing a breach of confidence, I venture to offer my friend up to you, because you have considerable humour, and I think will possibly laugh at him. You know you yourself often hand over some folks to some other folks, and deserve to be treated as you treat others.

The circumstances arose of a letter which H— sent me, containing prodigious compliments. I answered that these praises from all quarters frightened me rather than elated me, and sent him a drawing for a lady's album, with a caution not to ask for any more, hence the reply. Ah! Madame, how much richer truth is than fiction, and how great that phrase about the "inner circle" is.

I write from the place from which I heard your little voice last night, I mean this morning, at who knows how much o'clock. I wonder whether you will laugh as much as I do; my papa in the next room must think me insane, but I am not, and am of Madame, the *Serviteur* and *Frère affectionné*.

W. M. T.

[1847.]

[To Mr. Brookfield.]

MY DEAR W. H. B. :

I daresay you are disgusted at my not coming to the *bouge*, on Sunday night, but there was a good reason, which may be explained if required hereafter. And I had made up my account for some days at Southampton, hoping to start this day, but there is another good reason for staying at home. Poor old grandmother's will, burial &c., detained me in town. Did you see her death in the paper?

Why I write now, is to beg, and implore, and intreat that you and Mrs. Brookfield will come and take these three nice little rooms here, and stop with me until you have found other

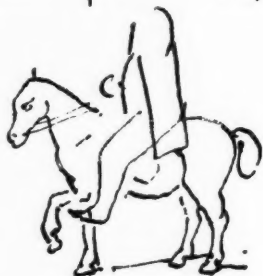
lodgment. It will be the very greatest comfort and kindness to me, and I shall take it quite *hangry* if you don't come. Will you come on Saturday now? the good things you shall have for dinner are quite incredible. I have got a box of preserved apricots from Fortnum and Mason's which alone ought to make any lady happy, and two shall be put under my lady's pillow every night. Now do come—and farewell. My barb is at the postern. I have had him clipped and his effect in the Park is quite *tremenjus*.

it. The moment I tried, the blade broke away from the beautiful handle. What does this portend? It is now—[here drawing] There is a blade and there is a hilt, but they refuse to go together. Something is going to happen I am sure.

I took leave of my family on Sunday, after a day in the rain at Hampton Court.

. . . . Forster* was dining with Mr. Chapman the publisher, where we passed the day. His article in the *Examiner* did not please me so much as his genuine good nature in insisting upon walk-

W. alone right to make any lady happy - and two
shall be put under my lady's pillow every night.
Now do come - and farewell - My barb is at the postern



I have had him clipped and his effect in the Park is quite *tremenjus*.


BRUSSELS, Friday [28 July], 1848.

I have just had a dreadful omen. Somebody gave me a paper-knife with a mother of pearl blade and a beautiful Silver handle. Annie recognised it in a minute, lying upon my dressing table, with a "Here's Mrs. So and So's butter knife." I suppose she cannot have seen it above twice, but that child remembers everything. Well, this morning, being fairly on my travels, and having the butter knife in my desk, I thought I would begin to cut open a book I had bought, never having as yet had occasion to use

ing with Annie at night, and holding an umbrella over her through the pouring rain. Did you read the *Spectator's* sarcastic notice of V. F.? I don't think it is just, but think *Kintoul* is a very honest man and rather inclined to deal severely with his private friends, lest he should fall into the other extreme;—to be sure he keeps out of it, I mean the other extreme, very well.

I passed Monday night and part of Tuesday in the artless society of some

*John Forster, the intimate friend of Charles Dickens, and well-known writer.

handle. What does this portend? It is now as if

 There is a blade and there is a hilt, but they refuse to act together. Something is
 going to happen I am sure.

officers of the 21st, or Royal Scots Fusiliers, in garrison at Canterbury. We went to a barrack room, where we drank about, out of a Silver cup and a glass. I heard such stale old garrison stories. I recognised among the stories many old friends of my youth, very pleasant to meet when one was eighteen, but of whom one is rather shy now. Not so these officers, however; they tell each other the stalest and wickedest old Joe Millers; the jolly grey-headed old majors have no reverence for the beardless ensigns, nor *vice-versa*. I heard of the father and son in the other regiment in garrison at Canterbury, the Slashers if you please, being carried up drunk to bed the night before. Fancy what a life. Some of ours,—I don't mean yours Madam, but I mean mine and others—are not much better, though more civilised.

We went to see the wizard Jacobs at the theatre, he came up in the midst of the entertainment, and spoke across the box to the young officers;—he knows them in private life, they think him a good fellow. He came up and asked them confidentially, if they didn't like a trick he had just performed. "Neat little thing isn't it?" the great Jacobs said, "I brought it over from Paris." They go to his entertainment every night, fancy what a career of pleasure!

A wholesome young Squire with a large brown face and a short waistcoat, came up to us and said, "Sorry you're goin', I have sent up to barracks a great lot o' *rabbuts*." They were of no use, those *rabbuts*; the 21st was to march the next day. I saw the men walking about on the last day, taking leave of their sweethearts, (who will probably be consoled by the Slashers).

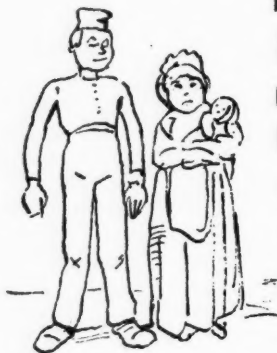
I was carried off by my brother-in-law through the rain, to see a great sight, the regimental soup-tureens and disheovers, before they were put away. "Feel that" says he, "William, just feel the weight of that!" I was called upon twice to try the weight of that soup

dish, and expressed the very highest gratification at being admitted to that privilege. Poor simple young fellows and old youngsters! I felt ashamed of myself for spying out their follies and fled from them and came off to Dover. It was pouring with rain all day, and I had no opportunity of putting anything into the beautiful new sketch books.

I passed an hour in the Cathedral, which seemed all beautiful to me; the fifteenth Century part, the thirteenth century part, and the crypt above all, which they say is older than the Conquest. The most charming, harmonious, powerful combination of shafts and arches, beautiful whichever way you saw them developed, like a fine music or the figures in a Kaleidoscope, rolling out mysteriously, a beautiful foundation for a beautiful building. I thought how some people's towering intellects and splendid cultivated geniuses rise upon simple, beautiful foundations hidden out of sight, and how this might be a good simile, if I knew of any very good and wise man just now. But I don't know of many, do you?

Part of the Crypt was given up to French Calvinists; and texts from the French Bible of some later sect are still painted on the pillars, surrounded with French ornaments, looking very queer and out of place. So, for the matter of that, do we look queer and out of place in that grand soaring artificial building: we may put a shovel hat on the pinnacle of the steeple, as Omar did a crescent on the peak of the church at Jerusalem; but it does not belong to us, I mean according to the fitness of things. We ought to go to church in a very strong, elegant, beautifully neat room; croziers, and banners, incense, and jimeracks, grand processions of priests and monks (with an inquisition in the distance), and lies, avarice, tyranny, torture, all sorts of horrible and unnatural oppressions and falsehoods kept out of sight; such

a great lot o' rabbits - they were of no use those rabbits, the 21st way
to march the next day. I saw the men walking about on the last day



taking leave of their sweet hearts (who were
probably be comforted by the Schleslers) I
was carried off by my brother in law through
the rain to see a great sight - the Regiments
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and old youngsters! I felt ashamed of myself for walking about spying
and then folies: and fled from them and came off to Canterbury Dover.

a place as this ought to belong to the
old religion. How somebody of my
acquaintance would like to walk into
a beautiful calm confessional and go
and kiss the rood or the pavement of
a Becket's shrine. Fancy the church
quite full; the altar lined with ponti-
fical gentlemen bobbing up and down;
the dear little boys in white and red
flinging about the incense pots; the
music roaring out from the organs; all
the monks and clergy in their stalls, and
the archbishop on his throne—O! how
fine! And then think of the +, of our
Lord speaking quite simply to simple
Syrian people, a child or two maybe at
his knees, as he taught them that love
was the truth. Ah! as one thinks of it,
how grand that figure looks, and how
small all the rest; but I dare say I am
getting out of my depth.

I came on hither [to Brussels] yester-
day, having passed the day previous at
Dover, where it rained incessantly, and
where I only had the courage to write
the first sentence of this letter, being

utterly cast down and more under the
influence of blue devils than I ever re-
member before; but a fine bright sky
at five o'clock in the morning, and a
jolly brisk breeze, and the ship cutting
through the water at fifteen miles an
hour, restored cheerfulness to this
wearied spirit, and enabled it to par-
take freely of beefsteak and *pommes-de-
terre* at Ostend; after an hour of which
amusement, it was time to take the train
and come on to Brussels. The country
is delightfully well cultivated; all along
the line you pass by the most cheerful
landscapes with old cities, gardens, corn-
fields and rustic labour.

At the *table d'hôte* I sat next a French
Gentleman and his lady. She first sent
away the bread; she then said "*mais,
mon ami, ce potage est abominable*;" then
she took a piece of pudding on her fork,
not to eat, but to smell, after which she
sent it away. Experience told me it
was a little *grisette* giving herself airs,
so I complimented the waiter on the
bread, recommended the soup to a man,

and took two portions of the pudding, under her nose.

Then we went (I found a companion, an ardent admirer, in the person of a Manchester merchant) to the play, to see Dejazet, in the "*Gentil Bernard*," of which piece I shall say nothing, but I think it was the wickedest I ever saw, and one of the pleasantest, adorably funny and naughty. As the part (*Gentil Bernard* is a prodigious rake,) is acted by a woman, the reality is taken from it, and one can bear to listen, but such a little rake, such charming impudence, such little songs, such little dresses! She looked as *mignonne* as a china image, and danced, fought, sang and capered, in a way that would have sent Walpole mad could he have seen her.

And now writing has made me hungry, and if you please I will go and breakfast at a Café with lots of newspapers, and garçons bawling out "*Voilà M'sieu*"—how pleasant to think of! The Manchester admirer goes to London to-day and will take this. If you want any more please send me word *Poste Restante* at Spa.

I am going to-day to the Hôtel de la Terrasse, where Becky used to live, and shall pass by Captain Osborn's lodgings, where I recollect meeting him and his little wife—who has married again somebody told me;—but it is always the way with these *grandes passions*—Mrs. Dobbins, or some such name, she is now; always an over-rated woman, I thought. How curious it is! I believe perfectly in all those people, and feel quite an interest in the Inn in which they lived.

Good bye, my dear gentleman and lady, and let me hear the latter is getting well.

W. M. T.

HÔTEL DES PAYS BAS, SPA.

August 1st to 5th. 1848.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Whoever you may be who receive these lines,—for unless I receive a letter from the person whom I privately mean, I shall send them post-paid to somebody else,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that on yesterday, the 30th, at 7 A.M., I left Brussels, with which I was much pleased, and not a little tired, and ar-

rived quite safe per railroad and *diligence* at the watering place of Spa. I slept a great deal in the coach, having bought a book at Brussels to amuse me, and having for companions, three clergymen (of the deplorable Romish faith) with large idolatrous three-cornered hats, who read their breviaries all the time I was awake, and I have no doubt gave utterance to their damnable Popish opinions when the stranger's ears were closed; and lucky for the priests that I was so situated, for speaking their language a great deal better than they do themselves (being not only image-worshippers but Belgians, whose jargon is as abominable as their superstition) I would have engaged them in a controversy, in which I daresay they would have been utterly confounded by one who had the Thirty-nine Articles of truth on his side. Their hats could hardly get out of the coach door when they quitted the carriage, and one of them, when he took off his, to make a parting salute to the company, quite extinguished a little passenger.

We arrived at Spa at two o'clock, and being driven on the top of the *diligence* to two of the principal hotels, they would not take me in as I had only a little portmanteau, or at least only would offer me a servant's bedroom. These miserable miscreants did not see by my appearance that I was not a flunkey, but on the contrary, a great and popular author; and I intend to have two fine pictures painted when I return to England, of the landlord of the Hôtel d'Orange refusing a bed-chamber to the celebrated Titmarsh, and of the proprietor of the Hôtel d'York, offering Jeames a second-floor back closet. Poor misguided people! It was on the 30th July 1848. The first thing I did after *at length* securing a handsome apartment at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, was to survey the town and partake of a glass of water at the Pouhon well, where the late Peter the Great, the imperator of the Bo-Russians appears also to have drunk; so that two great men at least have refreshed themselves at that fountain. I was next conducted to the baths, where a splendid concert of wind and stringed instruments was performed under my window, and many hundreds of gentle-

folks of all nations were congregated in the public walk, no doubt to celebrate my arrival. They are so polite however at this place of elegant ease, that they didn't take the least notice of the Illustrious Stranger, but allowed him to walk about quite unmolested and, (to all appearance) unremarked. I went to the *table d'hôte* with perfect affability, just like an ordinary person; an ordinary person at the *table d'hôte*, mark the pleasantry. If that joke doesn't make your sides ache, what, my dear friend, can move you? We had a number of good things, fifteen or sixteen too many I should say. I was myself obliged to give in at about the twenty-fifth dish; but there was a Flemish lady near me, a fair blue-eyed being, who carried on long after the English author's meal was concluded, and who said at dinner to-day, (when she beat me by at least treble the amount of victuals) that she was languid and tired all day, and an invalid, so weak and delicate that she could not walk. "No wonder," thought an observer of human nature, who saw her eating a second supply of lobster salad, which she introduced with her knife, "no wonder, my blue-eyed female, that you are ill, when you take such a preposterous quantity of nourishment;" but as the waters of this place are eminently ferruginous, I presume that she used the knife in question for the purpose of taking steel with her dinner. The subject I feel is growing painful, and we will, if you please, turn to more delicate themes.

I retired to my apartment at seven, with the same book which I had purchased, and which sent me into a second sleep until ten when it was time to go to rest. At eight I was up and stirring, at 8.30 I was climbing the brow of a little mountain which overlooks this pretty town, and whence, from among firs and oaks, I could look down upon the spires of the church, and the roofs of the Redoute, and the principal and inferior buildings and the vast plains, and hills beyond, topped in many places with pine woods, and covered with green crops and yellow corn. Had I a friend to walk hand in hand with, him or her, on these quiet hills, the promenade methinks might be pleasant. I thought of

many such as I paced among the rocks and shrubberies. Breakfast succeeded that solitary, but healthy reverie, when coffee and eggs were served to the Victim of Sentiment. Sketch-book in hand, the individual last alluded to set forth in quest of objects suitable for his pencil. But it is more respectful to Nature to look at her and gaze with pleasure, rather than to sit down with pert assurance, and begin to take her portrait. A man who persists in sketching, is like one who insists on singing during the performance of an opera. What business has he to be trying his stupid voice? He is not there to imitate, but to admire to the best of his power. Thrice the rain came down and drove me away from my foolish endeavours, as I was making the most abominable caricatures of pretty, quaint cottages, shaded by huge ancient trees.

In the evening was a fine music at the Redoute, which being concluded, those who had a mind were free to repair to a magnificent neighbouring saloon, superbly lighted, where a great number of persons were assembled amusing themselves, round two tables covered with green cloth and ornamented with a great deal of money. They were engaged at a game which seems very simple; one side of the table is marked red and the other black, and you have but to decide which of the red or the black you prefer, and if the colour you choose is turned up on the cards, which a gentleman deals, another gentleman opposite to him gives you five francs, or a napoleon or whatever sum of money you have thought fit to bet upon your favourite colour.

But if your colour loses, then he takes your napoleon. This he did, I am sorry to say, to me twice, and as I thought this was enough, I came home and wrote a letter, full of nonsense to—

[August 11th]

MY DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD:

You see how nearly you were missing this delightful letter, for upon my word I had packed it up small and was going to send it off in a rage to somebody else, this very day, to a young lady whom some people think over-rated very likely,

or to some deserving person, when, *O gioja e felicità* (I don't know whether that is the way to spell *gioja*, but rather pique myself on the g) when *O! bonheur suprême*, the waiter enters my door at 10 o'clock this morning, just as I had finished writing page seven of PENDEN-NIS, and brings me the *Times* newspaper and a beautiful thick 2/4 letter, in a fine large hand. I eagerly seized—the newspaper, (ha ha! I had somebody

O'Brien, and indeed by Popery altogether! &c. &c.

One day is passed away here very like its defunct predecessor. I have not lost any more money at the odious gambling table, but go and watch the players there with a great deal of interest. There are ladies playing—young and pretty ones too. One is very like a lady I used to know, a curate's wife in a street off Golden Square, *whatdyoucallit* street,

where the pianoforte maker lives; and I daresay this person is puzzled why I always go and stare at her so. She has her whole soul in the pastime, puts out her five-franc pieces in the most timid way, and watches them disappear under the *croupier's* rake with eyes so uncommonly sad and tender, that I feel inclined to go up to her and say "Madam, you are exceedingly like a lady, a curate's wife whom I once knew, in England, and as I take an interest in you, I wish you would get out of this place as quick as you can, and take your beautiful eyes off the black and red." But I suppose it would be thought rude if I were to make any such statement and—Ah! what do I remember? There's no use in sending off this letter to-day, this is Friday, and it cannot be delivered on Sunday in a Protestant metropolis. There was no use in hurrying home from Lady ———, (Never mind, it is only an Irish baronet's wife, who tries to disguise her Limerick brogue, but the fact is she has an exceedingly pretty daughter), I say there was no use in hurrying home so as to get this off by the post.

Yesterday I didn't know a soul in this place, but got in the course

there) and was quickly absorbed in its contents. The news from Ireland is of great interest and importance, and we may indeed return thanks that the deplorable revolution and rebellion, which everybody anticipated in that country, has been averted in so singular, I may say unprecedented a manner. How pitiful is the figure cut by Mr. Smith

of the day a neat note from a lady who had the delight of an introduction to me at D-v-nsh-re House, and who proposed tea in the most flattering manner. Now, I know a French duke and duchess, and at least six of the most genteel persons in Spa, and some of us are going out riding in a few minutes, the rain having cleared off, the sky being bright, and



Drawing by Thackeray in water colour and pencil (Mrs. Brookfield).

the surrounding hills and woods looking uncommonly green and tempting.

A pause of two hours is supposed to have taken place since the above was written. A gentleman enters, as if from horseback, into the room No. 32 of the Hotel des Pays Bas, looking on to the fountain in the Grande Place. He divests himself of a part of his dress, which has been spattered with mud during an arduous but delightful ride over commons, roads, woods, nay, mountains. He curls his hair in the most killing manner, and prepares to go out to dinner. The purple shadows are falling on the Grande Place, and the roofs of the houses looking westward are in a flame. The clock of the old church strikes six. It is the appointed hour; he gives one last glance at the looking-glass, and his last thought is for—(see page 4—last three words.)

The dinner was exceedingly stupid, I very nearly fell asleep by the side of the lady of the house. It was all over by nine o'clock, half an hour before Payne comes to fetch you to bed, and I went to the gambling house and lost two napoleons more. May this be a warning to all dissipated middle-aged persons. I have just got two new novels from the library by Mr. Fielding; the one is *Amelia*, the most delightful portrait of a woman that surely ever was painted; the other is *Joseph Andrews*, which gives me no particular pleasure, for it is both coarse and careless, and the author makes an absurd brag of his twopenny learning, upon which he values himself evidently more than upon the best of his own qualities. Good night, you see I am writing to you as if I was talking. It is but ten o'clock, and yet it seems quite time here to go to bed. . . .

I have got a letter from Annie, so clever, humorous and wise, that it is fit to be printed in a book. As for Miss Jingleby, I admire her pretty face and manners more than her singing, which is very nice, and just what a lady's should be, but I believe my heart is not engaged in that quarter. Why there is six times as much writing in my letter as in yours! you ought to send me ever so many pages if bargains were equal between the male and female, but they never are.

There is a prince here who is seventy-two years of age and wears frills to his trousers.

What if I were to pay my bill and go off this minute to the Rhine? It would be better to see that than these genteel dandies here. I don't care about the beauties of the Rhine any more, but it is always pleasant and friendly. There is no reason why I should not sleep at Bonn to-night, looking out on the Rhine opposite Drachenfels—that is the best way of travelling surely, never to know where you are going until the moment and fate say "go." Who knows? By setting off at twelve o'clock, something may happen to alter the whole course of my life? perhaps I may meet with some beautiful creature who . . . But then it is such a bore, packing up those shirts. I wonder whether anybody will write to me *poste restante* at Homburg, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine? And if you would kindly send a line to Annie at Captain Alexander's, Montpellier Road, Twickenham, telling her to write to me there and not at Brussels, you would add, Madame, to the many obligations you have already conferred on

Your most faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

I have made a dreadful dumpy little letter, but an envelope would cost $\frac{1}{2}$ more. I don't like to say anything disrespectful of Dover, as you are going there, but it seemed awfully stupid. May I come and see you as I pass through? A line at the Ship for me would not fail to bring me.

21 August. [1848] Home.

[To Mr. Brookfield.]

MY DEAR OLD B.:

I am just come back and execute my first vow, which was to tell you on landing that there is a certain bath near Minden, and six hours from Cologne by the railway (so that people may go all the way at their ease) where all sorts of complaints—including of course yours, all and several, are to be cured. The bath is Rehda, station Rehda. Dr. Sutro of the London German Hospital, knows all about it. I met an acquaintance just come thence, (a Mrs. Brace-

bridge and her *mari*) who told me of it. People are ground young there—a young physician has been cured of far gone tubercles in the lungs; maladies of languor, rheumatism, liver complaints, all sorts of wonders are performed there, especially female wonders.

Y not take Madame there, go, drink, bathe, and be cured? Y not go there as well as anywhere else this summer season? Y not come up and see this German doctor, or ask Bullar to write to him? Do, my dear old fellow; and I will vow a candle to honest Horne's chapel if you are cured. Did the Vienna beer in which I drank your health, not

a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife—*y est pour beaucoup*.

and I am

Yours most sincerely

W. M. THACKERAY

I hope you will write to say that you forgive me.

October 1848.

13 YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON.

MY DEAR LADY BROOKFIELD:

I wrote you a letter three nights ago in the French language, describing my



Drawing by Thackeray of Mrs. Brookfield and her Two Maids.

do you any good? God bless you, my dear Brookfield, and believe that I am always affectionately yours,

W. M. T.

[1848.]

MY DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD:

Now that it is over and irremediable I am thinking with a sort of horror of a bad joke in the last number of *Vanity Fair*, which may perhaps annoy some body whom I wouldn't wish to displease. Amelia is represented as having a lady's maid, and the lady's maid's name is Payne. I laughed when I wrote it, and thought that it was good fun, but now, who knows whether you and Payne and everybody won't be angry, and in fine, I am in a great tremor. The only way will be, for you I fear to change Payne's name to her Christian one. Pray don't be angry if you are, and forgive me if I have offended. You know you are only

disappointment at not having received any news of you. Those which I had from Mrs. Turpin were not good, and it would have been a pleasure to your humble servant to have had a line. Mr. William dined with the children good-naturedly on Sunday, when I was yet away at Brighton.

My parents are not come yet, the old gentleman having had an attack of illness to which he is subject; but they promised to be with me on Tuesday, some day next week I hope. I virtuously refused three invitations by this day's post, and keep myself in readiness to pass the first two or three evenings on my Papa's lap.

That night I wrote to you the French letter, I wrote one to Miss Brandauer, the governess, warning her off. I didn't send either. I have a great mind to send yours though, it is rather funny, though I daresay with plenty of mistakes,

and written by quite a different man, to the Englishman who is yours respectfully. A language I am sure would change a man; so does a handwriting. I am sure if I wrote to you in this hand, and adopted it for a continuance, my disposition and sentiments would alter and all my views of life. I tried to copy, not now but the other day, a letter Miss Procter showed me from her uncle, in a commercial hand, and found myself after three pages quite an honest, regular, stupid, commercial man; such is sensibility and the mimetic faculty in some singularly organized beings. How many people are you? You are Dr. Packman's Mrs. B. and Mrs. Jackson's Mrs. B. and Ah! you are my Mrs. B. you know you are now, and quite different to us all, and you are your sister's Mrs. B. and Miss Wynne's, and you make gentle fun of us all round to your private B. and offer us up to make him sport. You see I am making you out to be an Ogre's wife, and poor William the Ogre, to whom you serve us up cooked for dinner. Well, stick a knife into me, here is my *busam*; I won't cry out, you poor Ogre's wife, I know you are good natured and soft-hearted *au fond*.

I have been re-reading the *Hoggarty Diamond* this morning; upon my word and honour, if it doesn't make you cry, I shall have a mean opinion of you. It was written at a time of great affliction, when my heart was very soft and humble. Amen. *Ich habe auch viel geliebt*.

Why shouldn't I start off this instant for the G. W. Station and come and shake hands, and ask your family for some dinner; I should like it very much. Well, I am looking out of the window to see if the rain will stop, or give me an excuse for not going to Hatton to the Chief Baron's. I won't go—that's a comfort.

I am writing to William to ask him to come and dine to-morrow, we will drink your health if he comes. I should like to take another sheet and go on tittle-tattling, it drops off almost as fast as talking. I fancy you lying on the sofa, and the boy outside, walking up and down the oss. But I won't. To-morrow is Sunday. Good bye, dear lady, and believe me yours in the most friendly manner.

W. M. T.

[Reply to an invitation to dinner, a few days later.]

Had I but ten minutes sooner

Got your hospitable line,

'Twould have been delight and honour

With a gent like you to dine;—

But my word is passed to others,

Fitz, he is engaged too:

Agony my bosom smothers,

As I write adieu, adieu!

[Lines sent in a note of about this date.]

I was making this doggerel instead of writing my *Punch* this morning, shall I send it or no?

'Tis one o'clock, the boy from *Punch* is sitting in the passage here,

It used to be the hour of lunch at Portman Street, near Portman Square.

O! stupid little printers' boy, I cannot write, my head is queer,

And all my foolish brains employ in thinking of a lady dear.

It was but yesterday, and on my honest word it seems a year—

As yet that person was not gone, as yet I saw that lady dear—

She's left us now, my boy, and all this town, this life, is blank and drear.

Thou printers' devil in the hall, didst ever see my lady dear,

You'd understand, you little knave, I think, if you could only see her,

Why now I look so glum and grave for losing of this lady dear.

A lonely man I am in life, my business is to joke and jeer,

A lonely man without a wife, God took from me a lady dear.

A friend I had, and at his side,—the story dates from seven long year—

One day I found a blushing bride, a tender lady kind and dear!

They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words and cheer,

A kinder welcome who shall see, than yours, O, friend and lady dear?

The rest is wanting.

1848.

[To Mr. Brookfield.]

MY DEAR VIEUX:

When I came home last night I found a beautiful opera ticket for this evening,

—Jenny Lind, charming *bally*, box 72.—
I am going to dine at home with the
children and shall go to the opera, and
will leave your name down below. Do
come and we will sit, we 2, and see the
piece like 2 lords, and we can do the
other part afterwards. I present my re-
spectful compliments to Mrs. Brookfield
and am yours,

W. M. T.

If you can come to dinner, there's a
curry.

Oct. 4th 1848

DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD:

If you would write me a line to say
that you made a good journey and were
pretty well, to Sir Thomas Cullam's,

and saw the publishers, who begged and
implored me so, not to go out pleasur-
ing, &c., that I am going to Brighton
instead of Bury. I looked in the map,
I was thinking of coming to Weston-
Super-Mare,—only it seemed such a
hint.

[Club]

October 1848.

[To Mr. Brookfield]

MY DEAR REVERENCE:

I take up the pen to congratulate you
on the lovely weather, which must, with
the company of those to whom you are
attached, render your stay at Clevedon
so delightful. It snowed here this morn-
ing, since which there has been a fog
succeeded by a drizzly rain. I have

13 Young St. Huntington. (January 15. 1849).

My dear Mr. Brookfield Please to remember that your husband and you are engaged on Monday to your devoted friend

W. M. T.

author of the little book "Passive Forces"
and other poems

* Note from Thackeray (actual size).

Hardwick, Bury St. Edmunds, you would
confer indeed a favour on yours respect-
fully. William dined here last night
and was pretty cheerful. As I passed
by Portman Street, after you were gone,
just to take a look up at the windows, the
usual boy started forward to take the
horse. I laughed a sad laugh. I didn't
want nobody to take the horse. It's a
long time since you were away. The cab
is at the door to take me to the railroad.
Mrs. Procter was very kind and Ade-
laide sympathised with me. I have just
opened my desk, there are all the papers
I had at Spa—*Pendennis*, unread since,
and your letter. Good bye dear Mrs.
Brookfield, always yours,

W. M. T.

L'homme propose. Since this was
wrote the author went to the railroad,
found that he arrived a minute too
late, and that there were no trains for
4½ hours. So I came back into town

passed the day writing and trying to
alter *Pendennis*, which is without any
manner of doubt, awfully stupid; the
very best passages, which pleased the
author only last week, looking hideously
dull by the dull fog of this day. I pray,
I pray, that it may be the weather. Will
you say something for it at church next
Sunday?

My old parents arrived last night, it
was quite a sight to see the poor old
mother with the children: and Brad-
bury, the printer, coming to dun me for
Pendennis this morning. I slunk away
from home, where writing is an utter
impossibility, and have been operating
on it here. The real truth is now, that
there is half an hour before dinner, and
I don't know what to do, unless I write
you a screed, to pass away the time.
There are secret and selfish motives in
the most seemingly generous actions of
men.

T'other day I went to Harley Street

and saw the most beautiful pair of embroidered slippers, worked for a lady at again : its an awful bribe—that five guineas an article. After I saw you on Sun-



Clevedon Court.*

whose feet . . . ; and I begin more and more to think Adelaide Procter, an uncommonly nice, dear, good girl. Old Dilke of the *Athenæum*, vows that Procter and his wife, between them, wrote *Jane Eyre*, and when I protest ignorance, says, "Pooh! you know who wrote it, you are the deepest rogue in England, &c." I wonder whether it can be true? It is just possible, and then what a singular circumstance is the \dagger fire of the two dedications.† *O! Mon Dieu!* but I wish *Pendennis* were better.

As if I had not enough to do, I have begun to blaze away in the *Chronicle*

day I did actually come back straight, on the omnibus. I have been to the Cider Cellars since again to hear the man sing about going to be hanged, I have had a headache afterwards, I have drawn, I have written, I have distracted my mind with healthy labor. Now wasn't this much better than plodding about with you in heavy boots amidst fields and woods? But unless you come back, and as soon as my work is done, I thought a day or two would be pleasantly spent in your society, if the house of Clevedon admits of holding any more.

Does Harry Hallam go out with dog and gun? I should like to come and see him shoot, and in fact, get up field sports through him and others. Do you remark all that elaborate shading, the shot &c.,? All that has been done to while away the time until the dinner's ready, and upon my conscience I believe it is very near come. Yes, it is 6½. If Mrs. Parr is at Clevedon, present the

* Clevedon Court, Somersetshire, often referred to in these letters, and already mentioned in the note p. 389, the home of Sir Charles Elton, Mrs. Brookfield's father.

Clevedon Court dates from the reign of Edward II. (1307 to 1327), and though added to and altered in Elizabeth's time, the original plan can be clearly traced and much of the 14th Century work is untouched. The manor of Clevedon passed into the hands of the Eltons in 1709, the present possessor being Sir Edmund Elton, 8th Baronet.

The manor-house is the original of Castlewood in *Esmond*.

† *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray, *Vanity Fair* to Barry Cornwall.

holding any more - Does Harry Hallam go out
with dog & gun? I should like
to come & see him - shoot, and in fact get
up field sports - through him and others
Do you remark
all that elaborate shading the shot he c? - all that has been done
to waste away the time until the dinner is ready: and suppose my



respects of Mephistopheles, as also to any other persons with whom I am acquainted in your numerous and agreeable family circle.

1848

[To Mr. Brookfield.]

Va diner chez ton classique ami, tant renommé pour le Grec. Je ne pourrais mieux faire que de passer la soirée avec une famille que j'ai négligée quelque peu—la mienne. Oui, Monsieur, dans les caresses innocentes de mes enfans chéris, dans la conversation édifiante de Monsieur mon beau-père, je tacherai de me consoler de ta seconde infidélité. Samedi je ne puis venir: J'ai d'autres engagements auxquels je ne veux pas manquer. Va. Sois heureux. Je te pardonne.

Ton mélancholique ami
CHEVALIER DE TITMARSH.

[1st November, 1848.]

DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD:

I was at Oxford by the time your dinner was over, and found eight or nine jovial gentlemen in black, feasting in the common room and drinking port wine solemnly. . . . We had a great sitting of Port wine, and I daresay the evening was pleasant enough. They gave me a bed in College,—such a bed, I could not sleep. Yesterday, (for this is half past seven o'clock in the morning, would you believe it?) a party of us drove in an Oxford Cart to Blenheim, where we saw some noble pictures, a portrait by Raphael, one of the great Raphaels of the world,—(Look, this is college paper, with beautiful lines already made) —A series of magnificent Rubens, one of which, representing himself walking in a garden with Mrs. Rubens and the baby, did one good to look at and remember; and some very questionable Titians indeed—I mean on the score of authenticity, not of morals, though the

is 7 1/2 o'clock in the morning would you believe it?) a party of
us drove in an Oxford cart to Blenheim: where we
saw some noble pictures - a portrait by Raphael - one of the great Raphaels




subjects are taken from the loves of those extraordinary gods and goddesses, mentioned in Lemprière's Dictionary,—and we walked in the park, with much profit; surveying the great copper-coloured trees, and the glum old bridge and pillar and Rosamond's Well; and the queer, grand, ugly but magnificent house, a piece of splendid barbarism, yet grand and imposing somehow, like a chief rad-dled over with war-paint, and attired with careful hideousness. Well, I can't make out the simile on paper, though it's in my own mind pretty clear. What you would have liked best was the chapel dedicated to God and the Duke of Marlborough. The monument to the latter, occupies the whole place, almost, so that the former is quite secondary. O! what comes? It was the scout who brought me your letter, and I am very much obliged to you for it. . . .

I was very sorry indeed to hear that you have been ill—I was afraid the journey would agitate you, that was what I was thinking of as I was lying in the Oxford man's bed awake.

After Blenheim I went to Magdalen Chapel to a High Mass there. O cherubim and seraphim, how you would like it! The chapel is the most sumptuous edifice, carved and frittered all over with the richest stone-work like the lace of a lady's boudoir. The windows are fitted with pictures of the saints painted in a grey colour,—real Catholic saints, male and female I mean, so that I wondered how they got there; and this makes a sort of rich twilight in the church,

which is lighted up by a multitude of wax candles in gold sconces, and you say your prayers in carved stalls wadded with velvet cushions. They have a full chorus of boys, some two dozen I should think, who sing quite ravishingly. It is a sort of perfection of sensuous gratification; children's voices charm me so, that they set all my sensibilities into a quiver; do they you? I am sure they do. These pretty brats with sweet innocent voices and white robes, sing quite celestially;—no, not celestially, for I don't believe it is devotion at all, but a high delight out of which one comes, not impurified I hope, but with a thankful pleased gentle frame of mind. I suppose I have a great faculty of enjoyment. At Clevedon I had gratification in looking at trees, landscapes, effects of shine and shadow &c., which made that dear old Inspector who walked with me, wonder. Well there can be no harm in this I am sure. What a shame it is to go on bragging about what is after all sheer roaring good health for the most part; and now I am going to breakfast. Good bye. I have been lionising the town ever since, and am come home quite tired. I have breakfasted here, lunched at Christ Church, seen Merton, and All Souls with Norman Macdonald, where there is a beautiful library and a boar's head in the kitchen, over which it was good to see Norman's eyes gloating; and it being All Saints' day, I am going to chapel here, where they have also a very good music I am told.

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all over with the richest stone-work like the lace of a lady's boudoir. The*

Are you better ma'am? I hope you are. On Friday I hope to have the pleasure to see you, and am till then, and even till Saturday,

Yours,

W. M. T.

[29th Nov: 1848.]

MY DEAR LADY:

I am very much pained and shocked at the news brought at dinner to-day that poor dear Charles Buller is gone. Good God! think about the poor mother surviving, and what an anguish that must be! If I were to die I cannot bear to think of my mother living beyond me, as I daresay she will. But isn't it an awful, awful, sudden summons? There go wit, fame, friendship, ambition, high repute! Ah! *aimons nous bien*. It seems to me that is the only thing we can carry away. When we go, let us have some who love us wherever we are. I send you this little line as I tell you and William most things. Good night.

Tuesday. [Nov. 1848.]

GOOD NIGHT MY DEAR MADAM.

Since I came home from dining with Mr. Morier, I have been writing a letter to Mr. T. Carlyle and thinking about other things as well as the letter all the time; and I have read over a letter I received to-day which apologizes for everything and whereof the tremulous author ceaselessly doubts and misgives. Who knows whether she is not converted by Joseph Bullar by this time. She is a sister of mine, and her name is God bless her.

Wednesday. I was at work until seven o'clock; not to very much purpose, but executing with great labour and hardship the days work. Then I went to dine with Dr. Hall, the crack doctor here, a literate man, a traveller, and otherwise a kind bigwig. After dinner we went to hear Mr. Sortain lecture, of whom you may perhaps have heard me speak, as a great, remarkable orator and preacher of the Lady Huntingdon Connexion. (The paper is so greasy that I am forced to try several pens and manners of hand-writing, but none will do.)

We had a fine lecture with brilliant Irish metaphors and outbursts of rhetoric addressed to an assembly of mechanics, shopboys and young women, who could not, and perhaps had best not, understand that flashy speaker. It was about the origin of nations he spoke, one of those big themes on which a man may talk eternally and with a never ending outpouring of words; and he talked magnificently, about the Arabs for the most part, and tried to prove that because the Arabs acknowledged their descent from Ishmael or Esau, therefore the Old Testament History was true. But the Arabs may have had Esau for a father and yet the bears may not have eaten up the little children for quizzing Elisha's bald head. As I was writing to Carlyle last night, (I haven't sent the letter as usual, and shall not most likely), Saint Stephen was pelted to death by Old Testaments, and Our Lord was killed like a felon by the law, which He came to repeal. I was thinking about Joseph Bullar's doctrine after I went to bed, founded on what I cannot but think a blasphemous asceticism, which has obtained in the world ever so long, and which is disposed to curse, hate and undervalue the world altogether. Why should we? What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sky and sea—beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creation, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear.—And who is to say that we are to ignore all this, or not value them and love them, because there is another unknown world yet to come? Why that unknown future world is but a manifestation of God Almighty's will, and a development of Nature, neither more nor less than this in which we are, and an angel glorified or a sparrow on a gutter are equally parts of His creation. The light upon all the saints in Heaven is just as much and no more God's work, as the sun which shall

shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal speck of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest Lady and friend. About my future state I don't know; I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father,—but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder and others besides are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I have a right to rejoice and believe in our little part and to trust in to-day as in tomorrow. God bless my dear lady and her husband. I hope you are asleep now, and I must go too, for the candles are just winking out.

Thursday. I am glad to see among the new inspectors, in the Gazette in this morning's papers, my old acquaintance Longueville Jones, an excellent, worthy, lively, accomplished fellow, whom I like the better because he flung up his fellow and tutorship at Cambridge in order to marry on nothing a year. We worked in Galignani's newspaper for ten francs a day, very cheerfully ten years ago, since when he has been a schoolmaster, taken pupils or bid for them, and battled manfully with fortune. William will be sure to like him, I think, he is so honest, and cheerful. I have sent off my letter to Lady Ashburton this morning, ending with some pretty phrases about poor old C. B. whose fate affects me very much, so much that I feel as if I were making my will and getting ready to march too. Well ma'am, I have as good a right to presentiments as you have, and to sickly fancies and despondencies; but I should like to see before I die, and think of it daily more and more, the commencement of Jesus Christ's christianism in the world, where I am sure people may be made a hundred times happier than by its present forms, Judaism, asceticism, Bullarism. I wonder will He come again and tell it us. We are taught to be ashamed of our best feelings all our life. I don't want to blubber upon everybody's shoulders; but to have a good will for all, and a strong, very strong regard for a few, which I shall not be ashamed to own to

them. . . . It is near upon three o'clock, and I am getting rather anxious about the post from Southampton *via* London. Why, if it doesn't come in, you won't get any letter to-morrow, no, nothing—and I made so sure. Well, I will try and go to work, it is only one more little drop. God bless you, dear lady. . . .

. . . *Friday.* I have had a good morning's work and at two o'clock comes your letter; dear friend, thank you. What a coward I was, I will go and walk and be happy for an hour, it is a grand frosty sunshine. Tomorrow morning early back to London.

31 January, 1849

SHIP, DOVER.

Just before going away.

How long is it since I have written to you in my natural handwriting? . . . I am so far on my way to Paris, Meurice's Hotel, Rue de Rivoli. . . . I had made up my mind to this great, I may say decisive step, when I came to see you on Saturday, before you went to Hither Green. I didn't go to the Sterling, as it was my last day, and due naturally to the family. We went to bed at half past nine o'clock. To-day I went round on a circuit of visits, including Turpin at your house. It seems as if I was going on an ever so long journey. Have you any presentiments? I know some people who have. Thank you for your note of this morning, and my dear old William for his regard for me; try you and conserve the same. . . . There is a beautiful night, and I am going by Calais. Here, with a step on the steaming vessel,

I am, affectionately yours,

W. M. T.

MEURICE'S HOTEL, RIVOLI STREET,
PARIS. [*Feb*: 1849.]

If you please, I am come home very tired and sleepy from the Opera, where my friend Rothschild gave me a place in his box. There was a grand *ballet* of which I could not understand one word, that is one *pas*, for not a word was

spoken ; and I saw some celebrities in the place. The President, M. Lamartine, in a box near a handsome lady ; M. Marrast, in a box near a handsome lady ; there was one with a bouquet of lilies, or some sort of white flowers, so enormous that it looked like a bouquet in a pantomime, which was to turn into something, or out of which a beautiful dancer was to spring. The house was crammed with well-dressed folks, and is sumptuous and splendid beyond measure. But O ! think of old Lamartine in a box by a handsome lady. Not any harm in the least, that I know of, only that the most venerable and grizzled bearded statesmen and philosophers find time from their business and political quandaries, to come and sigh and ogle a little at the side of ladies in boxes.

I am undergoing the quarantine of family dinners with the most angelic patience. Yesterday being the first day, it was an old friend and leg of lamb. I graciously said to the old friend, "Why the deuce wouldn't you let me go and dine at a restaurant, don't you suppose I have leg of lamb at home ?" To-day with an aunt of mine, where we had mock turtle soup, by Heavens ! and I arranged with my other aunt for another dinner. I knew how it would be ; it must be ; and there's my cousin to come off yet, who says, "you must come and dine. I haven't a soul, but will give you a good Indian dinner." I will make a paper in *Punch* about it, and exhale my griefs in print. I will tell you about my cousin when I get home,—when I get to Portman Street that is.

. . . . What brought me to this place ? Well I am glad I came, it will give me a subject for at least six weeks in *Punch*, of which I was getting so weary that I thought I must have done with it.

Are you better for a little country air ? Did you walk in that cheerful paddock where the cows are ? And did you have clothes enough to your bed ? I shall go to mine now, after writing this witty page, for I have been writing and spinning about all day, and am very tired and sleepy if you please. *Bon Soir, Madame.*

Saturday. Though there is no use in writing, because there is no post, but *que voulez vous, Madame ? On aime à*

dire un petit bonjour à ses amis. I feel almost used to the place already and begin to be interested about the politics. Some say there's a revolution ready for today. The town is crammed with soldiers, and one has a curious feeling of interest and excitement, as in walking about on ice that is rather dangerous, and may tumble in at any moment. I had three newspapers for my breakfast, which my man, (it is rather grand having a *laquais de place*, but I can't do without him, and invent all sorts of pretexts to employ him) bought for five pence of your money. The mild papers say we have escaped an immense danger, a formidable plot has been crushed, and Paris would have been on fire and fury but for the timely discovery. The Red Republicans say, "Plot ! no such thing, the infernal tyrants at the head of affairs wish to find a pretext for persecuting patriots, and the good and the brave are shut up in dungeons." Plot or no plot, which is it ? I think I prefer to believe that there has been a direful conspiracy, and that we have escaped a tremendous danger. It makes one feel brave somehow, and as if one had some merit in overthrowing this rascally conspiracy. I am going to the Chamber directly. The secretary at the Embassy got me a ticket. The Embassy is wonderfully civil ; Lord Normanby is my dearest friend, he is going to take me to the President,—very likely to ask me to dinner. You would have thought I was an earl, I was received with so much of *empressement* by the ambassador.

I hadn't been in Paris ten minutes, before I met ten people of my acquaintance. . . . As for— Oh ! it was wonderful. We have not met for five years on account of a coolness,—that is a great heat,—resulting out of a dispute in which I was called to be umpire and gave judgment against her and her husband ; but we have met, it is forgotten. . . . Poor soul, she performed beautifully. "What, William, not the least changed, just the same as ever, in spite of all your fame?"—Fame be hanged, thought I, *pardonnez-moi le mot*,—"just the same simple creature." O ! what a hypocrite I felt. I like her too ; but she poor, poor soul—well, she did her comedy

exceedingly well. I could only say, "My dear, you have grown older," that was the only bit of truth that passed, and she didn't like it. *Quand vous serez bien vieille*, and I say to you, "my dear you are grown old" (only I shall not say "my dear," but something much more distant and respectful), I wonder whether you will like it. Now it is time to go to the Chamber, but it was far pleasanter to sit and chatter with Madame.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the *Mystères de Londres*, since the above, and most tremendous mysteries they were indeed. It appears that there lived in London, three or four years ago, a young grandee of Spain and count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo, an Irishman by birth, who in order to free his native country from the intolerable tyranny of England, imagined to organize an extraordinary conspiracy of the rogues and thieves of the metropolis, with whom some of the principal merchants, jewellers and physicians were concerned, who were to undermine and destroy somehow the infamous British power. The merchants were to forge and utter bank-notes, the jewellers to sell sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and so ruin them; the physicians to murder suitable persons by their artful prescriptions, and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy by their manœuvres, Ireland was to get its own in the midst of the squabble. This astonishing marquis being elected supreme chief of a secret society called the "Gentlemen of the Night," had his spies and retainers among the very highest classes of society. The police and the magistrature were corrupted, the very beef-eaters of the Queen contaminated, and you saw the evidence of such a conspiracy as would make your eyes open with terror. Who knows, madame, but perhaps some of the school inspectors themselves were bought over, and a Jesuitic C——k, an ambitious T——, an unscrupulous B—— himself, may have been seduced to mislead our youth, and teach our very babes and sucklings a precocious perverseness? This is getting to be so very like print that I shall copy it very likely,* all but the inspector part, for a periodical with which I am connected.

* He did reproduce part of it in *Punch*.

Well, numbers of beautiful women were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most lovely and innocent of all, was employed to go to St. James' on a drawing-room day, and steal the diamonds of Lady Brompton, the mistress of his grace Prince Demetri Tolstoi, the Russian ambassador, who had lent Lady Brompton the diamonds to sport at St. James', before he sent them off to his imperial master the Emperor of Russia, for whom the trifles in question were purchased. Lady Brompton came to court having her train held up by her jockey; Susanna came to court, her train likewise carried by her page, one or both of them were *affidés* of the association of the "Gentlemen of the Night." The jockeys were changed, and Lady Brompton's jewels absolutely taken off her neck. So great was the rage of his grace Prince Demetri Tolstoi, that he threatened war should be declared by his emperor unless the brilliants were restored. I don't know what supervened, for exhausted nature would bear no more. But you should have seen the Court of St. James', the beef-eaters, the Life Guards, the heralds at arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and the ushers announcing the great folks, as they went into the presence of the great sovereign. Lady Campbell, the Countess of Derby, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were announced. O! such an archbishop! he had on a velvet trencher cap, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates', and a rich curling wig, and he stopped and blessed the people, making crucifical signs on the stairs. The various lords went into the chamber in red robes and long flowing wigs. The wonder of the parody was, that it was so like and yet so absurdly unlike. O'Connell appeared, saluted as Daniel by the Count of Rio Santo, and announcing that he himself, though *brisé par la lutte* with the oppressors of his country, yet strongly reprobated anything like violent measures on the part of M. de Rio Santo and his fellow-patriots. The band played "God save the Quin" in the most delightful absurd manner. The best of it is that these things, admirably as they tickled me, are only one degree

more absurd than what they pretend to copy. The Archbishop had a wig only the other day, though not quite such a wig as this; the chiefs of the police came in with oilskin hats, policemen's coats quite correct, and white tights and silk stockings, which made me laugh so, that the people in the stalls next me didn't know what I was at! But the parody was in fine prodigious, and will afford matter to no end of penny-a-line speculation. . . . I sit in my little snug room and say God bless you and Mr. Williams. Here is near four pages of Pendennis. . . .

April, 10th. 1849.

MY DEAR PERSONS.—After lying in bed until you had reached Clifton, exceeding melancholy from want of sleep, (induced by no romantic inward feeling but by other causes much more material and vulgar, viz., late smoking, etc., previous nights) shall I tell you what it was dissipated my blue devils? As I was going toward London the postman stopped me in the street and asked me if I would take my letters, which he handed to me:—one was an opera-box which I sent off to Mrs. M. for to-morrow; and one was a letter from an attorney demanding instantly £112 for that abominable Irish Railway; and in presence of this real calamity all the sentimental ones vanished straight. I began to think how I must raise the money,—how I must go to work, nor be shilly-shallying any longer; and with this real care staring me in the face I began to forget imaginary grievances and to think about going to work immediately; and how for the next 3 months I must screw and save in order to pay off the money. And this is the way, Mam, that the grim duties of the world push the soft feelings aside; we've no time to be listening to *their* little meek petitions and tender home prattle in presence of the imperative Duty who says "Come, come, no more of this here,—get to work, Mister"—and so we go and join the working gang, behind which Necessity marches cracking his whip. This metaphor has not been worked so completely as it might be, but it means that I am resolved to

go to work directly. So being determined on this I went off at once to the Star and Garter at Richmond and dined with those 2 nice women and their husbands, viz, the Strutts and Romillys. We had every sort of luxury for dinner, and afterwards talked about Vanity Fair and Pendennis almost incessantly (though I declare I led away the conversation at least 10 times, but they would come back) so that the evening was uncommonly pleasant. Once, twice, thrice, it came into my head—I wonder what those people at Clifton are doing; I would give 2/6 to be with them; but in the mean while it must be confessed, the Star and Garter is not bad. These ladies are handsome and good, and clever, and kind; that solicitor general talks with great pleasantness; and so I came home in a fly with an old gentleman who knew Sir S. Romilly, and we talked of the dark end of that history of a very good and wise man, and how he adored his wife (it was her death which caused his suicide), and how his son was equally attached to his own, of whose affection for her husband my informer gave many pretty instances. This conversation brought me to Kensington, where after thinking about the £112 a little, and a little more about some friends of mine whom I pray God to make happy, I fell into a great big sleep—from which I wake at this present 8 o'clock in the morning to say Bon jour, Madame. Where do you think this is wrote from? From an attorney's office, Old Jewry. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, their coaches and footmen, in gold and silk stockings, have just passed in a splendid procession through the mud and pouring rain. I have been to the bankers to see how much money I have got. I have got £120; I owe £112; from £120 take £112, leaves 8 for the rest of the month. Isn't that pleasant? Well, but I know how to raise some;—the bankers say I may over-draw. Things isn't so bad.

But now, (this is from the Garrick Club) now I say for the wonderful wonder of wonders. There is a chance for Mr. Williams such as he little looked for. EMMA is free. The great Catastrophe has happened—last night she and her mother fled from the infamous R. and

took refuge at Mrs. Procter's* where they had Adelaide's and Agnes' beds—who went and slept with Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmid next door. Mr. and Mrs. P. called at Kensington at 11 o'clock and brought the news. R. had treated his wife infamously; R. had assailed her with the most brutal language and outrages;—that innocent woman Madame G——, poor thing, who meddled with nothing and remained all day in her own garret so as to give no trouble, was flung out of the house by him—indeed only stayed in order to protect her daughter's life. The brute refused to allow the famous picture to be exhibited—in fact is a mad-man and a ruffian. Procter and I went off to make peace, and having heard R.'s story, I believe that he has been more wronged than they.

The mother-in-law is at the bottom of the mischief. It was she who made the girl marry R., and, the marriage made, she declined leaving her daughter; in fact, the poor devil, who has a bad temper, a foolish head—an immense vanity—has been victimised by the women and I pity him a great deal more than them. O! what a comedy it would make! but the separation I suppose is final, and it will be best for both parties. It will end no doubt in his having to pay a 4th of his income for the pleasure of being a month married to her, and she will be an angelic martyr, &c. I wonder whether you will give me a luncheon on Thursday. I might stop for 2 hours on my way to Taunton and make you my hand-shake. This would be very nice. I thought of writing to Mrs. Elton and offering myself, but I should like first to have the approval of Mr. Williams, for after all, I am not an indifferent person but claim to rank as the Aff. brother of both of you.

W. M. T.

[April, 1849.]

Fragment.

Yesterday's wasn't a letter, you know, ma'am; and I am so tired now of pen-

manship, that I don't think I shall be able to get through one. I wish you were on the sofa in Portman Street, and that I could go and lie down on the opposite one and fall asleep. Isn't that a polite wish? Well, I am so beat that I ought to go to bed, and not inflict my yawns upon anyone; but I can't begin snoring yet. I am waiting at the Club, till the printer's boy brings the proofs of No. 7,* which is all done; there are two new women in it, not like anybody that you know or I know; your favourite Major appears rather in an amiable light, I don't know whether it is good or bad. The latter probably. Well, it is done, that's a comfort.

I am going to dine with Lady Davy again, but Friday shall be a happy Friday for me, and on Saturday, when you go to Oxbridge, I shall console myself by a grand dinner at the Royal Academy, if you please, to which they have invited me, on a great card like a teatray. That's a great honour, none but bishops, purchasers, and other big-wigs are asked. I daresay I shall have to make an impromptu speech. Shall I come to rehearse it to you on Friday? I was going to send you a letter to other day from a sculptor who wants to make my bust; think of that! . . .

Here is wonderful Spring weather come, and the leaves are sprouting and all the birds chirping mellojously.

I daresay you are driving by Severn's Shore, now; then you will listen after dinner to Captain Budd on the German flute; then I daresay you will sing, after a great deal of blushing and hesitation. Is Mrs. Tidy jealous of you? I daresay she thinks you are overrated, and wonders what people see in you. So do I. . . .

Tomorrow me and Annie and Minnie are going to buy a new *gownd* for Granny, who wants it very much. Those old folks project a tour to Switzerland in the Summer, did I tell you? And my mother cannot part with the children, who must go too. Where shall I go? . . .

Here comes the proof;—shall I send this letter now or wait till tomorrow, and have something to say? perhaps I shall see William tonight. I am going to

* Mrs. Procter, the wife of the well-known poet, Barry Cornwall,—herself a most accomplished woman.—Even now at 84 years of age she retains the brilliant powers of conversation for which she was always celebrated. She was always a faithful friend to Mr. Thackeray, who had a sincere regard for her. Mrs. Procter was the mother of Adelaide, who so largely inherited her father's poetic powers.

* Pennidennia.

Lady Lovelace's drum in Cumberland Place, hard-by Portman Street.

who will make her well you know." It is very pretty to see her with her grandmother. Let us jump up now and go to breakfast with the children.

June 12, 1849.

MY DEAR LADY :

No, I didn't go, but came home and fell asleep after dinner, from nine o'clock till now, which it is eight o'clock in the morning, which I am writing in bed. You are very likely looking at the elms out of window by this time; are they green yet? Our medlar tree is. I was to have gone to the old Miss Berrys' too last night; they were delighted at the allusion in *Punch* to them, in the same number in which you appear mending waistcoats. But Lord, what a much better thing going to bed was! and No. 7 completed with great throes and disquiet, only yesterday—seems to me ever so long ago—such a big sleep have I had!

Adelaide Procter would hardly shake hands with me because of my cowardly conduct in the R— affair, and she told me that I hadn't been to call there since the 28th March last. They keep a journal of visitors; fancy that! I heard the R— story from the G— herself and the mother, and can only make out now that the husband is mad and odious. What they are to do is the difficulty; he refuses to allow her a shilling; her picture has been rejected at the Academy, and why I can't see, for there's no English academician's who could equal it, and she must paint to live. I shall give her my mother to do, I think. She looked exceedingly handsome and interesting the other day; pale and grief-stricken, with her enormous hair twirled round her head—and yet, and yet! Will you kiss those little maids for me, I should like to hear their prattle through the door. I am going to kill Mrs. Pendennis presently, and have her ill in this number. Minnie says, "O! papa, do make her well again; she can have a regular doctor and be almost dead, and then will come a homeopathic physician

I send a hasty line to say that the good old aunt is still here, and was very glad to see me and another nephew of hers who came by the same train. It's a great comfort to my mother and to her, that my mother should be with her at this last day; and she is preparing to go out of the world, in which she has been living very virtuously for more than eighty years, as calmly and happily as may be. I don't know how long she may remain, but my duty will be to stay on I suppose, until the end, which the doctor says is very near; though to see her in her bed, cheerful and talking, one would fancy that her summons is not so near as those who are about her imagine. So I shall not see London or my dear friends in it for a few days very likely. Meanwhile will you write me a line here to tell me that you are easier of your pains, and just to give a comfort to your old brother Makepeace.

I suppose I shall do a great deal of my month's work here. I have got a comfortable room at a little snug country inn, such as William would like. I am always thinking about going to see Mrs. Fanshawe at Southampton, about No. 9 of *Pendennis*, and about all sorts of things. I went to see Mrs. Procter, to the City, and to do my business and pay my horrid railroad money. The banker's clerk stopped me and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but will you, if you please, tell me the meaning of 'æsthetics,'" which I was very much puzzled to tell—and here comes the boy to say that the note must go this instant to save the post, and so God bless Jane my sister and William my brother.

Written from the Royal oak, Fareham.



"NO HAID PAWN".

By Thomas Nelson Page.

It was a ghostly place in broad daylight, if the glimmer that stole in through the dense forest that surrounded it when the sun was directly overhead deserved this delusive name. At any other time it was—why, we were afraid even to talk about it! and as to venturing within its gloomy borders, it was currently believed among us that to do so was to bring upon the intruder certain death. I knew every foot of ground, wet and dry, within five miles of my father's house except this plantation, for I had hunted by day and night every field, forest, and marsh within that radius; but the swamp and "ma'shes" that surrounded this place I had never invaded. The boldest hunter on the plantation would call off his dogs and go home if they struck a trail that crossed the sobby boundary line of "No Haid Pawn."

"Jack 'my lanterns" and "evil sperits" only infested those woods, and the earnest advice of those whom we children acknowledged to know most about them, was, "Don't you never go nigh dyah, honey; hit's de evil-speritest place in dis wull."

Had not Big William, and Cephas, and Poliam followed their dogs in there one night, and cut down a tree in which they had with their own eyes seen the coon, and lo! when it fell "de warn no mo' coon dyah 'n a dog!" and the next tree they had "treed in" not only had no coon in it, but when it was cut down it had fallen on Poliam and broken his leg. So the very woods were haunted. From this time they were abandoned to the "jack 'my lanterns" and ghosts, and another shadow was added to "*No Haid Pawn*."

The place was as much cut off from the rest of the country as if a sea had divided it. The river with marshy banks swept around it in a wide horseshoe on three sides, and when the hammocks dammed it up it washed its way straight across and scoured out a new bed for itself, completely isolating the whole plantation.

The owners of it, if there were any, which was doubtful, were aliens, and in my time it had not been occupied for forty years. The negroes declared that it was "gi'n up" to the "ha'nts an' evil sperits," and that no living being could live there. It had grown up in forest and had wholly reverted to original marsh. The road that once ran through the swamp had long since been choked up, and the trees were as thick, and the jungle as dense now in its track, as in the adjacent "ma'sh." Only one path remained. That, it was currently believed by the entire portion of the population who speculated on the subject, was kept open by the evil spirits. Certain it was that no human foot ever trod the narrow, tortuous line that ran through the brakes as deviously as the noiseless, stagnant ditches that curved through the jungle, where the musk-rat played and the moccasin slept unmolested. Yet there it lay, plain and well-defined, month after month, and year after year, as *No Haid Pawn* itself stood, amid its surrounding swamps, all undisturbed and unchanging.

Even the runaway slaves who occasionally left their homes and took to the swamps and woods, impelled by the cruelty of their overseers, or by a desire for a vain counterfeit of freedom, never tried this swamp, but preferred to be caught and returned home to invading its awful shades.

We were brought up to believe in ghosts. Our fathers and mothers laughed at us, and endeavored to reason us out of such a superstition—the fathers with much of ridicule and satire, the mothers giving sweet religious reasons for their argument—but what could they avail against the actual testimony and the blood-curdling experiences of a score of witnesses who recounted their personal observations with a degree of thrilling realism and a vividness that overbore any arguments our childish reason could grasp! The old mammies and uncles who were our companions

and comrades believed in the existence of evil spirits as truly as in the existence of hell or heaven, as to which at that time no question had ever been raised, so far as was known, in that slumberous world. [The Bible was the standard, and all disputes were resolved into an appeal to that authority: the single question as to any point being simply, "Is it in the Bible?"] Had not Lazarus, and Mam' Celia, and William, and Twis'-foot-Bob, and Aunt Sukie Brown, and others *seen* with their own eyes the evil spirits, again and again, in the bodily shape of cats, headless dogs, white cows, and other less palpable forms! And was not their experience, who lived in remote cabins, or wandered night after night through the loneliest woods, stronger evidence than the cold reasoning of those who hardly ever stirred abroad except in daylight! It certainly was more conclusive to us; for no one could have listened to those narrators without being impressed with the fact that they were recounting what they had actually seen with their bodily eyes. The result of it all was, so far as we were concerned, the triumph of faith over reason, and the fixed belief on our part, in the actual visible existence of the departed, in the sinister form of apparition known as "evil sperits." Every graveyard was tenanted by them; every old house, and every peculiarly desolate spot was known to be their rendezvous; but all spots and places sank into insignificance compared with No Haid Pawn.

The very name was uncanny. Originally it had designated a long, stagnant pool of water lying in the centre of the tract, which marked the spot from which the soil had been dug to raise the elevation on which to set the house. More modernly the place, by reason of the filling up of ditches and the sinking of dykes, had become again simple swamp and jungle, or, to use the local expression, "had turned to ma'sh," and the name applied to the whole plantation.

The origin of the name—the pond had no source; but there was a better explanation than that. Anyhow, the very name inspired dread, and the place was our terror.

The house had been built many generations before by a stranger in this

section, and the owners never made it their permanent home. Thus, no ties either of blood or friendship were formed with their neighbors, who were certainly open-hearted and open-doored enough to overcome anything but the most persistent unneighborliness. Why this spot was selected for a mansion was always a mystery, unless it was that the newcomer desired to isolate himself completely. Instead of following the custom of those who were native and to the manor born, who always chose some eminence for their seats, he had selected for his a spot in the middle of the wide flat which lay in the horseshoe of the river. The low ground, probably owing to the abundance of land in that country, had never been "taken up," and up to the time of his occupation was in a condition of primeval swamp. He had to begin by making an artificial mound for his mansion. Even then, it was said, he dug so deep that he laid the corner-stone in water. The foundation was of stone, which was brought from a distance. Fabulous stories were told of it. The negroes declared that under the old house were solid rock chambers, which had been built for dungeons, and had served for purposes which were none the less awful because they were vague and indefinite. The huge structure itself was of wood, and was alleged to contain many mysterious rooms and underground passages. One of the latter was said to connect with the No Haid Pawn itself, whose dark waters, according to the negroes' traditions, were some day, by some process not wholly consistent with the laws of physics, to overwhelm the fated pile. An evil destiny had seemed to overshadow the place from the very beginning. One of the negro builders had been caught and decapitated between two of the immense foundation stones. The tradition was handed down that he was sacrificed in some awful and occult rite connected with the laying of the corner-stone. The scaffolding had given way and had precipitated several men to the ground, most of whom had been fatally hurt. This also was alleged to be by hideous design. Then the plantation, in the process of being reclaimed, had proved unhealthy beyond

all experience, and the negroes employed in the work of dyking and reclaiming the great swamp had sickened and died by dozens. The extension of the dangerous fever to the adjoining plantations had left a reputation for typhus malaria from which the whole section suffered for a time. But this did not prevent the colored population from recounting year after year the horrors of the pestilence of No Haid Pawn, as a peculiar visitation, nor from relating with blood-curdling details the burial by scores, in a thicket just beside the pond, of the stricken "befo' dee *daid*, honey, befo' dee *daid*!" The bodies, it was said, used to float about in the guts of the swamp and on the haunted pond; and at night they might be seen, if anyone were so hardy as to venture there, rowing about in their coffins as if they were boats.

Thus the place from the beginning had an evil name, and when, year after year, the river rose and washed the levees away, or the musk-rats burrowed through and let the water in, and the strange masters cursed not only the elements but Heaven itself, the continued mortality of their negroes was not wholly unexpected, nor unaccounted for by certain classes of their neighbors.

At length the property had fallen to one more gloomy, more strange, and more sinister than any who had gone before him—a man whose personal characteristics and habits were unique in that country. He was of gigantic stature and superhuman strength, and possessed appetites and vices in proportion to his size. He could fell an ox with a blow of his fist, or in a fit of anger could tear down the branch of a tree, or bend a bar of iron like a reed. He, either from caprice or ignorance, spoke only a *patois* not unlike the Creole French of the Louisiana parishes. But he was a West Indian. His brutal temper and habits cut him off from even the small measure of intercourse which had existed between his predecessors and their neighbors, and he lived at No Haid Pawn completely isolated. All the stories and traditions of the place at once centred on him, and fabulous tales were told of his prowess and of his life. It was said, among other things,

that he preserved his wonderful strength by drinking human blood, a tale which in a certain sense I have never seen reason to question. Making all allowances, his life was a blot upon civilization. At length it culminated. A brutal temper, inflamed by unbridled passions, after a long period of license and debauchery, came to a climax in a final orgy of ferocity and fury, in which he was guilty of an act whose fiendishness surpassed belief, and he was brought to judgment.

In modern times the very inhumanity of the crime would probably have proved his security, and as he had destroyed his own property while he was perpetrating a crime of appalling and unparalleled horror, he might have found a defence in that standing refuge of extraordinary scoundrelism—insanity. This defence, indeed, was put in, and was pressed with much ability by his counsel, one of whom was my father, who had just then been admitted to the bar; but fortunately for the cause of justice, neither courts nor juries were then so sentimental as they have become of late years, and the last occupant of No Haid Pawn paid under the law the full penalty of his hideous crime. It was one of the curious incidents of the trial that his negroes all lamented his death and declared that he was a good master when he was not drunk. He was hanged just at the rear of his own house, within sight of the spot where his awful crime was committed.

At his execution, which according to the custom of the country was public, a horrible coincidence occurred which furnished the text of many a sermon on retributive justice among the negroes.

The body was interred near the pond close by the thicket where the negroes were buried; but the negroes declared that it preferred one of the stone chambers under the mansion, where it made its home, and that it might be seen at any time of the day or night stalking headless about the place. They used to dwell with peculiar zest on the most agonizing details of this wretch's dreadful crime, the whole culminating in the final act of maniacal fury when the gigantic monster dragged the hacked and headless corpse of his victim up the staircase and stood it up before the open

window in his hall, in the full view of the terrified slaves. After these narrations, the continued reappearance of the murderer and his headless victim was as natural to us as it was to the negroes themselves; and, as night after night we would hurry up to the great house through the darkness, we were ever on the watch lest he should appear to our frightened vision from the shades of the shrubbery-filled yard.

Thus it was that of all ghostly places No Haid Pawn had the distinction of being invested, to us, with unparalleled horror, and thus to us, no less than because the dykes had given way and the overflowed flats had turned again to swamp and jungle, it was explicable that No Haid Pawn was abandoned, and was now untrodden by any foot but that of its ghostly tenants.

The time of my story was 185-. The spring previous continuous rains had kept the river full, and had flooded the low-grounds, and this had been followed by an exceptionally dense growth in the summer. Then, public feeling was greatly excited at the time of which I write, over the discovery in the neighborhood of several emissaries of the underground railway, or—as they were universally considered in that country—of the devil. They had been run off or had disappeared suddenly, but had left behind them some little excitement on the part of the slaves, and a great deal on the part of their masters, and more than the usual number of negroes had run away. All, however, had been caught, or had returned home after a sufficient interval of freedom, except one who had escaped permanently, and who was supposed to have accompanied his instigators on their flight.

This man was a well-known character. He belonged to one of our neighbors, and had been bought and brought there from an estate on the Lower Mississippi. He was the most brutal negro I ever knew. He was of a type rarely found among our negroes, who, judging from their physiognomy and general characteristics, came principally from the coast of Africa. They are of moderate stature, with dull but amiable faces. This man, however, was of immense size, and he possessed the features and expression of

a Congo desperado. In character also he differed essentially from all the other slaves in our country. He was alike without their amiability and their docility, and was as fearless as he was brutal. He was the only negro I ever knew who was without either superstition or reverence. Indeed, he differed so widely from the rest of the slaves in that section that there existed some feeling against him almost akin to a race feeling. At the same time that he exercised considerable influence over them they were dreadfully afraid of him, and were always in terror that he would trick them, to which awful power he laid well-known claim. His curses in his strange dialect used to terrify them beyond measure, and they would do anything to conciliate him. He had been a continual source of trouble, and an object of suspicion in the neighborhood from the time of his first appearance; and more than one hog that the negroes declared had wandered into the marshes of No Haid Pawn, and had "cut his thote jes' swinin' aroun' an' aroun' in de ma'sh," had been suspected of finding its way to this man's cabin. His master had often been urged to get rid of him, but he was kept, I think, probably because he was valuable on the plantation. He was a fine butcher, a good work-hand, and a first-class boatman. Moreover, ours was a conservative population, in which every man minded his own business and let his neighbor's alone.

At the time of the visits of those secret agents to which I have referred, this negro was discovered to be the leader in the secret meetings held under their auspices, and he would doubtless have been taken up and shipped off at once; but when the intruders fled, as I have related, their convert disappeared also. It was a subject of general felicitation in the neighborhood that he was gotten rid of, and his master, instead of being commiserated on the loss of his slave, was congratulated that he had not cut his throat.

No idea can be given at this date of the excitement occasioned in a quiet neighborhood in old times by the discovery of the mere presence of such characters as Abolitionists. It was as if the foundations of the whole social

fabric were undermined. It was the sudden darkening of a shadow that always hung in the horizon. The slaves were in a large majority, and had they risen, though the final issue could not be doubted, the lives of every white on the plantations must have paid the forfeit. Whatever the right and wrong of slavery might have been, its existence demanded that no outside interference with it should be tolerated. So much was certain; self-preservation required this.

I was, at the time of which I speak, a well-grown lad, and had been for two sessions to a boarding-school, where I had gotten rid of some portion—I will not say of all—of the superstition of my boyhood. The spirit of adventure was beginning to exert itself in me, and I had begun to feel a sense of enjoyment in overcoming the fears which once mastered me, though, I must confess, I had not entirely shaken off my belief in the existence of ghosts—that is, I did not believe in them at all in the daytime, but when night came I was not so certain about it.

Duck-hunting was my favorite sport, and the marshes on the river were fine ground for them usually, but this season the weather had been so singularly warm that the sport had been poor, and though I had scoured every canal in the marsh, and every bend in the river as far as No Haid Pawn Hammock, as the stretch of drifted timber and treacherous marsh was called that marked the boundary-line of that plantation, I had had bad luck. Beyond that point I had never penetrated, partly, no doubt, because of the training of my earlier years, and partly because the marsh on either side of the hammock would have mired a cat. Often, as I watched with envious eyes the wild duck rise up over the dense trees that surrounded the place and cut straight for the deserted marshes in the horseshoe, I had had a longing to invade the mysterious domain, and crawl to the edge of No Haid Pawn and get a shot at the fowl that floated on its black surface; but something had always deterred me, and the long reaches of No Haid Pawn were left to the wild-fowl and the ghostly rowers. Finally, however, after a spell whose high

temperature was rather suited to August than April, in desperation at my ill-luck I determined to gratify my curiosity and try No Haid Pawn. So one afternoon, without telling anyone of my intention, I crossed the mysterious boundary and struck through the swamp for the unknown land.

The marsh was far worse than I had anticipated, and no one but a duck-hunter as experienced and zealous as myself, and as indifferent to ditches, briers, mire, and all that make a swamp, could have penetrated it at all. Even I could never have gotten on if I had not followed the one path that led into the marsh, the reputed "parf" of the evil spirits, and as it was, my progress was both tedious and dangerous.

The track was a mysterious one, for though I knew it had not been trodden by a human foot in many years, yet there a veritable "parf" it lay. In some places it was almost completely lost, and I would fear I should have to turn back, but an overhanging branch or a vine swinging from one tree to another would furnish a way to some spot where the narrow trail began again. In other spots old logs thrown across the miry canals gave me an uncomfortable feeling as I reflected what feet had last crossed on them. On both sides of this trail the marsh was either an impenetrable jungle or a mire apparently bottomless.

I shall never forget my sensations as I finally emerged from the woods into the clearing, if that desolate waste of willows, cane, and swamp growth could be so termed. About me stretched the jungle, over which a greenish lurid atmosphere brooded, and straight ahead towered the gaunt mansion, a rambling pile of sombre white, with numberless vacant windows staring at me from the leafless trees about it. Only one other clump of trees appeared above the canes and brush, and that I knew by intuition was the graveyard.

I think I should have turned back had not shame impelled me forward.

My progress from this point was even more difficult than it had been hitherto, for the trail at the end of the wood terminated abruptly in a gut of the swamp; however, I managed to keep on by walking on hammocks, pushing through

clumps of bushes, and wading as best I could. It was slow and hot work, though.

It never once struck me that it must be getting late. I had become so accustomed to the gloom of the woods that the more open ground appeared quite light to me, and I had not paid any attention to the black cloud that had been for some time gathering overhead, or to the darkening atmosphere.

I suddenly became sensible that it was going to rain. However, I was so much engrossed in the endeavor to get on that even then I took little note of it. The nearer I came to the house the more it arrested my attention, and the more weird and uncanny it looked. Canes and bushes grew up to the very door; the window-shutters hung from the hinges; the broken windows glared like eyeless sockets; the portico had fallen away from the wall, while the wide door stood slightly ajar, giving to the place a singularly ghastly appearance somewhat akin to the color which sometimes lingers on the face of a corpse. In my progress wading through the swamp I had gone around rather to the side of the house toward where I supposed the "pawn" itself to lie.

I was now quite near to it, and striking a little less miry ground, as I pushed my way through the bushes and canes which were higher than my head, I became aware that I was very near the thicket that marked the graveyard, just beyond which I knew the pond itself lay. I was somewhat startled, for the cloud made it quite dusky, and stepping on a long piece of rotten timber lying on the ground, I parted the bushes to look down the pond. As I did so the rattle of a chain grated on me, and glancing up through the cane before me appeared a heavy upright timber with an arm or cross-beam stretching from it, from which dangled a long chain almost rusted away. I knew by instinct that I stood under the gallows where the murderer of No Haid Pawn had expiated his dreadful crime. His corpse must have fallen just where I stood. I started back appalled.

Just then the black cloud above me was parted by a vivid flame and a peal of thunder seemed to rive the earth.

I turned in terror, but before I had

gone fifty yards the storm was upon me, and instinctively I made for the only refuge that was at hand. It was a dreadful alternative, but I did not hesitate. Outside I was not even sure that my life was safe. And with extraordinary swiftness I had made my way through the broken iron fence that lay rusting in the swamp, had traversed the yard, all grown up as it was to the very threshold, had ascended the sunken steps, crossed the rotted portico, and entered the open door.

A long dark hall stretched before me, extending, as well as I could judge in the gloom, entirely across the house. A number of doors, some shut, some ajar, opened on the hall on one side; and a broad dark stairway ascended on the other to the upper story. The walls were black with mould. At the far end a large bow-window, with all the glass gone, looked out on the waste of swamp, unbroken save by the clump of trees in the graveyard, and just beside this window was a break where the dark staircase descended to the apartments below. The whole place was in a state of advanced decay; almost the entire plastering had fallen with the damp, and the hall presented a scene of desolation that beggars description.

I was at last in the haunted house!

The rain, driven by the wind, poured in at the broken windows in such a deluge that I was forced in self-defence to seek shelter in one of the rooms. I tried several, but the doors were swollen or fastened; I found one, however, on the leeward side of the house, and pushing the door, which opened easily, I entered. Inside I found something like an old bed; and the great open fire-place had evidently been used at some earlier time, for the ashes were still banked up in the cavernous hearth, and the charred ends of the logs of wood were lying in the chimney corners. To see, still as fresh and natural as though the fire had but just died out, these remnants of domestic life that had survived all else of a similar period struck me as unspeakably ghastly. The bedstead, however, though rude, was convenient as a seat, and I utilized it accordingly, propping myself up against one of the rough posts. From my position I com-

manded through the open door the entire length of the vacant hall, and could look straight out of the great bow-window at the head of the stairs, through which appeared against the dull sky the black mass of the graveyard trees, and a stretch of one of the canals or guts of the swamp curving around it, which gleamed white in the glare of the lightning.

I had expected that the storm would, like most thunder-storms in the latitude, shortly exhaust itself, or, as we say, "blow over;" but I was mistaken, and as the time passed, its violence, instead of diminishing, increased. It grew darker and darker, and presently the startling truth dawned on me that the gloom which I had supposed simply the effect of the overshadowing cloud had been really nightfall. I was shut up alone in No Haid Pawn for the night!

I hastened to the door with the intention of braving the storm and getting away; but I was almost blown off my feet. A glance without showed me that the guts with which the swamp was traversed in every direction were now full to the brim, and to attempt to find my way home in the darkness would be sheer madness; so, after a wistful survey, I returned to my wretched perch. I thought I would try and light a fire, but to my consternation I had not a match, and I finally abandoned myself to my fate. It was a desolate, if not despairing, feeling that I experienced. My mind was filled, not only with my own unhappiness, but with the thought of the distress my absence would occasion them at home; and for a little while I had a fleeting hope that a party would be sent out to search for me. This, however, was untenable, for they would not know where I was. The last place in which they would ever think of looking for me was No Haid Pawn, and even if they knew I was there they could no more get to me in the darkness and storm than I could escape from it.

I accordingly propped myself up on my bed and gave myself up to my reflections. I said my prayers very fervently. I thought I would try and get to sleep, but sleep was far from my eyes.

My surroundings were too vivid to my apprehension. The awful traditions

of the place, do what I might to banish them, would come to mind. The original building of the house, and its blood-stained foundation stones; the dead who had died of the pestilence that had raged afterward; the bodies carted by scores and buried in the sobby earth of the graveyard, whose trees loomed up through the broken window; the dreadful story of the dead paddling about the swamp in their coffins; and, above all, the gigantic maniac whose ferocity even murder could not satiate, and who had added to murder awful mutilation: he had dragged the mangled corpse of his victim up those very steps and flung it out of the very window which gaped just beyond me in the glare of the lightning. It all passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness, and no effort of my will could keep my thoughts from dwelling on it. The terrific thunder, outerashing a thousand batteries, at times engrossed my attention; but it always reverted to that scene of horror; and if I dozed, the slamming of the loose blinds, or the terrific fury of the storm, would suddenly startle me. Once, as the sounds subsided for a moment, or else I having become familiar with them, as I was sinking into a sleepy state, a door at the other end of the hall creaked and then slammed with violence, bringing me bolt upright on the bed, clutching my gun. I could have sworn that I heard footsteps; but the wind was blowing a hurricane, and after another period of wakefulness and dreadful recollection, nature succumbed, and I fell asleep.

I do not know that I can be said to have lost consciousness even then, for my mind was still enchained by the horrors of my situation, and went on clinging to them and dwelling upon them even in my slumber.

I was, however, certainly asleep; for the storm must have died temporarily away about this hour without my knowing it, and I subsequently heard that it did.

I must have slept several hours, for I was quite stiff from my constrained posture when I became fully aroused.

I was awakened by a very peculiar sound; it was like a distant call or halloo. Although I had been fast asleep a moment before, it startled me into a

state of the highest attention. In a second I was wide awake. There was not a sound except the rumble and roll of the thunder as the storm once more began to renew itself, and in the segment of the circle that I could see along the hall through my door, and indeed out through the yawning window at the end, as far as the black clump of trees in the graveyard just at the bend of the canal, which I commanded from my seat whenever there was a flash of lightning, there was only the swaying of the bushes in the swamp and of the trees in the graveyard. Yet there I sat bolt upright on my bed, in the darkness, with every nerve strained to its utmost tension, and that unearthly cry still sounding in my ears. I was endeavoring to reason myself into the belief that I had dreamed it, when a flash of lightning lit up the whole field of my vision as if it had been in the focus of a sun-glass, and out on the canal where it curved around the graveyard was a boat—a something—small, black, with square ends, and with a man in it, standing upright, and something lying in a lump or mass at the bow.

I knew I could not be mistaken, for the lightning by a process of its own photographs everything on the retina in minutest detail, and I had a vivid impression of everything from the foot of the bed on which I crouched to the gaunt arms of those black trees in the graveyard just over that ghostly boatman and his dreadful freight. I was wide awake. The story of the dead rowing in their coffins was verified!

I am unable to state what passed in the next few minutes.

The storm had burst again with renewed violence and was once more expending itself on the house; the thunder was again rolling overhead; the broken blinds were swinging and slamming madly; and the dreadful memories of the place were once more besetting me.

I shifted my position to relieve the cramp it had occasioned, still keeping my face toward that fatal window. As I did so I heard above, or perhaps I should say under, the storm a sound more terrible to me—the repetition of that weird

halloo, this time almost under the great window. Immediately succeeding this was the sound of something scraping under the wall, and I was sensible when a door on the ground-floor was struck with a heavy thud. It was pitch-dark, but I heard the door pushed wide open, and as a string of fierce oaths, part English and part Creole French, floated up the dark stairway, muffled as if sworn through clinched teeth, I held my breath. I recalled the unknown tongue, the ghostly murderer employed; and I knew that the murderer of No Haid Pawn had left his grave, and that his ghost was coming up that stair. I heard his step as it fell on the first stair heavily yet almost noiselessly. It was an unearthly sound—dull, like the tread of a bared foot, accompanied by the scraping sound of a body dragging. Step by step he came up the black stairway in the pitch-darkness as steadily as if it were daytime—and he knew every step—accompanied by that sickening sound of dragging. There was a final pull up the last step, and a dull, heavy thud, as with a strange, wild laugh he flung his burden on the floor.

For a moment there was not a sound, and then the awful silence and blackness were broken by a crash of thunder that seemed to tear the foundations asunder like a mighty earthquake, and the whole house, and the great swamp outside, were filled with a glare of vivid blinding light. Directly in front of me, clutching in his upraised hand a long, keen, glittering knife, on whose blade a ball of fire seemed to play, stood a gigantic figure in the very flame of the lightning, and stretched at his feet lay, ghastly and bloody, a black and headless trunk.

I staggered to the door and, tripping, fell prostrate over the sill.

When we could get there nothing was left but the foundation. The haunted house when struck had literally burned to the water's edge. The changed current had washed its way close to the place, and in strange verification of the negroes' tradition, No Haid Pawn had reclaimed its own, and the spot with all its secrets lay buried under its dark waters.

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

IV.



ACOB DOLPH got out of the Broadway stage at Bowling Green, followed by Eustace Dolph. Eustace Dolph at twenty-two was no more like his father than his patrician name was like simple and scriptural Jacob. The elder Dolph was a personable man, certainly a handsome man, even, who looked to be nearer forty than fifty-two, and he was well dressed—perhaps a trifle out of the mode—and carried himself with a certain genial dignity, and with the lightness of a man who has not forgotten that he has been a buck in his time. But Eustace was distinctly and unmistakably a dandy. There are superficial differences, of course, between the dandy of 1852 and the dandy of 1887; but the structural foundation of all types of dandy is the same through all ages. Back of the clothes—back of the ruffles, or the bright neckcloth, or the high pickardill—which may vary with the time or the individual, you will ever find clearly displayed to your eyes the obvious and unmistakable spiritual reason for and cause of the dandy—and it is always self-assertion pushed beyond the bounds of self-respect.

Now, as a matter of fact, young Eustace's garments were not really worse than many a man has worn from simple, honest bad taste. To be sure, the checked pattern of his trousers was for size like the design of a prison grating; he had a coat so blue that it shimmered in the sunlight; his necktie was of purple satin, and fearfully and wonderfully made, and fringed and decked with gems fastened by little gold chains to other inferior guardian gems, and his waistcoat was confected of satin and velvet and damask all at once; yet you might have put all these things on his father, and, although the effect would

not have been pleasant, you would never have called the elder gentleman a dandy. In other words, it was Why young Eustace wore his raiment that made it dandified, and not the inherent gorgeousness of the raiment itself.

The exchange of attire might readily have been made so far as the size of the two men was concerned. But only in size were they alike. There was nothing of the Dolph in Eustace's face. He bore, indeed, a strong resemblance to his maternal great-grandmother, now many years put away where she could no longer trouble the wicked, and where she had to let the weary be at rest. (And how poor little Aline had wept and wailed over that death, and lamented that she had not been more dutiful as a child!) But his face was not strong, as the face of Madam Des Anges had been. Some strain of a weaker ancestry reappeared in it, and, so to speak, changed the key of the expression. What had been pride in the old lady bordered on superciliousness in the young man. What had been sternness became a mere haughtiness. Yet it was a handsome face, and pleasant, too, when the young smile came across it, and you saw the white, small teeth and the bright, intelligent light in the dark eyes.

The two men strolled through the Battery, and then up South Street, and so around through Old Slip. They were on business; but this was also a pleasure trip to the elder. He walked doubly in spirit through those old streets—a boy by his father's side, a father with his son at his elbow. He had not been often in the region of late years. You remember, he was a man of pleasure. He was one of the first fruits of metropolitan growth and social culture. His father had made an idler and *dilettante* of him. It was only half a life at best, he thought, happy as he had been; blessed as he was in wife and child. He was going to make a business-

man of his own boy. After all, it was through the workers that great cities grew. Perhaps we were not ripe yet for that European institution, the idler. He himself had certain accomplishments that other Americans had not. He could *flâner*, for instance. But to have to *flâner* through fifty or sixty or seventy years palled on the spirit, he found. And one thing was certain, if any Dolph was ever to be an accomplished *flâneur*, and to devote his whole life to that occupation, the Dolph fortune must be vastly increased. Old Jacob Dolph had miscalculated. The sum he had left in 1829 might have done very well for the time, but it was no fortune to idle on among the fashionables of 1852.

Something of this Mr. Dolph told his son; but the young man, although he listened with respectful attention, appeared not to take a deep interest in his father's reminiscences. Jacob Dolph fancied even that Eustace did not care to be reminded of the city's day of small things. Perhaps he had something of the feeling of the successful struggler who tries to forget the shabbiness of the past. If this were the case his pride must have been chafed, for his father was eloquent in displaying the powers of an uncommonly fine memory; and he had to hear all about the slips, and the Fly Market, and the gradual extension of the water-front, and the piles on which the old Tontine was built, and the cucumber-wood pipes of the old water-company, still lying under their feet. Once, at least, he showed a genuine enjoyment of his father's discourse, and that was when it ran on the great retinue of servants in which Jacob Dolph the elder had indulged himself. I think he was actually pleased when he heard that his grandfather had at one time kept slaves.

Wandering in this way, to the running accompaniment of Mr. Dolph's lecture, they came to Water Street, and here, as though he were reminded of the object of their trip, the father summed up his reminiscences in shape for a neat moral.

"The city grows, you see, my boy, and we've got to grow with it. I've stood still; but you sha'n't."

"Well, Governor," said the younger man, "I'll be frank with you. I don't like the prospect."

"You will—you will, my boy. You'll live to thank me."

"Very likely you're right, sir. I don't deny it; but, as I say, I don't like the prospect. I don't see—with all due respect, sir—how any gentleman can *like* trade. It may be necessary, and of course I don't think its lowering, or any of that nonsense, you know; but it can't be *pleasant*. Of course, if *your* governor had to do it, it was all right; but I don't believe he liked it any better than I should, or he wouldn't have been so anxious to keep you out of it."

"My poor father made a great mistake, Eustace. He would admit it now, I'm sure, if he were alive."

"Well, sir, I'm going to try it, of course. I'll give it a fair trial. But when the two years are up, sir, as we agreed, I hope you won't say anything against my going into the law, or—well, yes—" he colored a little—"trying what I can do on the Street. I know what you think about it, sir," he went on, hastily; "but there are two sides to the question, and it's my opinion that, for an intelligent man, there's more money to be made up there in Wall Street in one year than can be got out of haggling over merchandise for a lifetime."

Jacob Dolph grew red in the face and shook his head vigorously.

"Don't speak of it, sir, don't speak of it!" he said, vehemently. "It's the curse of the country. If you have any such infernal opinions, don't vent them in my presence, sir. I know what I am talking about. Keep clear of Wall Street, sir. It is the straight road to perdition."

They entered one of a row of broad-fronted buildings of notable severity and simplicity of architecture. Four square stone columns upheld its brick front, and, on one of these, faded gilt letters on a ground of dingy black said simply:

ABRAM VAN RIPER'S SON.

There was no further announcement of Abram Van Riper's Son's character,

or of the nature of his business. It was assumed that all the people knew who Abram Van Riper's Son was, and that his (Abram Van Riper's) shipchandlery trade had long before grown into a great "commission merchant's" business.



It was full summer, and there were no doors between the pillars to bar entrance to the gloomy cavern behind them, which stretched in semi-darkness the whole length and width of the building, save for a narrow strip at the rear, where behind a windowed partition clerks were writing at high desks, and where there was an inner and more secluded pen for Abram Van Riper's Son.

In the front of the cave, to one side, was a hoistway, where bales and boxes were drawn up from the cellar or swung twisting and twirling to the lofts above. Amidships the place was strewn with small tubs, matting-covered bales and boxes, coils of bright new rope, and odd-looking packages of a hundred sorts, all of them with gaping wounds in their envelopes or otherwise having their pristine integrity wounded. From this it was not difficult to guess that these were samples of merchandise. Most of them gave forth odors upon the air, odors ranging from the purely aromatic, suggestive of Oriental fancies or

tropic dreams of spice, to the positively offensive—the latter varieties predominating.

But certain objects upon a long table were so peculiar in appearance that the visitors could not pass them by with a mere glance of wonder. They looked like small leather pies, badly warped in the baking. A clerk in his shirt-sleeves, with his straw hat on one side of his head, whistled as he cut into these, revealing a livid interior, the color of half-cooked veal, which he inspected with care. Eustace was moved to positive curiosity.

"What are they?" he inquired of the clerk, pride mingling with disgust in his tone, as he caught a smell like unto the smell which might arise from raw smoked salmon that had lain three days in the sun.

"Central American," responded the clerk, with brevity, and resumed his whistling of

"My name is Jake Keyser, I was born in Spring Garden ;

To make me a preacher my father did try."

"Central American *what?*" pursued the inquirer.

"*Rubber!*" said the clerk, with a scorn so deep and far beyond expression that the combined pride of the Dolphs and the Des Anges wilted into silence for the moment. As they went on toward the rear office, while the clerk gayly whistled the notes of

"It's no use a-blowing, for I am a hard 'un—I'm bound to be a butcher, by heavens, or die!"

Eustace recovered sufficiently to demand of his father:

"I say, sir, shall I have to handle that damned stuff?"

"Hush!" said his senior; "here's Mr. Van Riper."

Mr. Van Riper came to the office door to welcome them, with his thin face set in the form of a smile.

"Ah!" he said, "here's the young man, is he? Fine big fellow, Dolph. Well, sir, so you are going to embrace a mercantile career, are you? That's what they call it in these fine days, Dolph."

"I am going to try to, sir," replied the young man.

"He will, Van Riper," put in his father, hastily; "he'll like it as soon as he gets used to it—I know he will."

"Well," returned Mr. Van Riper, with an attempt at facetious geniality; "we'll try to get his nose down to the grindstone, we will. Come into my office with me, Dolph, and I'll hand this young gentleman over to old Mr. Daw. Mr. Daw will feel his teeth—eh, Mr. Daw?—see what he *doesn't* know—how's that Mr. Daw? You remember Mr. Daw, Dolph—used to be with your father before he went out of business—been with us ever since. Let's see, how long is that, Daw? Most fifty years, ain't it?"

Mr. Daw, who looked as though he might have been one hundred years at the business, wheeled around and descended with stiff deliberation from his high stool, holding his pen in his mouth as he solemnly shook hands with Jacob Dolph, and peered into his face. Then he took the pen out of his mouth.

"Looks like his father," was Mr. Daw's comment. "Forty-five years the twenty-ninth of this month, sir. You was a little shaver then. I remember you comin' into the store and whittlin' timber with your little jack-knife. I was only eleven years with your father, sir—eleven years and six months—went to him when I was fourteen years old. That's fifty-six years and six months in the service of two of the best houses that ever was in New York—an' I can do my work with any two young shavers in the town—ain't missed a day in nineteen years now. Your father hadn't never ought to have gone out of business, Mr. Dolph. He did a great business for those days, and he had the makin' of a big house. Goin' to bring your boy up like a good New York merchant, hey? Come along here with me, young man, and I'll see if you're half the man your grandfather was. He hadn't never ought to have given up business, Mr. Dolph. But he was all for pleasin', an' the play-houses, an' havin' fine times. Come along, young man. What's your name?"

"Eustace Dolph."

"Hm! Jacob's better."

And he led the neophyte away.

"Curious old case," said Mr. Van

Riper, dryly. "Best accountant in New York. See that high stool of his?—can't get him off it. Five years ago I gave him a low desk and an arm-chair. In one week he was back again, roosting up there. Said he didn't feel comfortable with his feet on the ground. He thought that sort of thing might do for aged people, but *he* wasn't made of cotton-batting."

Thus began Eustace Dolph's apprenticeship to business, and mightily ill he liked it.

There came a day, a winter day in 1854, when there was great agitation among what were then called the real old families of New York. I cannot use the term "fashionable society," because that is more comprehensive, and would include many wealthy and ambitious families from New England, who were decidedly not of the Dolphs' set. And then, the Dolphs could hardly be reckoned among the leaders of fashion. To live on or near the boundaries of fashion's domain is to lower your social status below the absolute pitch of perfection, and fashion in 1854 drew the line pretty sharply at Bleeker Street. Above Bleeker Street the cream of the cream rose to the surface; below, you were ranked as skim milk. The social world was spreading up into the wastes sacred to the circus and the market garden, although if Admiral Farragut had stood on his sea-legs where he stands now he might have had a fairly clear view of Chelsea Village, and seen Alonzo Cushman II., or Alonzo Cushman III., perhaps, going around and collecting his rents.

But the old families still fought the tide of trade, many of them neck-deep and very uncomfortable. They would not go from St. John's Park, nor from North Moore and Grand Streets. They had not the *bourgeois* conservatism of the Greenwich villagers, which has held them in a solid phalanx almost to this very day; but still, in a way, they resisted the up-town movement, and resisted it. So that when they did have to buy lots in the high-numbered streets they had to pay a fine price for them.

It was this social party that was stirred by a bit of scandal about the

Dolphs. I do not know why I should call it scandal; yet I am sure Society so held it. For did not Society whisper it, and nod and wink over it, and tell it in dark corners, and chuckle, and lift its multitudinous hands and its myriad eyebrows, and say in innumerable keys: "Well, *upon* my word!" and "Well, I *should* think——!" and "Who would *ever* have thought of such a thing?" and the like? Did not Society make very funny jokes about it, and did not Society's professional gossips get many an invitation to dinner because they professed to have authentic details of the way Mr. and Mrs. Dolph looked when they spoke about it, and just what they had to say for themselves?

And yet it was nothing more than this, that Mr. Dolph being fifty-four, and his wife but a few years younger, were about to give to the world another Dolph. It was odd, I admit; it was unusual; if I must go so far, it was, I suppose, unconventional. But I don't see that it was necessary for Mr. Philip Waters to make an epigram about it. It was a very clever epigram; but if you had seen dear old Mrs. Dolph, with her rosy cheeks and the gray in her hair, knitting baby-clothes with hands which were still white and plump and comely, while great dark eyes looked timorously into the doubtful, fear-clouded future, I think you would have been ashamed that you had even listened to that epigram.

The expected event was of special and personal interest to only three people—for, after all, when you think of it, it was not exactly Society's business—and it affected them in widely different ways.

Jacob Dolph was all tenderness to his wife, and all sympathy with her fears, with her nervous apprehensions, even with her morbid forebodings of impossible ills. He did not repine at the seclusion which the situation forced upon them, although his life for years had been given up to Society's demands, until pleasure-seeking and pleasure-giving had grown into a routine, which occupied his whole mind. His wife saw him more than she had for many years. Clubs and card-parties had few temptations for him now; he sat at home

and read to her and talked to her, and did his best to follow the injunctions of the doctor, and "create and preserve in her a spirit of cheerful and hopeful tranquillity, free of unnecessary apprehension."

But when he *did* go to the club, when he was in male society, his breast expanded, and if he had to answer a polite inquiry as to Mrs. Dolph's general health, I am afraid that he responded: "Mrs. Dolph is extremely well, sir, extremely well!" with a pride which the moralists will tell you is baseless, unworthy and unreasonable.

As for Aline herself, no one may know what timorous hopes stirred in her bosom and charmed the years away, and brought back to her a lovely youth that was almost girlish in its innocent, half-frightened gladness. Outside, this great, wise, eminently proper world that she lived in girded at the old woman who was to bear a child, and laughed behind tasselled fans, and made wondrous merry over Nature's work; but within the old house she sat, and sewed upon the baby-clothes, or, wandering from cupboard to cupboard, found the yellowing garments, laid away more than a score of years before—the poor little lace-decked trifles that her first boy had worn; and she thanked heaven, in her humble way, that twenty-four years had not taken the love and joy of a wife and a mother out of her heart.

She could not find all her boy's dresses and toys, for she was open-handed, and had given many of them away to people who needed them. This brought about an odd encounter. The third person who had a special interest in the prospect of the birth of a Dolph was young Eustace, and he found nothing in it wherewith to be pleased. For Eustace Dolph was of the ultra-fashionables. He cared less for old family than for new ideas, and he did not let himself fall behind in the march of social progress, even though he was, as he admitted with humility born of pride, only a poor devil of a down-town clerk. If his days were occupied, he had his nights to himself, and he lengthened them to suit himself. At first this caused his mother to fret a little; but poor Aline had come into her present world



"Looks like his father," says Mr. Daw's comment.

A. B. TOS
1871.

from the conventual seclusion of Kingsbridge, and her only authority on questions of masculine license was her husband. He, being appealed to, had to admit that his own hours in youth had been late, and that he supposed the hours of a newer generation should properly be later still. Mr. Dolph forgot, perhaps, that while his early potations had been vinous, those of the later age were distinctly spirituous; and that the early morning cocktail and the mid-



night brandy and soda were abominations unknown to his own well-bred youth. With port and sherry and good Bordeaux he had been familiar all his life; a dash of *liqueur* after dinner did not trouble his digestion; he found a bottle of champagne a pleasant appetizer and a gentle stimulant; but whiskey and gin were to him the drinks of the vulgar, and rum and brandy stood on his side-board only to please fiercer tastes than his own. Perhaps, also, he was ignorant of the temptations that assail a young man in a great city, he who had grown up in such a little one that he had at one time known everyone who was worth knowing in it.

However this may have been, Eustace Dolph ruled for himself his going out and his coming in. He went further, and chose his own associates, not always from among the scions of the "old families." He found those excellent young men "slow," and he selected for his own private circle a set which was mixed as to origin and unanimously frivolous as to tendency. The foreign element was strongly represented. Bright young Irishmen of ex-

cellent families, and mysterious French and Italian counts and marquises, borrowed many of the good gold dollars of the Dolphs, and forgot to return an equivalent in the local currency of the O'Reagans of Castle Reagan, or the d'Arcy de Montmorenci, or the Montescudi di Bajocchi. Among this set there was much merry-making when the news from the Dolph household sifted down to them from the gossip-sieve of the best society. They could not very well chaff young Dolph openly, for he was muscular and high-tempered, and, under the most agreeable conditions, needed a fight of some sort every six months or so, and liked a bit of trouble in between fights. But a good deal of low and malicious humor came his way, from one source or another, and he, with the hot and concentrated egotism of youth, thought that he was in a ridiculous and trying position, and chafed over it.

There had been innuendoes and hints and glancing allusions, but no one had dared to make any direct assault of wit, until one evening young Haskins came into the club "a little flushed with wine." (The "wine" was brandy.) It seems that young Haskins had found at home an ivory rattle that had belonged to Eustace twenty years before, and that Mrs. Dolph had given to Mrs. Haskins when Eustace enlarged his horizon in the matter of toys.

Haskins, being, as I have said, somewhat flushed with brandy, came up to young Dolph, who was smoking in the window and meditating with frowning brows, and said to him:

"Here, Dolph, I've done with this. You'd better take it back—it may be wanted down your way."

There was a scene. Fortunately two men were standing just behind Dolph, who were able to throw their arms about him, and hold him back for a few seconds. There would have been further consequences, however, if it had not been that Eustace was in the act of throwing the rattle back at Haskins when the two men caught him. Thus the toy went wide of its mark, and fell in the lap of Philip Waters, who, old as he was, generally chose to be in the company of the young men at the club;

and then Philip Waters did something that almost atones, I think, for the epigram.

He looked at the date on the rattle, and then he rose up and went between the two young men, and spoke to Haskins.

"Young man," he said, "when Mrs. Jacob Dolph gave your mother this thing your father had just failed for the second time in three years. He had come to New York about five years before from Hartford, or Providence, or—Succotash, or whatever his confounded town was. Mr. Jacob Dolph got Mr. Van Riper to give your father an extension on his note, or he would have gone to the debtors' prison down by the City

everybody said she was the image of her mother.

There will come a day, it may be, when advancing civilization will civilize sleighing out of existence as far as New York is concerned. Year after year the days grow fewer that will let a cutter slip up beyond the furthest of the "road-houses" and cross the line into Westchester. People say that the climate is changing; but close observers recognize a sympathy between the decrease of snow-storms and the increase of refinement—that is, a sympathy in inverse ratio—a balanced progress in opposite directions. As we grow further and further beyond even old world standards



Hall. As it was, he had to sell his house, and the coat off his back, for all I know. If it hadn't been for the Dolphs, devil the rattle you'd have had—and you wouldn't have been living in Bond Street to-day."

After which Mr. Philip Waters sat down and read the evening paper; and when young Haskins was able to speak he asked young Dolph's pardon, and got it—at least, a formal assurance that he had it.

The baby was born in the spring, and

of polite convention, as we formalize and super-formalize our codes, and steadily eliminate every element of amusement from our amusements, Nature in strict conformity represses her joyous exuberance. The snow-storm of the past is gone, because the great public sleigh that held twenty-odd merry-makers in a shell like a circus band-wagon has gone out of fashion among all classes. Now we have, during severe winters, just enough snow from time to time to bear the light sleigh of the young man

who, being in good society, is also horsey. When *he* finds the road vulgar, the poor plebeian souls who go sleighing for the sport of it may sell their red and blue vehicles, for Nature, the sycophant of Fashion, will snow no more.

But they had "good old-fashioned" snow-storms eighty years after the Declaration of Independence, and one had fallen upon New York that tempted Mrs. Jacob Dolph to leave her baby, ten months old, in the nurse's charge, and go out with her husband in the great family sleigh for what might be the last ride of the season.

They had been far up the road—to Arcularius's, maybe, there swinging around and whirling back. They had flown down the long country road, and back into the city, to meet—it was early in the day—the great procession of sleighing folk streaming northward up Broadway. It was one of New York's great irregular, chance-set carnivals, and every sleigh was out, from the "exquisite's" gilded chariot, a shell hardly larger than a fair-sized easy-chair, to the square, low-hung red sledge of the butcher-boy, who braved it with the fashionables, his *Schneider*-made clothes on his burly form, and his girl by his side, in her best Bowery bonnet. Everybody was a-sleighing. The jingle of countless bells fell on the crisp air in a sort of broken rhythm—a rude *tempo rubato*. It was fashionable then. But we, we amuse ourselves less boisterously.

They drew up at the door of the Dolph house, and Jacob Dolph lifted his wife out of the sleigh, and carried her up the steps into the breakfast-room, and set her down in her easy chair. He was bending over her to ask her if her ride had done her good, when a servant entered and handed him a letter marked "Immediate."

He read it, and all the color of the winter's day faded out of his face.

"I've got to go down to Van Riper's," he said, "at once; he wants me."

"Has anything happened to—to Eustace?" his wife cried out.

"He doesn't say so—I suppose—I suppose it's only business of some sort," her husband said. His face was white. "Don't detain me, dear. I'll come back as soon as—as soon as I get through."

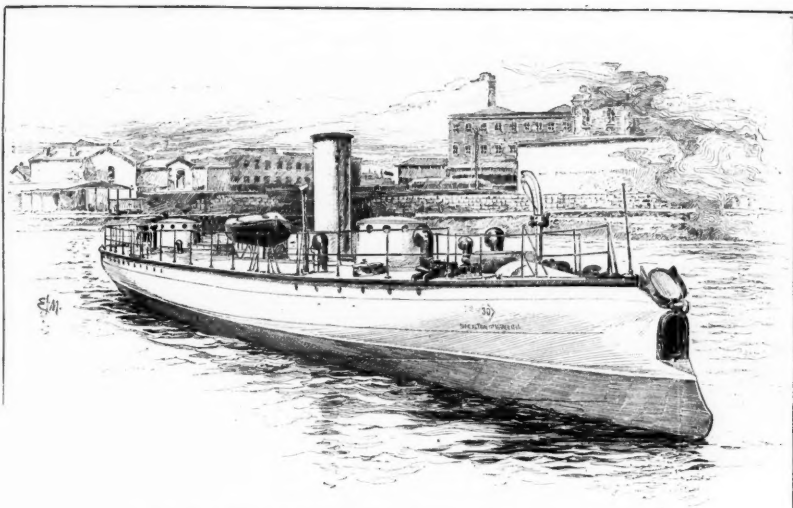
He kissed her, and was gone. Half an hour later he sat in the office of Abram Van Riper's Son.

There was no doubting it, no denying it, no palliating it even. The curse had come upon the house of Jacob Dolph, and his son was a thief and a fugitive.

It was an old story and a simple story. It was the story of the Haskins's million and the Dolphs' hundred thousand; it was the story of the boy with a hundred thousand in prospect trying to spend money against the boy with the million in sight. It was the story of cards, speculation—another name for that sort of gambling which is worse than any on the green cloth—and what is euphemistically known as wine.

There was enough oral and documentary evidence to make the whole story hideously clear to Jacob Dolph, as he sat in that dark little pen of Van Riper's and had the history of his son's fall spelled out to him, word by word. The boy had proved himself apt and clever in his office-work. His education had given him an advantage over all the other clerks, and he had learned his duties with wonderful ease. And when, six months before, old Mr. Daw had let himself down from his stool for the last time, and had muffled up his thin old throat in his great green worsted scarf, and had gone home to die, young Dolph had been put temporarily in his place. In those six months he had done his bad work. Even Van Riper admitted that it must have been a sudden temptation. But—he had yielded. In those six months fifty thousand dollars of Abram Van Riper's money had gone into the gulf that yawned in Wall Street; fifty thousand dollars not acquired by falsifying the books, but filched outright from the private safe to which he had access; fifty thousand dollars in securities which he had turned into money, acting as the confidential man of the house.

When Jacob Dolph, looking like a man of eighty, left the private office of Mr. Van Riper he had two things to do. One was to tell his wife, the other was to assign enough property to Van Riper to cover the amount of the defalcation. Both had been done before night.



Torpedo Boat recently built for the English Government by Messrs. Yarrow & Co.

MODERN AGGRESSIVE TORPEDOES.*

By Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. Navy.

THE part played by torpedoes in our Civil War attracted wide attention. Since then their development has been constantly going on, both in this country and in Europe, until they are now a recognized feature of modern naval warfare, as well as a very important element in the national defence of every country possessing a sea-coast.

Probably no other invention of the age is the outcome of so much human thought and ingenuity; certainly none is the result of the expenditure of such vast sums of money. It is no exaggeration to say that during the last ten years a hundred millions of dollars have been expended by European nations in efforts to secure a *reliable*, self-moving torpedo. In the United States immense sums of money have been likewise devoted to the same end, not by the National Government, but by private individuals, firms, and corporations.

The result has been the production

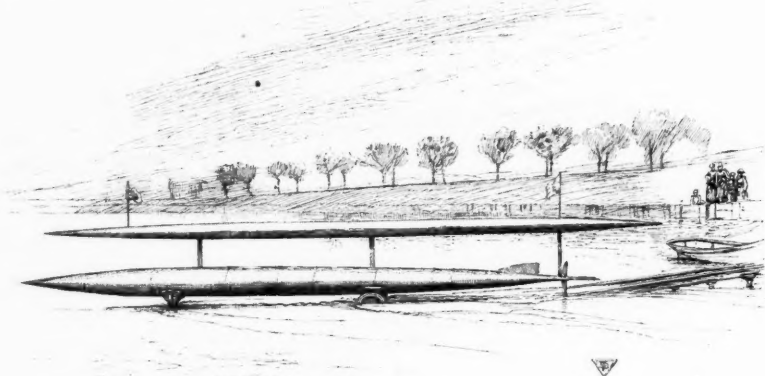
of a large number of remarkable inventions, many of which, however, have been found deficient in some vital quality when subjected to rigid, practical tests. Among those that have attained to the highest degree of efficiency may be named, as representatives of their classes, three in the United States and one in Europe. The former are "the Controllable Auto-Mobile Torpedo," the Sims-Edison, and the Howell; the latter is the Whitehead.

The first mentioned of these American inventions, as its name implies, belongs to what is termed the "controllable class," that is, an operator stationed at some place of safety on shore sends it out alone to attack the enemy, guiding it in the desired direction by means of an electric cable which is coiled in a compartment of the torpedo and uncoils as the latter proceeds on its course. This torpedo is constructed of sheet-copper, is fusiform, or cigar-shaped, about 36 feet long by 22 inches in diameter, and is sustained at a depth of 3 feet below the surface of the water by a hol-

* The writer has adopted the word "aggressive" to distinguish the mobile torpedoes of the present day from those employed as stationary submarine mines.

low copper float, to which it is attached by upright bronze rods. The float is itself somewhat longer than the torpedo, and may be repeatedly perforated by the enemy's bullets without destroying its buoyancy. The torpedo is propelled by its own engines, developing

containing two copper wires; upon passing a current through the wires, one end of a balanced lever is attracted, and the torpedo moves to the right; when the current is reversed the opposite end of the lever is attracted, causing the torpedo to turn to the left. The



The Controllable Auto-Mobile Torpedo.

45 horse-power, the motive power being carbonic acid gas, which, as is well known, becomes liquefied under a pressure of forty atmospheres. The liquid gas is carried in a small tank within the torpedo, and on its passage to the engines, through a coiled copper tube,

torpedo is divided into four separate compartments, the forward one carrying a charge of 200 pounds of gun-cotton or dynamite, and the others containing, respectively, the gas reservoir, the coiled cable, and the engines and steering machinery. At its extreme for-



The Sims-Edison Torpedo.

is highly expanded by an intense heat produced by the chemical action of dilute sulphuric acid and quicklime. It has a speed of 20 miles per hour, which is greatest at the end of its run, and a range of 1 mile. The steering mechanism is controlled by an electric cable

ward end the torpedo is provided with a percussion-lock, which ignites the charge upon impact with the enemy's ship. Practical tests of the torpedo were recently made at College Point, L. I., before a commission of officers representing the United States, France,

Turkey, and Japan, all of whom made favorable reports of its action to their respective governments.

The Sims-Edison torpedo is another

Willet's Point, New York, during the last six years, has resulted in the purchase of a number of these torpedoes by the United States Government.



The Whitehead Torpedo.

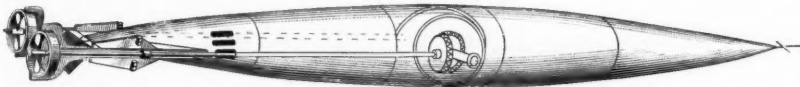
type of the controllable class, and in its construction and general appearance very closely resembles that just described; but it differs from the latter in some important respects. The power by which the Sims-Edison is propelled, steered, and exploded is electricity. The requisite electric current is generated by a dynamo-machine on shore and conveyed to the torpedo by a flexible cable containing two wires, one of which supplies the motive power to the engine, while the other actuates the steering machinery. So complete is the control of the operator over this torpedo that he can easily cause it to maintain a perfectly straight course, turn to the right or left, move in a circle, or dive under obstructions. In order that the position of the torpedo may be always known to the operator, two hinged guide-rods, projecting upward from the float to a height of about two feet above the surface of the water, are surmounted by small globes, and at night carry differently colored lanterns, so screened as to be invisible from ahead. For convenience in handling, the torpedo is made in four sections, which can

The torpedo that has been adopted by nearly every naval power of Europe is known as the Whitehead, and belongs to what may be designated as the "projectile class," that is, having been started on its course toward the enemy, no control of it is retained by the operator. Most of the various types of this class are wholly submerged when operated against an enemy, and are generally arranged to run at a given depth below the surface, varying from 5 to 15 feet.



The Hall Torpedo.

Naturally, one of the main objects of inventors of torpedoes, as well as of those engaged in other fields of invention, is financial profit. The Whitehead is the only torpedo that has yet proved a success in this respect. It is built of thin sheets of steel, is cigar-shaped, like those already described, but *without* the attached float, and is made in three sizes, the largest being 19 feet long by 16 inches diameter, and the smallest 9 feet long by 11 inches diameter. The motive

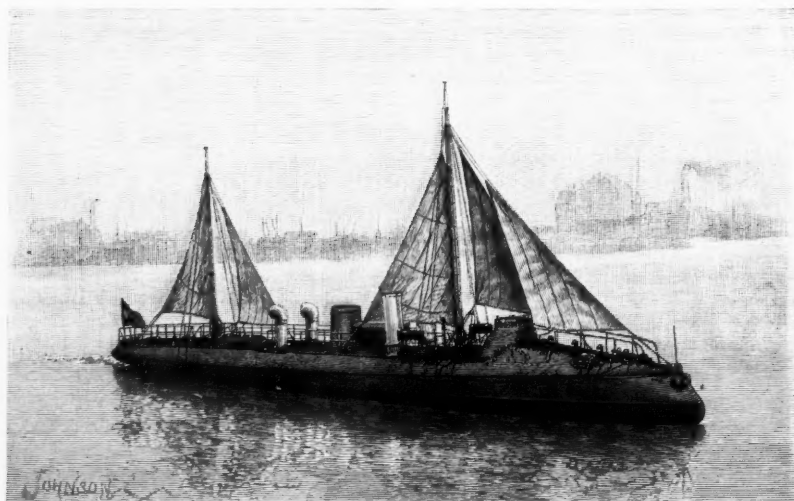


The Howell Torpedo.

be quickly put together, and no one of which weighs more than 800 pounds. It has a speed of about 11 miles per hour, with a range limited only by the length of its cable, and carries a charge of 250 to 400 pounds of dynamite, which is exploded at the will of the operator by an electric fuse. A series of trials, under the supervision of Gen. Henry L. Abbott, Corps of Engineers, made at

power is compressed air, carried at a pressure of about 70 atmospheres, in a cylindrical reservoir within the torpedo. The speed attained is about 25 miles per hour for a distance of 450 yards.* The torpedo is divided into three sec-

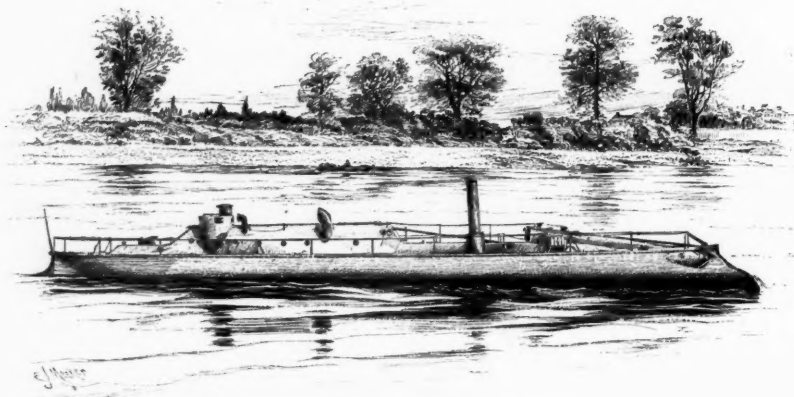
* Since the above was put into type a report has been received of very recent trials of the Whitehead, made in England, in which it is stated that the torpedo attained a speed of 29 $\frac{1}{10}$ miles per hour for a distance of 600 yards, and 31 miles for 400 yards.—W. S. H.



The Falke.

tions—"forward," "middle," and "rear"—containing, respectively, the charge of 70 to 93 pounds of gun-cotton; the adjusting mechanism, wherein lies the secret of the inventor, and by which the hydrostatic pressure of the surrounding water is made to regulate the depth of immersion; and the air-engines and steering machinery. It is designed to be carried on board a very swift torpedo-boat, capable of overtaking the fastest

iron-clad, and, when within effective range, to be discharged from the boat with the steering rudder of the torpedo set in such a position as to direct its course toward the enemy. The first motion, or "discharge," is effected through a guide-tube in the bow of the boat, either above or below the surface of the water, usually by means of a very small charge of powder, after which, upon reaching the water, the torpedo is pro-

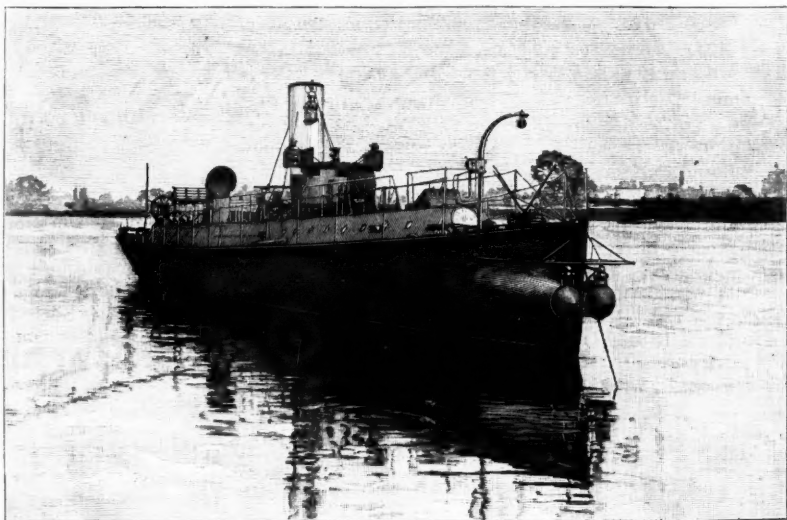


Italian Second-class Boat, built by Messrs. Thornycroft.

pelled by its own engines. The explosion may be made to take place either upon impact with the enemy or after the torpedo has run a given distance.

Necessarily, a torpedo of this class should possess great *directive force*, in order to be not easily deflected from its original course. In this quality the Whitehead is lacking, for, although preserving its direction in smooth water, its flight is not always accurate when aimed across tides or currents. With the view of overcoming this defect, Captain John A. Howell, of the United States Navy, has very recently invented

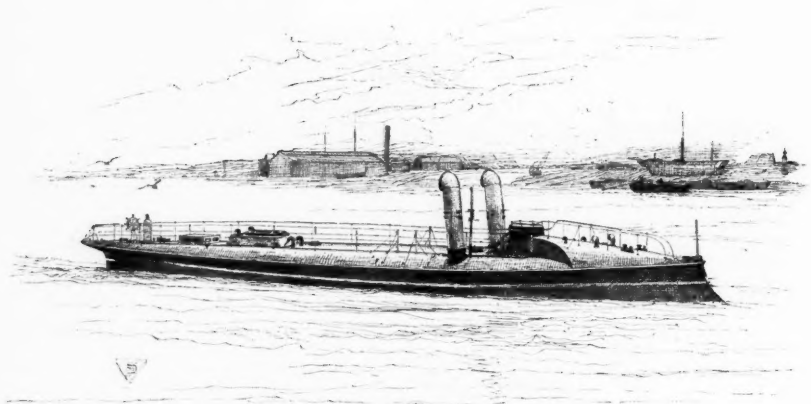
tides or currents, tends simply to cause the torpedo to roll around its longitudinal axis, which motion brings into action, automatically, a side-rudder that counteracts the effect of the deviating force and quickly restores the torpedo to a state of equilibrium. To maintain a constant depth below the surface, the torpedo is provided with a diving rudder, controlled by the pressure of the surrounding water, which, of course, varies with different depths of immersion. This rudder remains inactive as long as the torpedo is at the desired depth, but opposes automatically any



Torpedo Boat recently built by Messrs. Thornycroft, of London, for the Government of Denmark.

a torpedo that now bids fair to supplant all its rivals. It has been called a "Fly-wheel torpedo," from the fact of the motor being a heavy steel fly-wheel to which a high velocity of rotation, in the vertical, longitudinal plane of the torpedo, has been given by suitable machinery on board the boat before the torpedo is launched. The energy thus stored in the wheel imparts motion to the screw-propellers of the torpedo and drives it through the water, while at the same time the rapidly revolving wheel, from a well-known principle of the gyroscope, prevents any divergence from the plane of rotation. A deflecting agent, such as

tendency of the latter to either rise or dive. The torpedo is composed of thin sheets of copper, and has the same outward form as the Whitehead, but is much smaller and more simple in its construction. Only seven of the Howell torpedoes have been yet built, but the results of experiments with these are such as to warrant the highest expectations for their future. They carry a charge of 70 pounds of gun-cotton or dynamite, and in the trials recently made the directive power was found to be so great that, from the deck of a steamer at full speed, the torpedo could be launched, in a direction at right angles



Improved "Batoum" Type, built by Messrs. Yarrow & Co.

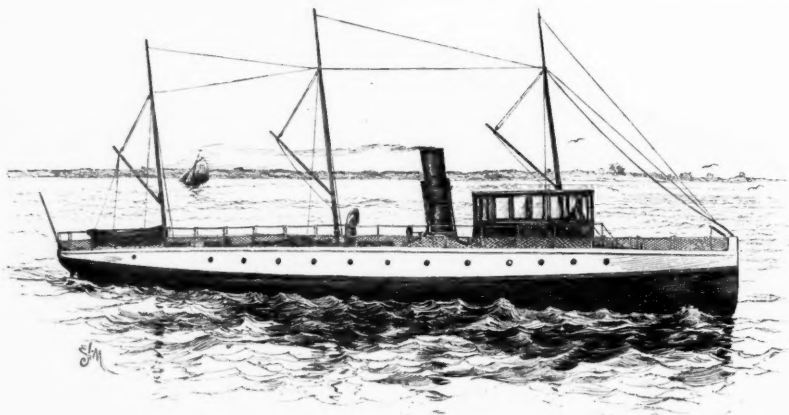
to the vessel's course, without suffering any perceptible deflection.

The latest experiments were made at Wood's Holl, Mass., in November, 1886, with a torpedo 8 feet 6 inches long, 13 inches in diameter, and weighing, with its explosive charge, only 325 pounds. Owing to the want of proper trial ground, the torpedo was not tested at full power; but with half-power it developed an average speed of $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour for 100 yards, and $20\frac{1}{10}$ miles for 200 yards, with a total range of 750 yards.

Another very ingenious torpedo is that lately invented by Lieutenant M. E.

Hall, U. S. N. It is still in the experimental stage, but has already developed high speed, and a remarkable capability for maintaining a straight course and uniform depth below the surface.

Besides the torpedoes we have selected as types of their classes, a number of others have attracted considerable attention, among which may be mentioned the Paulson, the Brennan, and the so-called "Rockets," designed to move upon the surface of the water. Some of the last-named class proved to be equally as dangerous to friends as to foes—as was demonstrated in a trial which the writer recalls, where the rock-



The Stiletto, built by Messrs. Herreshoff.

et, after rushing a few hundred feet toward its imaginary enemy, turned nearly directly back in its course and caused considerable commotion among its friends.

Since most torpedoes of the projectile class are intended for use in conjunction with torpedo-boats, it will hardly be a digression to call attention to these remarkable little vessels.

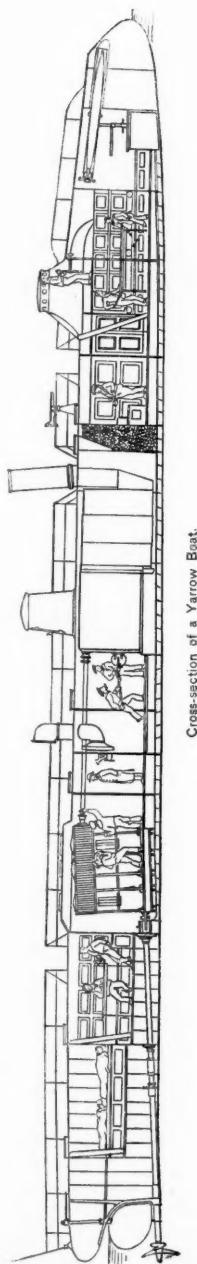
The most noted torpedo-boat builders of the world are Messrs. Yarrow, and Messrs. Thornycroft, of London, to whom the writer is indebted for the accompanying illustrations of their latest boats. Each of these great firms employs from 1,000 to 1,200 workmen, and can turn out at least one completed boat per week. The chief peculiarity of torpedo-boats is their almost phenomenal speed. They are built of steel, the different classes ranging in length from 55 feet, intended for harbor defence, to vessels of 166 feet, capable of making an extended cruise at sea. One of our illustrations shows the *Falke*, a boat recently built by the Messrs. Yarrow for the Austro-Hungarian Government. It is 135 feet long, 14 feet wide, draught of water 5 feet 6 inches, and attained on the trial trip a speed of 25½ miles per hour. The armament consists of two Nordenfeldt machine-guns, carried on deck, and two bow-tubes for discharging Whitehead torpedoes.

The development of torpedo-boats is now so rapidly progressing that any description becomes almost out of date during the writing. A vessel just completed by the Messrs. Yarrow for the Japanese Government is the largest that has been yet built. It is 166 feet long, 19 feet wide, is provided with twin screws, to give greater facility in turning, and maintains a speed of 24 miles per hour. The engines are protected by a steel deck one inch thick; and, in addition to two bow-tubes for discharging torpedoes directly ahead, two turn-tables are mounted on deck, from which torpedoes can be launched in any desired direction.

Very similar in their construction, and no less famous for speed and manœuvring qualities, are the boats built by the Messrs. Thornycroft. The illustration on page 431 represents one of their boats recently constructed for the Danish Government.

In this country, the Messrs. Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I., have built a number of very fast boats, designed to be used with torpedoes. One of these is the noted steam-yacht *Stiletto*, which may well be taken as a representative of the American type. The *Stiletto* is built of wood, with iron braces; length, 94 feet; width, 11 feet; draught of water, 4 feet 6 inches, and has attained a speed of 25 miles per hour.

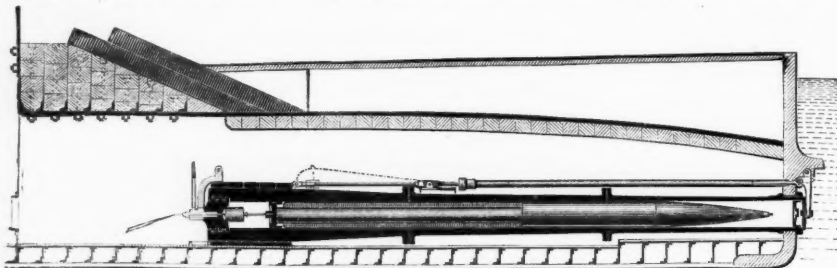
A very formidable torpedo-vessel has been built in recent years by that greatest of living engineers, Captain John Ericsson. It has been appropriately named the *Destroyer*. Once, at a critical moment in the history of our country, as every American well knows, Captain Ericsson came to the rescue with a Monitor. Since then his genius, energies, and mechanical skill have been



Cross-section of a Yarrow Boat.

devoted to the problem of saving our great coast cities from destruction in the event of war with a foreign naval power. The result of these years of

steel torpedo, 25 feet long, 16 inches in diameter, and carrying a charge of 300 pounds of gun-cotton. It has a range of 300 feet during the first three sec-



Captain Ericsson's Submarine Gun and Projectile.

study and experimenting is the Destroyer, armed with a torpedo-gun which discharges under the water a projectile carrying a charge sufficient to sink the largest iron-clad afloat. The submarine gun is mounted in the bow of the vessel, near the keel, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations,

onds of its flight. The form of the torpedo is cylindrical, with a conical point in which is placed the percussion-lock and firing-pin, and the explosion takes place upon impact.

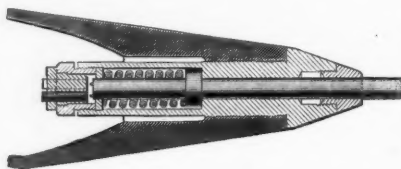
While Captain Ericsson's submarine torpedo-gun may be applied to vessels of almost any class, the Destroyer is



Ericsson's Steel Torpedo.

and is thus nearly ten feet below the surface of the water. It consists of a cylinder of gun-metal, or steel, 30 feet long, additionally strengthened at the breech by broad steel rings. It is loaded at the breech, the muzzle being incased by the vessel's stem, and closed by a valve to exclude the water. This

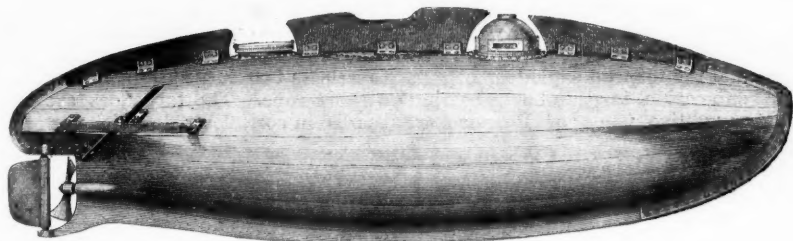
so well adapted to such an armament as to merit a description. The vessel's lines are very sharp, and alike at both the bow and stern, thus enabling her to move ahead or astern with almost equal facility. The hull is 130 feet in length, built wholly of iron, partially armored at the bow; width, 17 feet; draught of water, 11 feet. Two iron decks, separated by a distance of about 3 feet, extend the whole length of the vessel, sheltering the crew and machinery, the space between the decks being filled with cork floats and bags of air to increase the buoyancy. A heavy iron shield, 2 feet thick, backed by 5 feet of solid timber, crosses the deck near the bow, inclining backward at an angle of 30 degrees, so as to deflect any shot that may strike it, below and behind which the crew, the gun, and all the vital parts of the machinery are situated. When equipped and ready for action, only a few inches of the Destroyer show above the water, thus exposing to an enemy but a small target, and at the same time affording



Percussion Lock and Firing-pin, Ericsson's Torpedo.

valve is opened by suitable levers just before the gun is to be discharged, and closes automatically as the projectile leaves the muzzle.* The projectile is a

* A light, wooden disk, which is shot away at each discharge, is inserted in the muzzle just before the gun is loaded, and prevents the entrance of water during the time the valve is open.



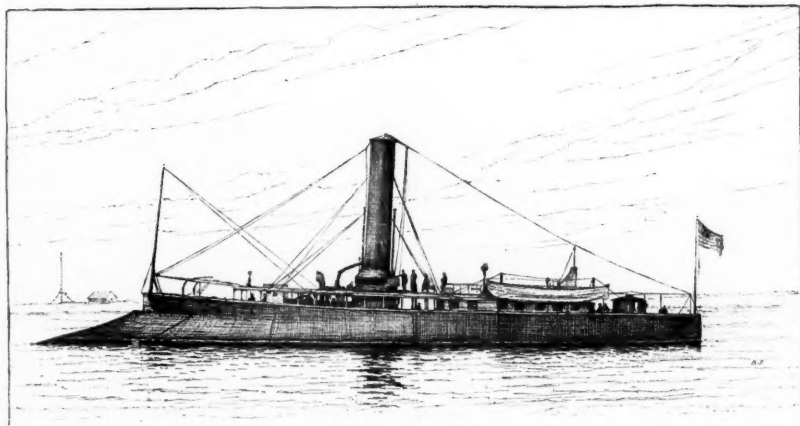
The Peacemaker.

to the crew and engines the additional protection of the surrounding water. The gun is discharged by electric wires leading to the pilot-house, likewise situated behind the shield, where a reflector affords the officer in command and the helmsman a full view of the horizon in front of the vessel.

The Alarm, a vessel of a very novel type, designed by Admiral Porter, enjoys the distinction of being the only

chinery. This consists of a cylindrical iron "spar," 35 feet long, carrying a torpedo attached to its outer end, and capable of being run out, under the water, a distance of 25 feet ahead of the prow. Electric wires lead from the torpedo along the spar, through grooves cut for that purpose, to a firing pedestal on deck. Like the Destroyer, the Alarm is designed to fight "bows-on."

Remarkable turning and manoeuvring



U. S. Torpedo-Ram Alarm.

torpedo-boat belonging to the United States Government.* This vessel combines the qualities of a gun-boat, ram, and torpedo-boat. The Alarm is 173 feet long, 27 feet 6 inches wide, draught of water 12 feet, and has an immense underwater prow, or ram, 32 feet long, projecting from the bow. Within this hollow prow, which is covered with 4½ inches of wrought-iron armor, is the torpedo ma-

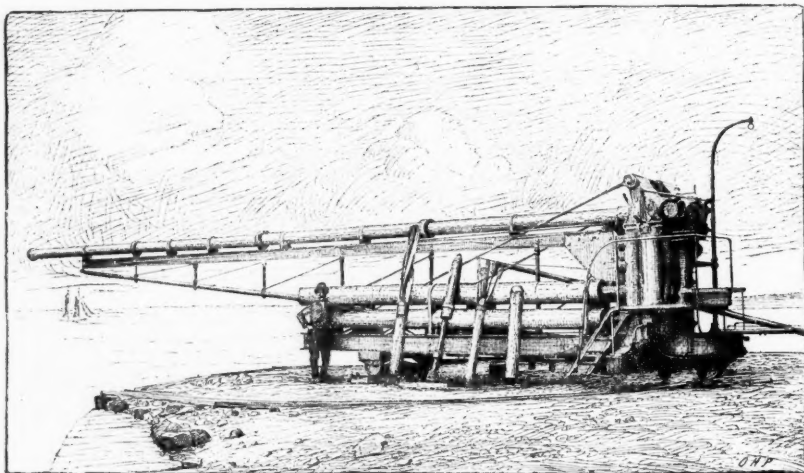
powers have been obtained by adopting the "Mallory Propeller," an ingenious invention by which the screw may be quickly moved so that its full force is exerted in a direction at right angles to the vessel's length, causing the latter to turn almost upon a fixed pivot. The armament, in addition to the ram and torpedo, consists of one heavy gun mounted in the bow, for firing directly ahead, and a number of Hotchkiss and

* The Intrepid has never been regarded as a success.

Gatling machine-guns. In action, it is intended that, simultaneously with ramming a hostile ship, the gun should be fired and the torpedo exploded.

A submarine torpedo-boat, bearing the suggestive name of Peacemaker,

the will of the pilot. It is designed to approach the enemy's ship under water, and, in passing beneath the latter's keel, to release two torpedoes connected by a short rope. The torpedoes are imbedded in cork floats, to which powerful



Lieutenant Zalinski's Eight-inch Pneumatic Dynamite Torpedo Gun.

has recently undergone in New York harbor a series of trials that have excited both the curiosity of the public and the interest of naval and military men. This vessel, the invention of Mr. J. H. L. Tuck, is built of iron and steel; length, 30 feet; width, 7 feet 6 inches; depth, 6 feet. The crew consists of a pilot and an engineer. The former stands with his head in a little dome projecting a foot above the deck, from which small plate-glass windows permit him to see in every direction. Compressed air for breathing is stored in a series of reservoirs within the boat. Not the least notable feature of the Peacemaker is the "fireless engine," an invention based upon the discovery that a solution of caustic soda can be utilized under certain conditions to produce the heat necessary for generating steam. Side-rudders, or deflectors, are placed at the bow and stern, with which, by varying their angle of inclination from a horizontal plane, the vessel is made to dive, or rise to the surface of the water, at

magnets are attached, which cause them to rise as soon as detached from the boat, and to adhere to the ship's bottom. Connection is still retained with the torpedoes by electric wires, and after the boat has steamed away to a safe distance, the explosion is caused by an electric fuse. In the recent trials the vessel ran a distance of two and a half miles without coming to the surface, and demonstrated that, although submerged to a depth as great as fifty feet, it was still under perfect control of the pilot. It is proposed by the inventor to make a number of improvements in the vessel prior to the trials soon to take place before a board of army and navy officers at Fortress Monroe.

Lieutenant Zalinski, of the United States Army, has been engaged during the last two years in developing a very novel and formidable weapon of war, a view of which, taken from a photograph, is shown on this page. It is described in his official report to the Secretary of War as a "pneumatic, dynamite torpe-

do-gun." The barrel of this remarkable piece of ordnance is 60 feet long, made of iron tubing, and lined with brass to give a smooth interior. It throws a cylindrical brass or steel torpedo, eight inches in diameter, carrying a charge of 60 pounds of dynamite, a distance of 2½ miles. Compressed air, as the name of the gun implies, is the projecting force employed, the rear end of the gun-barrel being connected with an air reservoir, kept under great pressure by an engine and any suitable pumping machinery. The gun is so accurately balanced on its supports, and the mechanical arrangements are so perfect, that but one man is required to aim and fire it. It is loaded at the breech, and the discharge is effected by a "firing lever," which opens the valves of the reservoir, allowing the highly compressed air to enter the gun behind the torpedo, and as the latter leaves the muzzle the valves close automatically. The charge is exploded by means of an electric fuse, the current for which is derived from a

small battery carried within the torpedo. Two forms of this fuse have been designed—one closing the circuit and causing the explosion upon impact with the enemy's vessel, by forcing back a small steel plunger projecting from the extreme forward end of the torpedo; while the other, requiring to be moistened in order to render the battery active, ignites the charge after the torpedo has sunk below the surface of the water.

While the main object of this paper is to lay before its readers simply a description of the mechanical features of some of the most approved torpedoes and torpedo-vessels of the present day, the writer desires to correct, so far as he may in a closing sentence, the popular fallacy that our great seaport cities and the coast-line of our country can be protected by torpedoes alone. Such weapons, valuable adjuncts as they are to any system of coast defence, must be regarded as only supplemental to modern ships, guns, forts, and floating batteries.

FORTUNE.

By Elyot Weld.

INDIFFERENT, yet Fortune still pursues :—

Hesperides' ripe fruit falls at their feet,

Uncaringly they glean the harvest sweet,

Nor dream their lot all the less blest would choose.

The wind blows high and brings the evil news

My ship has sunk. For them the tidings meet

Their sails skim harbor-bound their eyes to greet.

Though seeking not they find, while I but lose.

Beneath the sun life's magic waters glance—

My bark drifts wide. Not mine the power to guide

It nearer thine. Some wanton wind of chance

Compels the wandering currents, and they glide

And merge. To-day our prows float side by side.

Is Fate all cruel when this joy she grants?

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART THIRD: THE ADMINISTRATION.

I. A LEAD OF HEARTS.

THE three years following May's unhappy affair with the Countess Polacca de Valska had been uneventful. He had not plunged again into foreign parts, but became a student of the barbarities of civilization. He saw what is termed the world, particularly that manifestation of it which attains its most perfect growth in London and Paris. Perhaps it would be too much to say that he forgot the Countess de Valska, but certainly his feelings toward that unhappy fair one underwent certain modifications. And as he was in the meantime in the receipt of some twenty thousand a year from the estate of the late John Austin, he by degrees became more reconciled to the extremely practical view the cruel countess had taken of their duties in relation to that gentleman's will.

He very often wondered as to who might be the residuary legatee. It would be a wild freak, that he was sure of. It was quite on the cards for Uncle Austin to have provided that, since his nephew did not want the money, it might go to the devil for all he cared.

It is more sad to say that, as time went by, certain metaphysical doubts as to the objective reality of the Cascadegli and the Siberian mine began to obtrude themselves. Faith of the most stubborn description remained to him, so far as the countess's Paris salon and her beautiful self was concerned, but he failed to see the necessary connection between Trouville, Baden-Baden, Italia Irredenta, and the Parisian police.

But May was a man of his word; and he looked forward, at first eagerly, and afterward with mingled emotions, to their promised next meeting in Brookline, Mass.

However, it gave him no serious trouble until after his acquaintance with

the beautiful Mrs. Terwilliger Dehon. Youth has a long future ahead of it, and a young man of twenty-seven easily discounts obligations maturing only in six years. But when May was thirty, and well launched in London society—whether it was the charms of Mrs. Dehon aforesaid, or the vanishing of youthful heroism and that increase of comfort which attends middle life—a political heroine like the Countess Polacca de Valska no longer seemed to him the ideal consort for a man of his temperament.

But Mrs. Terwilliger Dehon—ah, Mrs. Dehon! Great heavens! why had they not met earlier—before she had sacrificed herself upon Terwilliger's commonplace altars, before her radiant youth had been shrouded in tragedy?

The Russo-French police may be successfully evaded, but not so the laws of society. Naught but misery could he see in store for them both—one long life-agony of divided souls.

Of course, it took some time before this dismal prospect lay fairly out before them. At their first meeting there was nothing sadder in sight than the purple hills of Exmoor and the clear cascades of Bagworthy Water; and their talk was broken only by the cheerful yelp of hounds. And there had been fortune, too, in this; fortune we call fate, when fortune turns out ill. He had hardly seen her at the Cloudsham Meet, and but just knew who she was. Thither he had gone with his friends, the Leighs, to see the red deer hunted in his ancient lair; and as he stood there, snuffing with his horse the sea-breeze that came up from Porlock Bay, immaculate in coat and patent-leathers, she had ridden up with a fat and puffy citizen sitting another square-built brute beside her. A Diana, by heaven! thought he; and, indeed, she sat her horse as any goddess might,

and clothed her own riding-habit as the moon her covering of cloud.

"Who's that?" said he to Tom Leigh.

"That's the girl that married old Dehon," said Tom. "She did it——"

But when or how she did it Austin never knew, for just then there was a joyous baying from the hounds, and whish! they scampered downward, skirting hanging Cloudsham Wood. Unluckily, they were at the wrong end of the field, and before they reached the steep bit of gorsy moor that overlooks the valley everyone else who meant to ride had disappeared in the cover of the forest. She reined in her beautiful horse on the very brink, and looked up the valley over Oare Hill; May stood a few yards below and looked down the valley in the direction of Porlock. Then she looked down the valley to Porlock, and May looked up the valley to Oare Hill. And their eyes met.

Her beautiful eyes glanced quickly off, like a sunbeam from a single eyeglass. She turned, as if in sudden decision, and sped like an arrow over the high moor. May's eyes followed her; and his soul was in his eyes, and his body went after the soul. One dig of the spurs nigh unseated him, as if his spirited horse scorned such an incitement to chivalric duty; and so, for some twenty minutes on end they rode, May neither gaining nor losing, and both out of sight of the rest of the hunt. Now and then the cry of hounds came up from the forest-valley on the right, and May fancied he heard below a crashing as of bushes; but he had faith in his guiding goddess and he took her lead.

The high winds whistled by his head, and there were blue glimpses of the sea and wide gray gleams of misty moorland; but the soft heather made no sound of their mad gallop, and May was conscious of nothing else save the noble horse before him and the flutter of the lady's riding-habit in the wind. Now the earth that rushed beneath was yellow with the gorse, now purple with the heather; here, he would sail over a turf-bank, there, his horse would swerve furiously from the feeling of an Exmoor bog; where she would ride, he would ride. This he swore to himself; but she

rode straight, and he could make no gain. At the top of the moor, almost on the ridge of Dunkery Beacon, was a narrow cart-path, fenced six feet high in ferny turf, after the usual manner of Devonshire lanes. May saw it and exulted; this was sure to turn her, till she found a gate at least.

But his beautiful chase rode up the gentle inner incline and sailing over the lane like a bird, was lost to sight upon the other side.

"By heaven!" swore May to himself. "She means to kill herself."

He rode at it and cleared the six-foot lane successfully; but his horse could not bunch his legs upon the narrow bank beyond. He rolled down it, and May over his head into a bank of heather.

The eager American prematurely began to swear before his head struck the ground; and before his one moderate oath was finished, he was upon his horse and off again. Mrs. Dehon had not even turned round upon his disaster; but May was none the less attracted to her by that. Why should she?

They were riding down hill now; and she was riding a little more carefully, favoring her horse. But May cared neither for his horse nor his neck by this time. Straight down the hill he rode; and by the time they reached the Lynn he had gained the quarter-mile he lost. Here she had pulled up her horse, and he pulled up his at a courteous distance; and both sat still there, in the quiet valley; and the noise of their horses' breathing was louder than the rustle of the wind in the old ash-trees around them.

May wondered if his pilot was at fault; but hardly had the thought crossed his mind before they heard again the music of the hounds, at full cry; and far up, two or more miles away, toward the Countisbury road, they saw the stag. Though so far off, he was distinctly visible, as he paused for one moment on the brow of the black moor, outlined against the blue sky; then he plunged downward, and the hounds after him, and May's horse trembled beneath him; and May wondered why his goddess was not off.

But instead of riding down to meet the hunt, along the valley of the East

Lynn, by Oare Church and Brendon, she turned and rode up in the direction of Chalk-water. May followed; and hardly had they left the Lynn and gone a furlong up the Chalk-water Combe, when she struck sharp to the right, breasting the very steepest part of Oare Oak Hill. If she knew that he was behind her, she did not look around; and May again had all that he could do to keep his guide in sight.

And now the event proved her skilful venery. For as they crested Oare Oak Hill, and the long bare swell of the moor rolled away before them, the sharp cry of the hounds came up like sounds of victory in the valley just below. Well had Diana known that either way of the Lynn would be too full of his enemies for the now exhausted deer to take. It must make for Bagworthy Water. Long ere they had ridden down the Lynn to the meeting of the streams, the hunt would have passed; but now, as they looked across and along the lonely Doone Valley, they saw the full pack far down at their feet, close by the foaming stream.

Then May could see his leader whip her horse, as if she would open the gap between them; and he set his teeth and swore that he would overtake her, this side the death. And he gained on her slowly, and the purple and yellow patches mingled to a carpet as they whirled by him, and he felt the springing of his horse's haunches like the waves of a sea; and below them, hardly apace with them, was the hunt and the cry of hounds. Down one last plunging valley—no, there was another yet to cross, a deep side-combe running transversely, its bottom hid in ferns. But the hounds were now abreast of them, below, and there was no time to ride up and around. May saw her take it; and as she did, a great shelf of rock and turf broke off and fell into the brook below. He saw her turn and wave him back; it was the first notice she had taken of him; and he rode straight at the widened breach and took it squarely, landing by her side. Then, without a word, they dashed down, alongside of the slope, and there, in upper Bagworthy waters, found the deer at bay, and the hounds; but of the hunt no sign, save Nicholas

Snow, the huntsman, with reeking knife. He had already blooded his hounds; and now he sat meditatively upon a little rock by the stream, his black jockey-cap in his hands, looking at the body of the noble stag, now lifeless, that had so lately been a thing of speed and air. A warrantable deer it was, and its end was not untimely.

May pushed his panting horse up nearer hers. She was sitting motionless, her cheeks already pale again, her eyes fixed far off upon the distant moor. "Mrs. Dehon!" said he, hat in hand.

The faintest possible inclination of her head was his only response.

"I have to thank you for your lead," said May.

For one moment she turned her large eyes down to him. "You ride well, sir," said she.

When the M. D. H. and others of the hunt came up, they found these two talking on a footing of ancient friendship. The slot was duly cut off and presented to Mrs. Dehon; and many compliments fell to our hero's share, for all of which May gave credit to the beautiful huntress beside him.

Tom Leigh cocked his eye at this, but did not venture to present him to her after that twenty-mile run. And thus it happened that to her our hero was never introduced.

When Mr. Dehon arrived, some hours later, Tom Leigh led him up. "Mr. Dehon," said he, "I think that you should know my particular friend, Mr. Austin May." And Tom Leigh cocked his eye again.

May looked at the puffy little old man, and felt that his hatred for him would only be buried in his enemy's grave. But his enemy was magnanimous, and promptly asked them both to dinner, which May did not scruple to accept.

II. PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

AUSTIN MAY fell devoutly in love with Mrs. Dehon. This was without doubt the *grand passion* of his life. And it was hopeless.

He was just at the age when such affairs are sternest realities to modern

men. He was beyond the uncertainty of youth, and before the compromises and practicalities of middle life. And there was something about Gladys Dehon to make a man who cared for her ride rough-shod, neck or nothing, over all things else. All the world admired her; would have loved her had it dared. There was no daring about it in Austin's case; his audacity was not self-conscious; he simply followed her as he had followed her over combe and beacon on that Exmoor day.

People could tell him little about her, save that she had been very poor and very proud, and was very beautiful. Gladys Darcy—that had been her name—last of a broken family of Devon and of Ireland. She had neither sister nor brother, only a broken-down father, long since sold out of his Household captaincy. She had sold herself to Terwilliger Dehon, the rich speculator; and she was his, as a cut diamond might have been his; bought with his money, shining in his house, and he no more within her secret self than he might have been within the diamond's brilliant surface. And two months after the wedding her old father had died and made the sacrifice in vain. Then she became the personage that the world knew as the "beautiful Mrs. Dehon." May used to dream and ponder about her, long hours of nights and days; and he fancied that something about her life, her lonely bringing-up, her father's precepts, had made her scornfully incredulous of there being such a thing as the novelist's love in life. She had been a greater nature than her father, and all mankind had been nothing to her as compared with even him. Too early scorn of this world's life prepares the soul for evil compromises.

Her character, her nature, she expressed in no way whatever. She had neither intimate friends, charitable occupations, tastes, follies, nor faults. She shone with a certain scornful glitter of splendor, but even of old Dehon's millions she was not prodigal. She never flirted; she never looked at one man long enough for that. Her one occupation was hunting, and she rode to hounds in a way to shake the nerves of every M. F. H. in England.

Tom Leigh was afraid of her; and when they were asked for a week's visit that autumn, in their box in Leicester, refused to go. May went. And if there was a man of whom she was not utterly unconscious, he surely was the one. Perhaps there was something about his way that she liked. For, with neither much speech, delay, nor artifice, our hero made his heart and soul up into a small packet and threw them into her deep eyes; and when she looked at him, he had them; and when she looked away, they were gone. And this he did perfectly frankly and directly, but without spoken words. The world saw it as clearly as did she, and liked him none the less for it. He was quite incapable of any effort to conceal it; old Terwilliger might have seen it had he been so minded. Possibly he did, and the knowledge lent an added value to his chattel in the old stockbroker's mind. Mrs. Dehon herself treated May with perfect simplicity, but with an infinite gentleness, as the moon-goddess might have looked upon Endymion.

This state of things got to be perfectly well known to the world. Such things always are well known to the world; nothing is more striking than the perfect openness with which our heart-histories are revealed in modern life, except perhaps the ease with which those most intimately concerned maintain a polite and unembarrassed appearance of utter ignorance upon the subject. All the world loves a lover, particularly a hopeless one; and it was quite the *mot d'ordre* of society that year for people to ask Mrs. Dehon and the handsome American to their houses together.

And Mrs. Dehon? Well, before the coming of spring she felt a great and trustful friendship for this incidental castaway upon the waters of her troubled life. May afterward remembered that she told him many things about herself; and she had spoken of herself to no one else before, her own father included. She even let him see a little of her heart. And it is an axiom that he who sees ever so little of a woman's heart has but to take it. Seeing is possession. This is the wisdom of the fair Melusine, and other wise old mediæval myths.

It is needless to say that May had absolutely forgotten the Countess de Valska ; more completely than even she had forgotten the Siberian mausoleum of her Serge. If May thought of her once in that year, it was to dismiss her memory with a curse for his own folly, and a mental oath that no Trouvillian countess would part him, should his way ever be clear to Gladys Darcy. He would not recognize the hated name of Dehon, even in his thoughts.

Now, it is probable that ours is the first civilization known to history where this state of things could exist, be mutually known, and continue in tranquil permanency. But it does—that is, it nearly always does—and it is a credit, after all, to our teaching and our times that it does so. The ancient Perseus cut Andromeda's chains and departed with her by the next P. and O. steamer they could signal ; the modern one sits down on the strand beside her, and he and Andromeda die to slow music—that is, in case either should chance to die before the malady is cured. And Andromeda's master relies on the strength of his chains and on Perseus's good bringing-up, and is not wholly displeased at the situation. Particularly for a sly old stock-broker like Terwilliger Dehon, whose idea of values is based on the opinion of the street, a Perseus to his Andromeda is half the fun. The world, on the whole, approves the situation ; but the husband Dehon is not a popular character, and it likes the Perseus better.

But Austin May stood the passive rôle for precisely twelve months ; and then he made up his mind that something would have to break. He hoped it might be the neck of old Terwilliger ; but Providence seldom spoils a dramatic situation by so simple a denouement. And, to tell the truth, considering the way the three rode to hounds, it was much more likely to be his own or Gladys's. One thing was sure : their triangular relations were too strained to continue. He came to this conclusion after one precisely similar day upon Exmoor, a year after their first meeting ; except that upon this occasion the deer took to the sea below Glenthorne and was drowned, and he and Gladys rode side by side in silence.

Accordingly, that night Austin May wrote a letter ; and in the morning showed Terwilliger a telegram from America, took his departure, shook hands hard with old Terwilliger, barely touched the slender fingers of his wife, but, when he did so, left the letter in her hand. May kept no copy of this letter ; but he remembered it very well. It ran as follows :

"GLADYS :

"I must not stay in England any more. I cannot bear it. I know that you are unhappy, and I must go where, at least, I shall not see it. Nor can I trust myself with you after our ride of yesterday.

"Remember always that, wherever I am, I am always and only yours. This is a very strange thing to say ; but I think there are times when men and women should show each other their hearts, however much the truth may shock the prudes and pedants. And I do very much wish to say that if ever you are free, I ask you to marry me.

"It is a sad thing that the circumstances of your wedded life are such that I can say these things to you and not offend you. But you have shown me enough of your heart for this.

"I go now into Asia. A trivial duty will call me to my family home for one day, on August 14, 1886. Then, if I do not hear of you there, I shall disappear again. After that I shall write you once a year.

"Good-by,

"A. M."

III. ÆNEAS AND CAMILLA.

POOR Austin ! A boy's love feeds on the romance of hopelessness, flourishes apace in the shadow of despair ; it delights in patient waiting, in faithful fidelity, in lapses of years ; but a man's is peremptory, immediate, uncompromising. Some secret instinct bids a Romeo to contemplate a tragedy with cheerfulness ; and ten to one that his years of gloom change, as they fall behind him, to "*un joli souvenir*." But a man, middle-aged, knows when he wants his Dulcinea, and he wants her

here and now. No glamour of blighted affections can make up for the hard facts of life to him.

When a middle-aged man can't get the woman he wants, there are three recognized and respectable courses open to him. He works a little harder, plays a good deal harder, or he marries someone else. The last was out of the question for a man so consumed by the fires of passion as Austin May, but the fuel of his heart was transformed into nervous energy of the entire system. He plunged again, like a rocket, into a rapid and circuitous course of travel and adventure; and, after a brilliant career through the remote East, descended, like the burned-out stick, some fifteen months later, in San Francisco. Thence he went home.

The fact was, he wanted rest. His heart was tired of throbbing, his head weary with thinking. And all his mad adventure had only tired the body, had made him sleep at night, nothing more. He had been through the world again, but Gladys Dehon was all of it to him. He thought of her now with a certain dull pain—less madly, more hopelessly, than in England the two years before.

He could not bear to go back to his home. He went to Boston, and he saw his lawyers; but he did not go out to Brookline. This he vowed he would not do until that day when he had promised Gladys he would be there. He did not forget that he had promised the countess, too; but he was no longer so much troubled by the countess. He would kill her, if necessary.

Meantime, he went to pass the winter in New York. He had himself elected a member of two fashionable clubs. He followed the hounds in Long Island and in Jersey. He went to dinners and he danced at germans, albeit with an aching heart. He renaturalized himself; he made friends with his countrymen, and he studied his countrywomen. He got himself once more *désorienté* in American society. He observed what respect was everywhere shown to the VanDees, and how little, comparatively, one thought of the McDums. He found that civilization was pitched on a higher scale, financially, than he had supposed. Thirty

thousand a year was none too much for a man to marry on. Now, Austin had not over twenty thousand, even if he fulfilled the hard conditions of his uncle's will.

He took an interest in yachting, and gave orders for a cutter that was to beat the prevailing style of sloop. He also imported a horse or two, and entered one of them at Sheepshead Bay. He had a luxuriously furnished flat, near Madison Square. He went to St. Augustine in the spring, with the VanDees, and while there was introduced to Georgiana Rutherford. He saw her afterward in New York. Early in June he asked her to marry him.

Miss Rutherford was a young lady of supreme social position, great wealth, and beauty. She had for two years been the leading newspaper belle of New York society. Her movements, her looks, her dresses, the state of her health, the probable state of her affections—everything about her, to the very dimples in her white shoulders—had been chronicled with crude precision in the various metropolitan journals having pretensions to *haut ton* (for high tone is not a good translation), and had thence been eagerly copied throughout the provincial weeklies of the land. Miss Rutherford was absolutely a person to be desired.

It would not be fair to May to say that he was false to Gladys Dehon. His passion for her, too vehement, had fairly burned itself out. In the two years since he had left her, May's heart had, as it were, banked its volcanic fires. However fissured were its ravined depths, the surface was at rest, and the lava-flood that concealed it was already cool. And a beautiful huntswoman who had ridden out of sight of her first husband, as had Gladys Dehon, was not at all the sort of person for middle-aged Austin May to marry and bring to Boston. These things he felt for some weeks before he proposed to Miss Rutherford, and she was precisely the sort of girl he saw was best. If old Uncle Austin had selected her himself, he could not have made a better choice. And well, thought May, he saw the motives of his kind old uncle's will, and the wisdom born of much experience, and

long consideration and a knowledge of Eclipse claret, that had prompted it.

May did not pretend to himself that he loved Georgiana Rutherford as he had loved Gladys Dehon. Even now, he was not blind to that. But he thought that she was pretty, and well-placed, and good style; and she had a large fortune, and a still larger family connection, all of the very best securities.

In fact, May, at least so far as he admitted to himself, did not do justice to the qualities of Miss Rutherford. Miss Rutherford was a very charming girl; much cleverer and much better educated, to say nothing of her style and beauty, than any embryo Gladys Dehon that May had ever seen. She was perfectly mistress of her own heart, as she was of her own fortune, and it was dangerous to present to her foreigners, lest they afterward shot themselves. They always went wild about her; much to Miss Rutherford's discomfort. Some would besiege her; others would curse her; others, still, say evil things about her in the true Parisian manner. Miss Rutherford remained "more than usual calm" through it all.

She had the reputation of being a flirt, but it was not so. She tried her adorers, Portia-like, successively; the moment that they failed to reach a certain standard, it was entirely right and fair for her to drop them. Some of them would cry that they were hurt, and these she contemned from her very soul. She did not regard such matters as subjects for tears. Marriage was a step in life, like any other, and only deserved more serious consideration because it was final.

This was the woman whose love was to make heart-haven for Austin May; the serious, sober choice of his manhood, after all his boyish follies were past. He had told her very seriously and politely of his desire to marry her, one Sunday evening, on the piazza of a house at Newport. It was necessary for him to speak in a low tone, as the people of the house were not far off. She was silent for some seconds, and then he had kissed her.

But here came in the first really difficult thing to do in the whole proceeding. How was he to tell her of the

countess and Gladys Dehon? And yet he must tell her, if only to explain the necessary delay in announcing their engagement. He looked at her in the light that came from the late sunset; how perfectly of the great world she was! He could not bear to lose her now; she was just such a wife as he would invent for himself, had she not existed. She was sitting silently, in a pose that was full of grace and training; much too finely bred to be blushing because he had kissed her. No man had ever kissed her before; and yet, when she deemed that the occasion had come when she could fitly let one do it, she no more blushed because she had so resolved than she would blush at entering a ball-room.

Then he pulled himself together, and told her very calmly the history of his life. She was greatly interested, and listened with attention and sympathy.

"Of course, you must be there—on August 14th, I mean."

"And keep my word?"

"That," said Miss Rutherford, "I must leave to you. You can't keep your word with both of them."

"After all," said May, hopefully, "they may not come."

"You surely do not expect them to cross the Atlantic in person to meet you?"

"Oh, no!" said May. "They won't do that—but they may write or telegraph." But May did not feel sure what Mme. Polacca de Valska might or might not do.

"At all events," said she, "I think our engagement had better not come out until after the 14th of August." And May felt constrained to admit that this was best.

"And I do not think that you had better see me until then."

"What?" cried Austin.

But Miss Rutherford was firm. She would not have him with her every day unless she could tell people that they were engaged. What was she to say to the world if, after that 14th of August, he were to be engaged to Mrs. Dehon, for instance? This she delicately hinted; but, moreover, she told him she had promised to visit the Larneds, at Pomfret, and the Charles Mt.

Vernons, at Beverly, and to spend three weeks with the Breezes, at Mount Desert, in August. He could not trail about after her; and it was only three months, after all. So May had consented, with an ill grace; and when she left, two days later, he found nothing better than to join VanKnyper on a yachting cruise. Then he had gone up on the Restigouche, salmon-fishing; and on the 12th of August he was in the Maine woods.

We have told how, on the 14th of August, he arrived at Brookline, true to his appointment with all three. It was awkward to leave the woods at such a time; but May was a man of his word. He got to Boston late in the evening before, went to his club, and took an early morning train for Brookline, as we have seen.

And, perhaps, as we have also seen, a much more awkward thing than this had happened. Austin May was there, ready to meet any one of them. The period of probation required by the will had elapsed.

But as May travelled up to the city in that hot weather, he had been wondering to himself which and how many of them he should see, and it had become very clear to him that he did not feel

the least desire to see any one of the three.

His uncle's will had well been justified. With shocked shamefacedness he thought of the countess, that Trouville heroine that he believed to be little better than an adventuress, a gambler, tracked by the police. And Mrs. Dehon—well, if Mrs. Dehon were to ride madly up that quiet Boston lawn, May felt sure that he should flee in terror. And Edith Rutherford—now that it came to the point, and after his three months' consideration, May did not feel that he wished to marry even Edith Rutherford.

In fact, as the day wore on, and the reaction followed the artificial strength given by the stimulants, his state of mind had approximated to an abject and unreasoning terror. And in this mood he was, late in the afternoon, when he turned and saw, stationary before his front door, that carriage, with its footman in livery.

His one instinct was to conceal himself. Nervously he grabbed the heavy "Burton's Anatomy;" the secret door swung open; the fountain in the lake began to play, and in a score of seconds May was hiding in its cool and watery depths.

REMEMBRANCE.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

I do remind me how, when, by a bier,
 I looked my last on an unanswering face
 Serenely waiting for the grave's embrace,
 One who would fain have comforted, said: "Dear,
 This is the worst. Life's bitterest drop is here.
 Impartial fate has done you this one grace,
 That till you go to your appointed place,
 Or soon or late, there is no more to fear."
 It was not true, my soul! it was not true!
 "Thou art not lost while I remember thee,
 Lover and friend!" I cry, with bated breath.
 What if the years, slow-creeping like the blue,
 Resistless tide, should blot that face from me?
 Not to remember would be worse than death!

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REMINISCENCES OF
THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, *Ex-Minister to France.*

THE DOWNFALL OF THE COMMUNE.



HE month of April, 1871, was a month of great activity in government circles at Versailles. Stupendous military operations were necessary before any attempt could be made to capture Paris from the insurgents. On the 10th of that month the organization of the army was completed and the generals assigned to their several commands. The task which confronted M. Thiers was immense, but he met it all, as well as the responsibilities of the occasion, with courage and with that masterly ability which belonged to him. He issued frequent proclamations to the country, giving news as to the progress of events, counselling patience among the loyal people, and advising them not to be misled by the absurd reports which were everywhere spread. It was about the middle of April that the Versailles army commenced its active operations for the reduction of Paris. The invading force by this time had become strong and powerful, and able leaders had been assigned—MacMahon, de Cissey, Ladmirault, and Vinoy. Uniform success attended the operations of this army from the beginning; and on the 27th of April M. Thiers made a declaration to the chamber, which was received with great applause, and in which he set forth the favorable situation.

As the Government forces closed in upon the city the bitterness toward M. Thiers became more and more intense, and on the 10th of May, after the first real success of the Versailles troops, the following decree was passed by the Commune authorities sitting at the Hôtel de Ville: "Decree, that the house of Thiers, situated on the Place St. George, shall be demolished;" and this insane decree was scrupulous-

ly carried out. In passing the Place St. George every day or two I saw the busy work of demolition going on, until literally not one stone was left upon another. This maddened behest of the Commune could not but awaken the most intense indignation among all right-minded people. M. Thiers had lived in this house for by far the greater part of his life, and it was associated with all his great literary, as well as political, work. It had been the scene of his hospitality to many of the most celebrated men of Europe; and contained a great collection of rare works of art, books, and precious objects—all of which were taken away and dispersed.

A most curious event occurred at the Palace of the Tuileries on Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1871. There was a grand concert given there at that time under the direction of the Communard authorities. The proposed "Concours" was widely advertised in the city, and every effort was made to have it a grand success. As its avowed purpose was a beneficent one, the appeal made to the Communard population of Paris was a very strong one. The attendance was large, and a great amount of money was taken in. The concert was advertised for Sunday evening, but there was an immense affair in the garden of the Tuileries in the afternoon. There were not less than ten thousand persons present. There was "music with its voluptuous swell;" the bands of a great many regiments, and no less than one thousand musicians, playing and singing the soul-stirring Marseillaise. But it was in the evening that there was the greatest interest. The Palace of the Tuileries was thrown open to the public, and the great horde of men, women, and children went through the gardens, and defiled through the gorgeous and magnificent apartments of the palace.

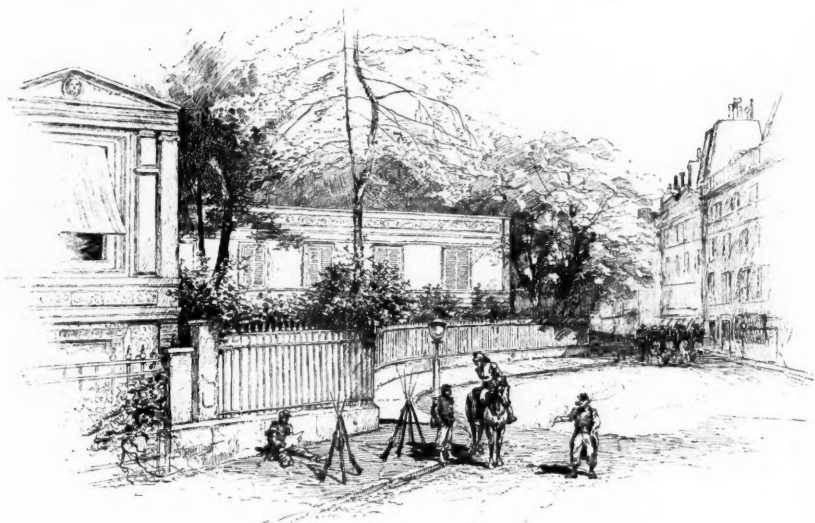
Though I knew all about the concert, I did not deem it a fitting occasion to be present myself, on a Sabbath day; but I sent one of my secretaries, to see what was to be seen and to report to me. He stated that what he there beheld was a most remarkable and interesting sight. Ten thousand people filled all the apartments, wandering everywhere at their ease, and examining into every nook and corner of the vast palace. The comments of the rabble were most amusing. My secretary kept along with the crowd everywhere, seeing all that was to be seen, and listening to all that was said. Great interest centred in the private apartments of the Empress. The gorgeous belongings were everywhere commented upon by the mob. The bathroom of the Empress attracted great attention. It was represented as very handsome, and as a marvel of luxury, beauty, and taste. It was surrounded by heavy plate mirrors. The bath was cut out of solid marble. The ceilings were covered with rich blue silk-velvet. The faucets in the bath were of solid silver. All that was seen was described by the Communards as evidence of the profligacy and the luxury of the Court, in the vast increase of the taxes levied upon them. Not one man in the crowd, it is safe to say, had ever paid a cent of taxes in his life.

The *Journal Officiel* of the 18th of May contained the proceedings of the Commune of the previous day. Rigault, Urbain, and Protot were the master-spirits of this meeting, and it was on this occasion that a "Jury of Accusation" was constituted. The judgments of this jury were to be rendered summarily, with or without evidence, with or without hearing of the parties involved, and the proceedings were not to be governed by any rules. The judgments rendered were to be executed in twenty-four hours. The greatest possible violence was manifested by the members of the committee on this occasion. In the course of discussion one of the members declared that the great question of the moment was, "to annihilate our enemies; we are here in a revolution, and we are to act as *revolutionnaires*; to constitute a tribunal which shall judge, and whose decrees shall be ex-

ecuted without mercy and without delay."

It was six o'clock on Monday morning, May 22d, when a friend came to my room and awakened me, to tell me that the government troops were in the city and that the tri-color was floating on the Arc de Triomphe. I dressed hurriedly and went out to see for myself, as this great monument was but a short distance from my lodgings. When I beheld that proud ensign of France floating in the breeze, I felt that Paris was saved, and that a terrible burden had been lifted from my shoulders. I then realized for myself what was the effect of the sight of a flag under similar circumstances, and remembered what had once been told me by an old Galena friend. He was in the State of Mississippi when the Rebellion broke out, and had been ordered summarily to leave the country. He was fortunately enabled to reach a Mississippi steamboat on her way up the river. When nearing Cairo he beheld the Star Spangled Banner burst upon him. "Never in the world," said he, "had I had such a feeling come over me as when I then beheld the American flag, not a star blotted out nor a stripe erased; the emblem of the glory and grandeur of the Republic."

After a cup of coffee I started for my legation, and learned that some Versailles troops had passed down the Rue François Premier. The long-looked-for had come at last. There was great demoralization in the city, and particularly among the National Guard; indeed, it had seemed to me that if the government had made the attack with more energy its troops would certainly have been inside before that time. The fighting for a few days previous, around the south side of the city, had been very furious. The Fort de Vanves had been captured from the Communards a week before, and the Fort de Montrouge seemed to be at the end of its defence. Confusion had been all the time increasing in Paris. The Commune had been torn by intestine dissensions and furious quarrels among its members; yet the city was held—not so much by the military strength of the insurrectionists, as by the failure of the attacking



House of M. Thiers, in the Place St. George.

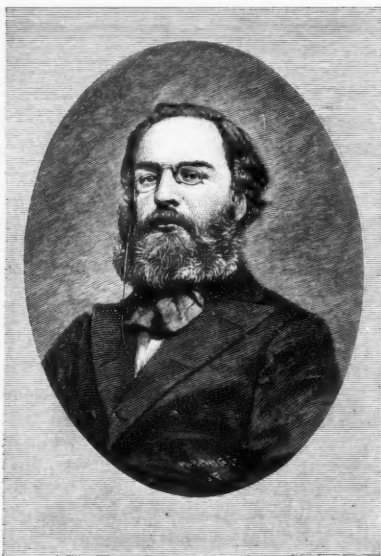
party to make a breach in the walls. But it was apparently impossible, in the condition of things then existing, to hold out much longer. The insurrectionists had become more desperate than ever. The Committee of Public Safety had issued a pronunciamiento on the morning of the 19th, saying that they had determined to blow up Paris and bury everyone in its ruins, rather than capitulate.

The 22d of May, 1871, will ever be considered an important era in the history of Paris and France. It was nine weeks and two days since the insurrection had broken out, and those weeks had run wearily on in the expectation that each would be the last. It was a very serious thing for me to occupy the position that had devolved upon me for so long, and amid such constant and increasing responsibilities. It was at half-past three o'clock, in the afternoon of the preceding day, that the first division of the army of the reserve, commanded by General Vergé, entered the gate of St. Cloud, which is on what is called the "Route de Versailles." It was more by accident than anything else that the troops got in at this time. Having been advised that there was no large force to oppose them at that particular place and

moment, they pressed forward, and finding but little opposition, they were soon within the walls. The advance was very slow, for it was not known what military forces they would have to confront. Indeed, it turned out that, practically, there was nothing in the way of their going right into the heart of the city.

There were many men truly loyal and devoted to the government who remained in Paris during the Commune, for the reason that they had no place to go to if they left the city, and for a further reason, that they desired to watch the progress of events. One of them was a man by the name of Ducatel, who belonged to the service of Engineers of Roads and Bridges, and who had been a soldier. Seeing the utter demoralization of the Commune troops, and that the way was open for the Versailles troops to enter the city, Ducatel hoisted a white handkerchief as a signal to an officer in one of the government military posts near St. Cloud. The officer and Ducatel approached each other, and the latter told him that the entrance into Paris was easy, and as a guarantee of his statement he would give himself up to him. He then led the way over the ditch, and was followed by several men, and they all soon found themselves

inside the city. The few insurgents who were there lost no time in getting out of the way. Notice having been given, the firing from the forts at this point was soon stopped, and then it was that the division of General Vergé entered the gate, at half-past three in the afternoon, and took possession of the Point du Jour, having captured on their way several barricades. Ducatel then became the bearer of a flag of truce to the insurgents, who seized him, and, though he was suffering from a bayonet wound, carried him off to the École Militaire, tried him by a court-martial, and condemned him to death. He was rescued, however, by the sudden arrival of the Versailles troops, at two o'clock the next morning (Monday).



Raoul Rigault.

The military organization of the city was as loose as possible; and although the Versailles troops had passed the *enceinte* before four o'clock in the afternoon, yet it was not known in the city until after midnight, when the Commune authorities were fully advised of what had happened. And then it was, when it became too late, that there was "hurrying to and fro;" the tocsin was

sounded all over the city, the "générale" was beaten, and the orderlies dashed furiously in every direction; but all to no practical purpose. The forces of the National Guard in the neighborhood became completely demoralized and began to retreat hastily before the advancing forces, which were entering into the city by the Porte St. Cloud. The consequence was that the Communards, who had been guarding the *enceinte* and all the gates from the Porte St. Cloud to the Porte des Ternes, found themselves taken in the rear, and by four o'clock, Monday morning, they had abandoned all their positions and fled to the interior of the city. The gates of Auteuil, Passy, and La Muette, being then left undefended, the troops of the line began pouring in through all of them. It was not long before the head of one column of the Versailles troops advanced into the city and passed along the right bank of the Seine, on the Cours la Reine, and cautiously advanced toward the Place de la Concorde. At the same time another column crossed the Champs Elysées near the Arc de Triomphe, and passed down by the Avenue de Friedland to the Rue St. Honoré. At this time the insurgents had a formidable battery on the heights of Montmartre. As soon as it was known that the Versailles troops were in the city this battery began shelling the Place de l'Etoile. By this time I had got down to my legation, was fairly seated for my work, and had commenced dictating a despatch to one of my secretaries. The shells soon began falling in the immediate neighborhood of the legation, but fortunately we received no damage. There were heavy defences about the Place de la Concorde, and as the attack of the Versailles troops was not pressed with much vigor they gained but very little ground. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the invading troops having got possession of all that part of the city in which my legation was situated, I invited a friend to take a ride with me all along those portions of the ramparts commanded by Mont Valérien.

We passed around by the Porte de Dauphine (which was very near my residence) to the Porte St. Cloud. I had not been at my house for two weeks,

but I found it only a very little injured. Two pieces of shell had entered, but be-



Protot.

sides the breaking of considerable glass there was no material damage. Some houses in the vicinity received more shells than mine, and several of them had been pillaged. My servants had continued to live in the cellar, where they had considered themselves very safe, and were enabled to keep out the National Guard.

In going from the Porte de Dauphine, which had not been very severely bombarded, to the Porte St. Cloud, we passed the gates of La Muette, Passy, and Auteuil. Breaches had been made in all of them, and the destruction of property in the *enceinte* was immense. Nothing could live under the terrible fire of Mont Valérien and Montretout. Military men told me that the battery of Montretout was the most terrible battery the world had ever seen. Never could I have conceived of such a "wreck of matter." Guns dismounted, their carriages torn in pieces, barricades levelled, and buildings entirely demolished. We saw along the line of the ramparts many dead bodies of the National Guard. Returning from the Point du Jour we saw additional troops going in, and the streets of Passy were crowded with them. It was supposed there would be one hundred thousand troops of the line within the city before morning. As they

advanced, driving all the Communards before them, they were received with unbounded joy by the few people remaining. The citizens were especially congratulating each other that they were finally delivered from the oppression and terror of the last two months. Late in the afternoon of Monday, May 22d, Marshal MacMahon, who had command of all the government forces, had entered Paris and established his headquarters at Passy. In the evening I rode out to see him, to advise him of what I knew in relation to the Archbishop of Paris (who, as I shall soon describe, was then held as a hostage in the hands of the Communists), and to express the hope that the government troops might yet be enabled to save him. The interview was anything but reassuring to me, and I left the headquarters of the Marshal feeling that the fate of the Archbishop was sealed. Indeed, it turned out that before this time he had been removed from Mazas to the prison of La Roquette, preliminary to his assassination.

The night of Monday and Tuesday, May 22 and 23, 1871, was a frightful one. The firing continued all night.



Urbain.

Shells from the Communard battery on Montmartre were continually falling in our quarter, but it was remarkable how little the damage had been. After I reached the legation, Tuesday morning, I mounted to the top of the building, in order to get a view from that emi-

nence. With the aid of a glass we could distinctly see the red flag, which had become the emblem of assassination, pillage, anarchy, and disorder, still flying from the Ministry of the Marine. It was but too evident that the Communards were making desperate resistance. At noon on the 23d I started off a messenger to London, with a despatch to be forwarded from there to my Government at Washington. In that despatch I said: "Desperate fighting for thirty-six hours; still continues. Versailles gains ground slowly, but surely." On Tuesday, May 23d, the battle raged with unparalleled fury in the central portion of the city. At half-past five or six in the afternoon it was evident that an immense fire had broken out at the Chancellerie of the Legion d'Honneur. Soon we saw the smoke rising in other parts of the city, which showed but too plainly that the Com-

munards had begun to carry out their threats of a general conflagration.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 24th I was awakened by a friend, who told me that the Tuileries were all in flames. I immediately hurried to my legation, and sought a position on the roof of the building, which gave me a complete view of the fire. It was a starlight night, calm and beautiful. An insurgent battery, which had been shelling that part of the city, was still sending its bombs into the immediate neighborhood of the legation every fifteen minutes. The roar of other cannon, the *crépitement* of the mitrailleuses, and the sharp rattling of the chassépots, fell upon the stillness of the night. The lurid flames, rising over the burning city, lighted up half the heavens, and a more terrible scene was hardly ever witnessed. To the fire of the Tuileries were added other conflagrations—the



Street Fighting.

Ministry of Finance, the buildings on the Rue Royale, and other fires, which appeared to have just broken out. At one time it appeared to us, who were watching the progress of the conflagration, that the Hôtel des Invalides was certainly on fire; but as the night wore on, daylight disclosed its gilded dome intact, and we saw, to our intense gratification, that the fire was a short distance beyond, in the same direction. At five in the morning, on the 24th, I sent a special messenger to Versailles, with a telegraphic despatch to my Government, giving an account of what had taken place up to that very moment.

After this I returned to my lodgings, and remained there until I had taken my morning coffee. I returned again to the legation at nine o'clock, and heard that the Versailles troops had captured the strong position at the Place de la Concorde and the Place Vendôme. I at once took my carriage and proceeded in that direction, passing down the Boulevard Haussman to the Place St. Augustin and the Caserne de la Pépinière. The insurgents occupied the Caserne, and it took about two hours to drive them out. Strong barricades had been erected at the foot of the Boulevard Malesherbes, behind the church of the Madeleine. At the junction of several streets in this neighborhood the insurgents had other strong barricades; in fact, the key of their position was there, for if the troops could pass that point, they could take the barricades on the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli and the Place Vendôme in the rear. And here the most desperate fighting took place for a period of nearly thirty-six hours. The neighborhood presented the most frightful appearance that morning. The sidewalks of the splendid Boulevard Malesherbes were filled with horses, baggage-wagons, and artillery-carriages. The houses had been more or less torn with shot and shell; the trees were all cut to pieces by the fire of the artillery and musketry, and their branches filled the streets. A dead National Guard was lying in the excavation for a cellar near by. In a small open space in the next street were the dead bodies of two sol-



Archbishop Darboy.

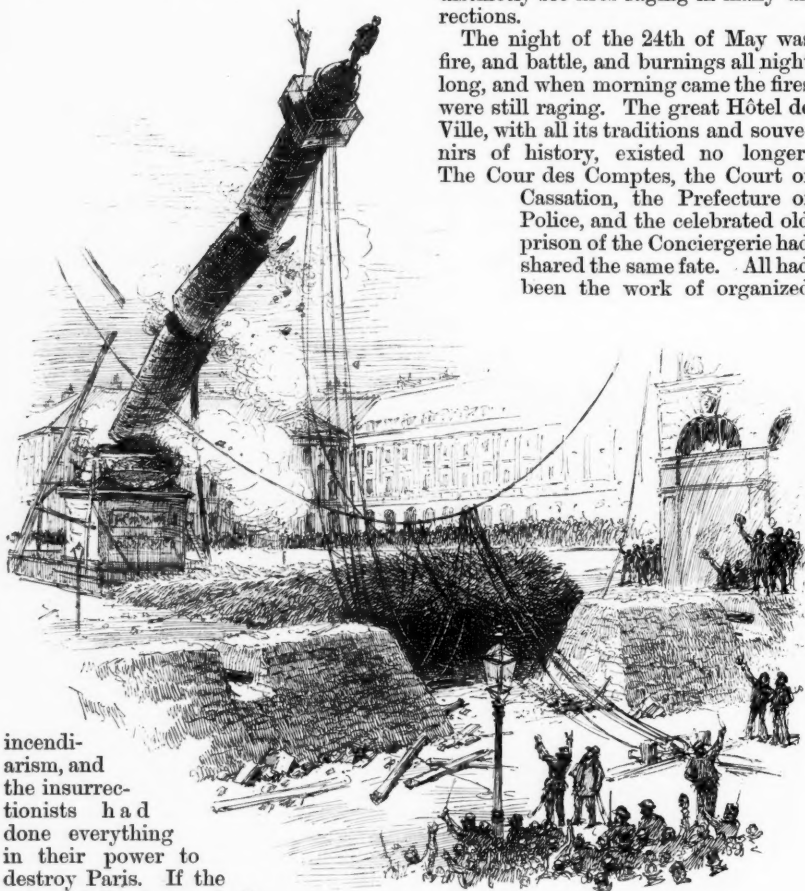
diers of the line, who had been summarily shot as deserters.

Proceeding farther, I reached the church of the Madeleine, at the head of the Rue Royale; many of the buildings of that great thoroughfare had been in the flames, and others seemed literally to have been torn in pieces by the fire of the artillery. Going farther up the Boulevard des Capucines, I found many of the buildings riddled; upon the sidewalk was a dead National Guard, and in a side street, a short distance from there, I saw lying yet another dead body of an insurgent. People passing by looked on them both with apparent satisfaction. I continued on to the Place Vendôme, which had been evacuated during the night, and for the first time saw the world-renowned Column Vendôme, as it lay in the position in which it had fallen. The insurgents had no time to remove the bronze, which was afterward made use of by the government in its restoration. The Place de la Concorde had been evacuated at the same time. The insurgents had retreated in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville and up the Rue Lafayette. From the Place Vendôme I went to the Rue de Rivoli, and proceeded cautiously toward the Tuileries under the Arcade. The Tuileries were still burning, and the

flames were bursting out in a part of the building which they had not before reached. It seemed at that moment that it would be impossible to save the Louvre, but, most fortunately, some government troops reached that point in season to save the palace, with all its treasures of art and historical interest. I returned to my legation about noon ; but during the whole afternoon we could

distinctly see fires raging in many directions.

The night of the 24th of May was fire, and battle, and burnings all night long, and when morning came the fires were still raging. The great Hôtel de Ville, with all its traditions and souvenirs of history, existed no longer. The Cour des Comptes, the Court of Cassation, the Prefecture of Police, and the celebrated old prison of the Conciergerie had shared the same fate. All had been the work of organized



The Fall of the Column Vendôme.

incendi-
arism, and
the insurrec-
tionists had
done everything
in their power to
destroy Paris. If the
entry of the troops had
been delayed much longer,
this destruction would cer-
tainly have occurred. The Commune had already made "perquisitions" for all

of the petroleum in the city, and had prepared petroleum-boxes and other means of setting fires. Bands of men, women, and children were organized to do this diabolical work. During two days immense numbers of these persons had been detected in distributing the boxes, and in every case the most summary vengeance had been inflicted upon them, without regard to sex, age, or condition. One of the employés of my legation counted, on that afternoon, in the Avenue d'Antin, the dead bodies of eight children, the oldest not more than fourteen years of age, who in distributing the incendiary boxes had been shot

on the spot. The state of feeling in Paris at this time was beyond description. What had passed had filled the whole population opposed to the Commune with horror and rage. Arrests were made by the government authorities by the wholesale. The innocent and the guilty were alike embraced.

On the afternoon of the 25th I went down into the heart of the city, to see for myself what was the progress of events. Very little had been done toward putting matters into shape in those parts of the city which had been already captured. The fire was still raging in the Rue Royale. The Ministry of Finance was completely consumed, with every record and paper—a loss that was utterly incalculable. The insurgents having been driven to the Place de la Bastille, I was enabled to go much farther out than I did the day before. I passed up the Rue de Rivoli, by the smoking ruins of the Tuileries, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing for myself that the Louvre, with all its untold and priceless treasures, had been saved. As I continued up the Rue Royale, it seemed as if I were following in the track of an army. Reaching the Hôtel de Ville, I found all the appearance of an intrenched camp. Immense barricades had been erected on every street leading into the square. I am told that the insurgents abandoned it without resistance, finding themselves on the point of being hemmed in; but, before leaving, they had applied the torch to that pile so associated with the history of Paris and of all France, and the pride of all Frenchmen for centuries gone by. Now there was nothing but a mass of smouldering ruins. Two squares of magnificent buildings near the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville had also been destroyed. There was a regiment of troops of the line on the quay, but scarcely another soul was to be seen in the entire neighborhood.

Eight dead bodies of insurgents, partly consumed by fire, lay on the ground right in front of what was the main entrance to the building, and they presented the most horrible appearance; indeed, there were sad sights on every hand. On my return to my legation I took the Place de l'Opéra on my way, and I do not recollect a sadder spec-

tacle than that which there presented itself. I saw some five hundred prisoners—men, women, and children—who had been arrested, indiscriminately, in some of the worst parts of the city, who were being marched out to Versailles. There was a squad of cavalry marching both in front and rear of them, and troops of the line on either side. I must say they were the most sinister and hideous-looking persons that I had ever seen in the whole course of my life. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that the sight of these prisoners excited the people to the highest pitch of wrath and indignation, and every opprobrious epithet was being heaped upon them. The escort alone prevented violence from being inflicted upon them at about every step. Indeed, I saw a well-dressed woman deliberately leave her escort and walk toward the prisoners and inflict many blows on some of the women. The rage seemed to be greater against the women than against the men, for in reality they were the worse of the two. An officer told me that the order was to shoot every man taken in arms against the government. I could not vouch for the truth of what he told me, but I do know that large numbers of members of the National Guard and many others had been summarily executed.

On Friday noon, May 26th, the sound of battle was still heard in the remote parts of the city, and new fires had broken out. I had no news of the fate of the Archbishop of Paris, but it was the general belief that all the hostages had been shot. Unfortunately, that belief was too soon made a certainty.

After an insurrection of seventy-one days, such as had never been known in the annals of civilization, Paris was finally delivered, Sunday, May 28, 1871. The last positions held in the city by the Communard troops were captured at four o'clock of the afternoon of that day. Some of the insurgent troops had gone into the Fort of Vincennes, but, being surrounded by General Vinoy, they surrendered unconditionally on Monday, the 29th day of May. The reign of the Commune of Paris, pursuing its career of murder, destruction,



A Communist Barricade.

and terror, went out finally in blood and flame. Its almost incredible enormities—the massacre of the Archbishop, and the commission of countless other murders of persons who refused to join in this fiendish work; its horrible and well-organized plans of incendiarism, intended to destroy the entire city, and resulting in the destruction of so

many great monuments of Paris—are crimes which must excite eternal execration.

Of one of these my position gave me a special knowledge, and I shall now return to speak of it at greater length.

It was from the fact that I was the only foreign Minister who remained in Paris during the days of the Commune that I was brought into relations with the Archbishop of Paris. Up to that time I had known him only by general reputation, and as a man eminently beloved by all who knew him, sincerely devoted to the interests of his church, and distinguished for his benevolence and kindness of heart. When I heard of his arrest by the Commune, on one of the first days of April, I considered it one of the most threatening events that had taken place.

Yet it was hardly possible to suppose that any injury could come to a man like the Archbishop Darboy.

The bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault had signalized his brutality, after reaching almost supreme power in the Commune, by ordering this arrest. The order was in these words: "Order the arrest of citizen Darboy (Georges), calling himself Archbishop of Paris," and on the 4th of April the Archbishop was arrested at his residence. The agents of the Commune told him that they arrested him simply as a "hostage," that they wished to treat him with all the respect due to his rank, and that he would be permitted to have his servant with him. They transported him from his residence to the Prefecture of Police in his own carriage, but when once in prison, instead of receiving the respect due to his rank, he was treated like a vulgar criminal. He was soon removed from the prison of the Prefecture

of Police to the prison of Mazas, in an ordinary prison-carriage. No sooner was he in his cell than his isolation became complete. He received no news, he heard nothing from the outside, and saw no persons, not even his fellow-prisoners.

Shut up as he was in his dreary cell, forbidden communication with any person, it should not be wondered at that I temporarily lost sight of him, in the whirl of the terrible events then passing in Paris. But on the 18th of April the Pope's nuncio, Flavius Chigi, wrote me a confidential communication, asking me to receive kindly four ecclesiastical canons of the Metropolitan Church of Paris, who would come to me to claim my protection in favor of their Archbishop from the insurgents; and he asked to be permitted to join his prayers to those of the good canons, and to assure me of his great gratitude for all that I thought I



An Arrest of Pétroleuses.

might do in endeavoring, at least, to prevent any danger coming to the life of Monseigneur Darboy. This communication was brought to me by the canons, and they made a very strong appeal.

Visiting Versailles on the 22d of April, I called upon the Pope's nuncio, to talk with him in relation to the situation. The outrage, in arresting this most devout and excellent man and confining him (*au secret*) in prison, could not but create a great sensation, particularly in the Catholic world. I fully sympathized with the nuncio and the gentlemen who had addressed me in respect to it, and

had no hesitation in telling the nuncio that I was at his disposal, to do everything in my power, of course unofficially, to secure the release of the Archbishop. I assumed that I should only be conforming to the policy of our Government, as illustrated in like circumstances, by complying with the request in the hope that I might be able to ameliorate the condition of the prisoner. I returned from Versailles to Paris, on the evening of the 22d of April, fully determined to act in the matter. The first thing I did after reaching my house was to send a messenger to General Cluseret, the Commune's Minister of War, to make an appointment to see him at ten o'clock the next morning (Sunday). My messenger

*prie Son Excellence
Monsieur le Ministre des
Etats Unis d'agréer l'hommage
de mes sentiments respectueux
et de vouloir bien faire
parvenir à Versailles la
lettre ci-incluse.*

*L'adresse de M. La Garde,
si le représentant de S. E.
n'y l'a pas, se trouverait
soit chez le Noma soit à
l'évêché de Versailles.*

28 Avril 71.

H. G.

Fac-simile of Note from Archbishop Darboy to Mr. Washburne.

returned, saying that he had found Cluseret, who had treated him very kindly, and had asked him to request me to call upon him, at the Ministry of War, at that hour. Taking with me my private secretary, I reached the Ministry of War promptly at the time named, where I found Cluseret occupying a desk which had previously been occupied by the regular Minister of War of the government. I had known him quite well, and he received me very kindly. I then stated to him the object of my visit, saying that I did not visit him in my diplomatic capacity, but simply as a private individual, in the interest of good-feeling and humanity, to see if it were not possible to have the Archbishop released

from prison. I said that the incarceration of such a man, under the pretext of holding him as a hostage, was an outrage, and that the Commune, in its own interest, should at once release him. He answered that it was not a matter within his jurisdiction, and however much he would like to see the Archbishop released, he thought, in consideration of the state of affairs then in Paris, it would be useless to take any steps in that direction. The people would never permit the release; and if he (Cluseret) should attempt to intervene in his behalf, it would not only render the situation of the prisoner more deplorable, but it would be fatal to him (Cluseret). Indeed, I very much doubted myself whether the Commune would dare, in the excited state of feeling at the moment, to release the Archbishop; but I told General Cluseret that I must see him and ascertain his real situation, the condition of his health, and whether he was in want of anything. He replied that he could see no objection to that, but said that it was necessary to get a permission from the Procurer of the Commune, Raoul Rigault, and suggested that he would go with me himself to see the latter, at the Prefecture of Police. We at once descended the gilded staircase into the court-yard, where we found his splendid coupé and driver in livery awaiting us. He invited me to take a seat with him in his coupé, while my secretary followed in my own.

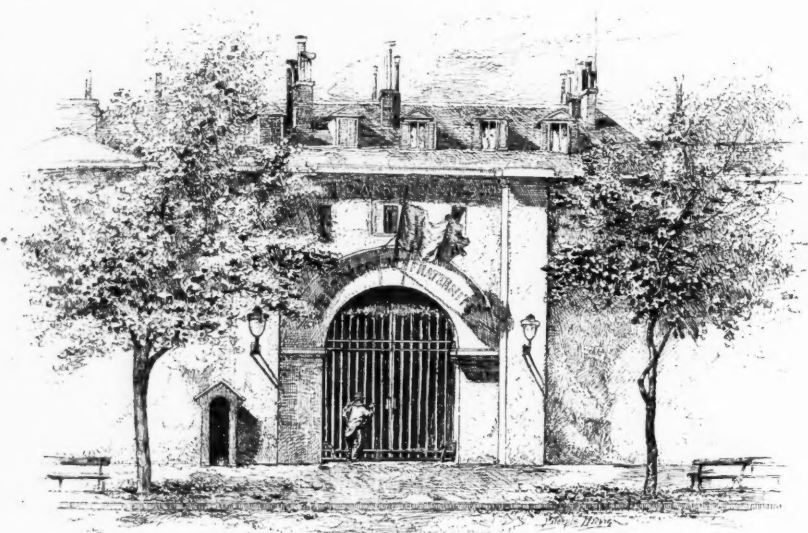
In reaching the apartment occupied by Rigault we had to traverse the crooked and dirty alleys of the horrid old prison of the Prefecture, all filled with the brigand National Guard. Recognizing the Minister of War, they saluted him with the touch of the *kepi*, and we passed unmolested. Demanding to see Rigault, though it was now eleven o'clock, we were told that he was not yet up, and my private secretary and myself were then ushered into the magnificent salon of the Prefecture, to wait until Cluseret should have had an interview with the Procurer of the Commune in bed. While we were waiting we saw the servants preparing for the midday breakfast in the beautiful dining-hall adjoining the salon. I should think the table was set for at least thirty covers,

and it presented that elegant appearance which belongs to the second breakfast in all well-to-do households in Paris. It was fully a half-hour before Cluseret returned, and he brought with him a document all in the hand-writing of Rigault, containing the desired permission.

Armed with this unquestionable authority, my private secretary and myself immediately started for the prison of Mazas, where we were admitted without difficulty, and treated with every consideration by the guardians. Their callous hearts seemed to have softened toward the Archbishop, and they appeared glad to welcome us as his friends. As a special favor, we were permitted to enter into his gloomy and naked little cell. He had been in prison more than two weeks, and had seen no person except the jailers, and he was utterly ignorant of what had been done during his imprisonment. He seemed delighted to see me, and I was deeply touched by the appearance of the venerable prelate. With his slender person, his form somewhat bent, his long beard (for he apparently had not been shaved since his confinement), his face haggard with ill-health—he could not have failed to move the most indifferent observer. I told him what the object of my visit was, and he at once entered upon an explanation of his situation. I was struck with his cheerful spirit, and captivated with his interesting conversation. He was one of the most charming and agreeable of men, and was beloved alike by the rich and poor. He had spent his whole life in acts of charity and benevolence, and was particularly distinguished for his liberal and catholic spirit. The cruelty of his position and prescience of his coming fate had not changed the sweetness of his disposition nor the serenity of his temper. No words of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors escaped his lips, but he seemed desirous rather to make excuses for the people of Paris, to whom he had been allied by so many ties during his whole life. He said he was patiently awaiting the logic of events, and praying that Providence might find a solution to the terrible troubles in Paris without the further shedding of blood, and he

added, in a tone of melancholy, the accents of which will never be effaced from my memory: "I have no fear of death; it costs but little to die; I am ready. That which distresses me is the fear of what will come to the other prisoners; the drunken men, the cries of death, the knife, the hatchet, the bayonet."

allowed to send him newspapers and other reading-matter, and told him that I should avail myself of the permission granted to often visit him, in order that I might alleviate his situation, if possible. From my conversation with him, and from all I saw, and from all I knew in respect to the Commune, I could not



The Prison of Mazas.

I found him confined in a cell about six feet by ten, possibly a little larger, which had the ordinary furniture of the Mazas prison—a wooden chair, a small wooden table, and a prison-bed. The cell was lighted by one small window. As a political prisoner, he was permitted to have his food brought to him from outside of the prison, and in answer to my suggestion that I would be glad to send him anything he might desire, and furnish him all the money he might want, he said he was not in need at that time. We were the only persons that he had seen from the outside world since his imprisonment. He had not even been permitted to see the newspapers, or have any intelligence whatever of passing events. Before leaving the prison I made application to be

conceal from myself the real danger that he was in, and I hoped more and more strongly that I might be instrumental in saving him from the fate that seemed to threaten him. It was shortly after my first visit to the Archbishop, on the 28th of April, that he addressed me the note which is reproduced on page 458.

The permission given me by Raoul Rigault to see the Archbishop, which has been referred to, having been annulled by a general order to revoke all permissions given to anybody to see any prisoners, I was obliged to procure another special permit for this purpose. On the 18th of May, therefore, I sent my private secretary to Raoul Rigault to obtain such permit. He reported to me that he found Rigault very much in-

disposed to give what I desired; but he insisted so strongly that Rigault finally sat down and, with his own hand, wrote a permission, a fac-simile of which is given on page 466.

This is a cynical and characteristic document, and there are no words wasted. Mr. McKean was my private secretary. I was not designated as Minister of the United States, but styled "Citizen Washburne," and the Archbishop is simply described as the "prisoner (*détenu*) Darboy." The first use I made of the permit was on the 21st of May, as will be seen by the indorsement of the date made by the guardian of the prison. ("Seen May 21, 1871.") The permit, of course, enabled me to enter freely. I no sooner got inside than I saw that there was a great change in affairs. The old guardians, whom I had often seen there, were not present, but all were new men, and apparently of the worst character, who seemed displeased to see me. They were a little drunk, and were disputing each other's authority. I asked to see the Archbishop, and expected to be permitted to enter his cell as I had hitherto. This request was somewhat curtly refused, and they then brought the unfortunate man out of his cell into the corridor, to talk with me in their presence. The interview was therefore, to me, very unsatisfactory, both from the surroundings and from the condition of distress in which the Archbishop seemed to be. It was impossible to talk with him freely, and I limited myself to saying that, while I regretted that I had nothing encouraging to communicate to him, I had taken pleasure in calling to see him in order to ascertain the state of his health, and if it would not be possible for me to render him some further personal service. Such was the situation that I thought proper to bring my interview to a speedy close; then it was that for the last time I shook the hand of the Archbishop, and bade him what proved to be a final adieu.

The entry of the troops into Paris on Monday, May 22d, and their advance into the heart of the city during that forenoon, completely cut all the lines between the legation and the prison of Mazas, where the Archbishop had

been confined. It was therefore utterly impossible to have any communication with him. When the Commune authorities began to realize their situation, there was no limit to their madness and desperation. They had at this time a very large number of persons held as hostages, and prompt action in respect to them became necessary. The leading spirits of the expiring Commune united in council to decide upon their fate. That, indeed, had been practically decided on before, but it was now necessary to carry out the foregone determination. Without any consideration of the matter whatever, a decision was soon reached that the hostages should be put to death.

I never knew exactly for what reason it was determined by those who formed the council that the hostages should be transferred from the prison of Mazas to the prison of La Roquette. In the evening of the 22d this removal of the prisoners took place. The prison-carriages were called and stationed in the court of Mazas. The victims were brought out and ordered to take their places in the carriages. News had spread in the neighborhood that the prisoners were to be transferred, and an immense crowd of men, women, and children soon gathered and surrounded the carriages, and commenced to heap upon the victims the most shameful insults. The passage from the one prison to the other was a long and painful one. The carriages all went at a walk, and by a long route, in order to take the prisoners through that part of the city most densely populated by the Communards. They did not reach La Roquette until eight o'clock in the evening, and it was a long time before cells were assigned to them.

The particulars of what followed I learned later, when, on June 2d, after the downfall of the Commune, I visited the prison.

The change in Paris in the two or three days before that date had been marvellous. Though ingress and egress were difficult, the city was alive with people. The smouldering fires had been extinguished and the tottering walls had been torn down. The barricades had been everywhere in incredible numbers

and strength. They were on the boulevards, on the avenues, and on the by-streets, and now they had nearly all disappeared. Every afternoon I had taken

by the Archbishop. These little trifles were of no value except as souvenirs, and the guardian was kind enough to permit me to take some of them.



The Abbé Deguerry.

a ride through those parts of the city where there had been the most fighting, and it was on the afternoon of June 2d, when making my last round, going to Belleville, Père Lachaise, La Villette, Place de la Bastille, etc., that I went to La Roquette in order to get information in regard to the last hours of the Archbishop. Everything relating to the fate of that illustrious man excited within me the deepest interest. By the courtesy of the officer in charge, who was one of the old guardians of the prison, I was shown into the cell which the Archbishop had occupied from the time he was brought from Mazas to the moment that he was taken out to be shot.

The cell was even smaller than the one he occupied at Mazas, but it was higher up, better lighted, and more cheerful. There was a small chair, a little table, and a few loose things lying upon the table which had evidently been left there

by men confided to his care without more formal orders. A long dispute thereupon arose, which finally ended by the director's giving consent to deliver up six victims who had been especially designated. The men awaited the decision impatiently in the court, and as soon as the delegates had got the consent of the director to give up the prisoners they all mounted the staircase pell-mell to the first story, where the hostages were then confined.

In the presence of such a contemplated crime a silence came over these assassins, who awaited the call of the names of the victims. The names of the six martyrs were called. The President Bonjean, occupying cell No. 1, was the first; the Abbé Deguerry, occupying cell No. 4, was the second; and the last called was Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, who occupied cell No. 23. The doors of the cells were then

The days of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d and 24th of May, were anxious days at La Roquette, but there were no very striking incidents. About six o'clock on Wednesday evening a detachment of forty of the National Guard, belonging to the "Vengeurs de la République," as they were called, arrived at the prison, with a captain, first and second lieutenants, a commissaire of police, and two civil delegates. They all wore bright-red scarfs. Entering the office of the jailer, these civil delegates demanded of the director of the prison the release of the hostages, saying that they were commanded to shoot them. The director at first refused to deliver up the prisoners, saying that he would not consent to such a massacre

opened by the officer of the prison, and the victims were all ordered to leave. They descended, going to the foot of the staircase, where they embraced each other, and had a few words, the last on earth. Never was there a more mournful cortège, nor one calculated to awaken sadder emotions. Monseigneur Darboy, though weak and enfeebled by disease, gave his arm to Chief Justice Bonjean, and the venerable man, so well known in all Paris, Abbé Deguerry, leaned upon the arms of the two priests. A good many straggling National Guards and others had gathered around the door of the prison as the victims went out, and they heaped upon them the vilest epithets, to an extent that aroused the indignation of a sub-lieutenant, who commanded silence, saying to them, "that which comes to these persons to-day, who knows but what the same will come to us to-morrow?" And a man in a blouse added, "men who go to meet death ought not to be insulted; none but cowards will insult the unfortunate." When they arrived in the court of La Roquette, darkness had already come on, and it was necessary to get lanterns to conduct the victims between the high walls which surrounded the court. Nothing shook the firmness of these men when they were thus marched to assassination. The Archbishop was the coolest and firmest, because the greatest. He shook each one by the hand and gave him his last benediction. When they arrived at the place where they were to be shot, the victims were all placed against the walls which enclosed the sombre edifice of the prison of La Roquette. The Archbishop was placed at the head of the line, and the fiends who murdered him scratched with their knives a cross upon the stone in the wall at the very place where his head must have touched it at the moment they

fired their fatal shots. He did not fall at the first volley, but stood erect, calm, and immovable, and before the other discharges came which launched him into eternity, he crossed himself three times upon his forehead. The other victims all fell together. The marks of the bullets after they had passed through their bodies were distinctly visible. The Archbishop was afterward mutilated and his abdomen cut open. All the bodies were then put into a cart and removed to Père Lachaise, which was but a few squares off, where they were thrown into a common ditch, (from which, however, they were happily rescued before decomposition had taken place.)

On returning from La Roquette I came by the Palace of the Archbishop, where his body was lying in state. He



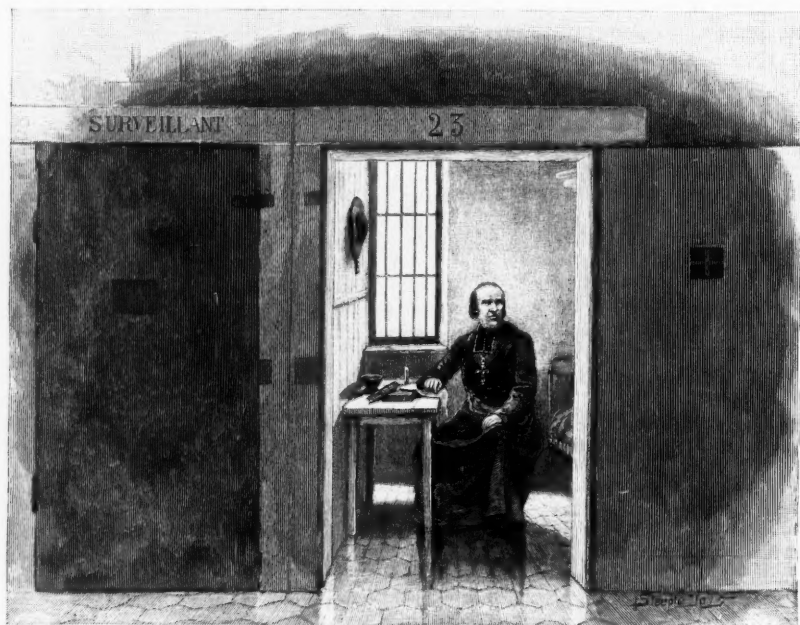
President Bonjean.

was so changed that I hardly knew him. Great numbers of the good people of Paris were passing through the palace, to look for the last time upon him who was so endeared to them by his benevolent acts, his kindly disposition, and his consideration for the poor and the

lowly. In all the six or seven interviews I had with him in prison, except the last, I always found him cheerful, and sometimes even gay, and never uttering a word of complaint. No man could be with him without being captivated by his cheerful disposition, his Christian spirit, and interesting conversation. He was learned, accomplished, and eloquent; and, above all, he was good. In his religious and political sentiments he

expense of the public treasury. Great preparations were made for the funeral ceremonies, and it was one of the most emotional and imposing funeral services that I ever attended.

After the executions just described the prison of La Roquette was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary incidents connected with the Commune; and when the guardian had shown me everything connected with the last hours



Archbishop Darboy in his Cell in La Roquette.
(The cell and surroundings from a photograph made later.)

was most liberal. He met his fate with the firmness of a Christian martyr, and anyone who knew him could not but join in a tribute of sincere mourning. For myself, I can never think of him without being overwhelmed with emotions that I am scarcely able to express.

His funeral, and that of the other victims massacred with him, took place at the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, June 7, 1871. The National Assembly, at Versailles, worthily interpreting the sentiments of all France, decided that the interment should take place at the

of the hostages, he said he wanted to show me that portion of the prison where had taken place a most terrible struggle between the National Guard and some prisoners whom it had been determined by the Commune authorities to murder. On Friday, May 26th, thirty-eight gendarmes and sixteen priests were conducted from La Roquette to Père Lachaise and there shot. The next day, May 27th, as the Versailles troops approached nearer and nearer the Commune, the Committee of Public Safety, which had sought La Roquette as a place

of refuge, issued an order to shoot in cold blood all the priests, soldiers, and Sergeants de Ville who were still in the prison. These fiends installed themselves in the office of the register of the prison for the purpose of seeing their orders carried out. On the afternoon of the 25th of May everything was got ready for this promiscuous assassination. One of the jailers, M. Pinet, who had observed all that was going on, and had been advised of what was to take place, determined, if possible, to save the prisoners, even at the sacrifice of his own life. Just before the order was to be given for them to be taken down into the court, he rushed in and opened all their cells and told the prisoners that it had been determined to murder them, and charged each one to arm himself with whatever he could get into his hands for the purpose of defence.

The guardian took me into the room where a fearful contest had then taken place. The prisoners had fastened the doors, and built barricades inside, behind which they could defend themselves when attacked. Mattresses had been put up, but these were set on fire for the purpose of suffocating the men behind them. The whole place presented to me the most extraordinary appearance. Every possible effort was made by the Communards to capture the prisoners, who defended themselves with the energy of despair; and this desperate attack continued for four days. Finding that they could not capture them by force, they then resorted to seduction, assuring them that they were there simply for the purpose of restoring the prisoners to liberty. Unfortunately, some priests and soldiers who were prisoners allowed themselves to be deceived by these wretches and were persuaded to leave their defences, expecting to be placed at liberty. No sooner, however, were they outside than they were all seized and shot.

The night of Saturday, the 27th, in the prison was one of the most extraordinary and horrible that could be conceived of. The prison was surrounded by howling crowds uttering menacing cries, and as the prisoners began to see some chance of escape, they grew more determined in their defence.

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At last, at daybreak, on Sunday, May 28th, there came to the besieged victims the sound of the musketry-firing of the Versailles troops, and at half-past five in the morning the barricade opposite the prison was carried by a vigorous attack of the infantry of marine which then took possession of the building. The assassins, who for some time had been on the look-out for the advance of the Versailles troops, prepared themselves for their escape. Unfortunately, too many of them got away. There were ten ecclesiastics, forty Sergeants de Ville, and eighty-two soldiers of the line who were restored to liberty after four days of combat and of cruel agony which it is almost impossible to describe.

On the afternoon of May 28, 1871, M. Thiers, Chief of the Executive Power, issued a proclamation, announcing the successful operations in Paris, and complimenting the army for the bravery that had been displayed.

On the same day Marshal MacMahon issued the following proclamation: "Inhabitants of Paris: The army of France came to save you; Paris is delivered; our soldiers carried, at four o'clock, the last positions occupied by the insurgents. To-day the struggle is finished. Our labor and security will now revive."

Later there was also published the following order:

"Soldiers and Sailors: Your courage and devotion have triumphed over all obstacles. After a siege of two months, and after a battle of eight days in the streets, Paris is delivered. In tearing this City from the hands of the wretches who projected burning it to ashes, you have preserved it from ruin; you have given it back to France. The entire country applauds the success of your patriotic efforts, and the National Assembly, by which it is represented, has accorded you the recompense most worthy of you."

Never was so completely demonstrated the vitality and energy of the French people as immediately after the suppression of the insurrection in Paris. The disastrous termination of the war with Germany, followed by the Com-

mune of Paris, was enough to have crushed almost any people. All measures suggested for restoring order were seconded, with an almost inconceivable energy, by the people at large.

Outside of the brigand National Guard, and of the immense insurrectionary population of the city, there was unbounded joy everywhere when the city was delivered from the monstrous oppression of the insurrectionists, which for ten weeks had held the people in terror—murdering, robbing, imprisoning, and making life one continual torment. Then came the reaction; when the orderly and peaceful citizens, relieved from the shocking tyranny of the Commune, began to get the upper hand, they were inspired, as is

natural to suppose, with a degree of rage which was almost impossible to control. No sooner was the city captured than the work was begun of arresting the thousands of criminals, of every description, who had so long made the beautiful city a pandemonium. In the most insurrectionary parts of the town the people were arrested *en masse* by the military, and often the innocent included with the guilty. It would take too long to recount all the frightful incidents which followed the capture. There were no less than fifty thousand insurgents arrested; how many were summarily executed will never be known. Great numbers were condemned to death, and shot, and still larger numbers were sent to

prison for life; but the great mass of them were deported to the French possessions of New Caledonia. The most of them were pardoned before many years

CABINET

ou
Procureur de la Commune.

COMMUNE DE PARIS.

Paris, le 28 mai 1871

L. Directeur de Mazar
Comme communiqué les citoyens
Washburne et Mackean avec le
Détachement Darboy

permanent
Représentant de la Commune

Rigault de Kerguelen

Tr. de St. Mar. J.



Rigault's Pass.

and many of them are now back in Paris. Not to speak of the immense sacrifice of human life in suppressing the Commune, and all the horrors of the deportation of such a mass of people, the money-loss of property in Paris was estimated at two hundred millions of dollars; but this is really small as compared with other losses which cannot be measured by money, such as the Hôtel de Ville, the Ministry of Finance, the Tuileries, the Legion d'Honneur, the Ministry of War, and many other public buildings, with all their priceless records. But few people are fully aware of the immense proportions which the Paris Commune had taken on before its final suppression. Its military strength was

simply enormous. Cluseret told me of his furnishing rations, at the time he was delegate to the Ministry of War, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers in Paris. And the amount of war material found in possession of the Commune at the time of its collapse was prodigious. There were 548,000 guns, of different models, with sabre bayonets; 56,000 cavalry sabres, of every form and description; 14,000 Enfield rifles; 39,000 revolvers; making a total of nearly 700,000 weapons of every kind taken from the hands of the Communards. Independently of the vast amount of this particular material, the military authorities of the Commune had 1,700 pieces of cannon and mitrailleuses, which they had robbed from the city and which they had used with such terrible effect. But what must ever excite amazement is the knowledge of the vast number of the people in Paris at this time who not only were in sympathy with the Commune, but who abetted and sustained it in its career of crime and blood. The minority, embracing the better class

of Paris, was completely cowed and subdued by this vast insurrectionary mass of population.

The losses of the Versailles troops in recapturing Paris amounted to eighty-three officers killed, and four hundred and thirty wounded; less than one thousand soldiers were killed, but the number of wounded amounted to more than six thousand. The number of missing was insignificant, being less than two hundred.

It would be hardly practicable to attempt to give any details of the loss of public buildings, monuments, churches, and houses damaged and destroyed from May 24 to 29, 1871. Besides the Palace of the Tuileries, the Louvre Museum, the Palais Royal, the Palace of the Legion d'Honneur, the Council of State, the Court of Exchequer, the Ministry of Finance, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of Justice, the Prefecture of Police, the Conciergerie, there were hundreds of other buildings, public and private, which are only superficially known to the public.

ARMÉE DE VERSAILLES.

Le Maréchal de France.
Commandant en Chef.

Le 23 mai 1871.

M^r Washburne Ministre des
Etats unis est autorisé à circuler librement
entre Paris & Versailles & dans Paris

Le Général de Division
Chef d'Etat major général



Long

Mr. Washburne's Pass between Versailles and Paris.

THE QUIET PILGRIM.

By Edith M. Thomas.

What shall I say ? He hath both spoken unto me and Himself hath done it : I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.—ISAIAH XXXVIII. 15.

WHEN on my soul in nakedness
His swift, avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed ;
And, since my woe is utterless,
To supreme Quiet I am vowed :
Afar from me be moan and tears—
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick, light-sandalled feet
Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,
I mingle with their throng at will ;
They know me not an alien still,
Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of storèd bitterness I spill :
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears—
For I go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
And in my ear their voice is keen,
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch-Sorrow I abide.
They haggard are, and droop'd of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied :
Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers—
I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly ! heart of hearts unknown.
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,
More piercing-keen than breathèd cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.
But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I go softly all my years !

AMERICAN ELEPHANT MYTHS.

By W. B. Scott.

ALTHOUGH it is now a well-known fact that the earth was formerly inhabited by many races of animals which have entirely disappeared, it is only within

Siberia and the two Americas. The giants, dragons, and griffins and other monsters which abound in the folk-lore of all nations, may often be distinctly traced to conjectures as to the bones of extinct elephants.

The attention of Greek and Roman naturalists was early drawn to the tusks and bones of fossil elephants, which are so abundant in the soil of Europe, from which they constructed vast giants. Thus we have the bones of Orestes dug up at Tegea by the Spartans, the skeleton of Antæus in Mauritania, that of Ajax in Asia Minor, a giant forty-six cubits high found in Crete, and a host of others. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and Philostratus give much space to descriptions of these monsters. Even the Christian fathers did not disdain to make use of these tales. St. Augustine, in proof of the greater stature of the Antediluvians, says: "I myself, along with some others, saw on the shore at Utica a man's molar tooth of such a size that, if it were cut down into teeth such as we have, a hundred, I fancy, could have been made out of it."

Mediæval literature abounds in giants. A monstrous one was found in England in 1171; the bones of Polyphemus were dug up in Sicily, and from time to time such remains were discovered all over Europe, and as the finders always knew the particular individual to whom the bones belonged, many duly labelled were hung up in the churches. Thus an elephant's shoulder-blade did duty for St. Christopher in a Venetian church, and the bones of Teutobocchus, king of the Teutons (now known to be a mastodon's skeleton), were, according to Mazuya, found in a brick tomb bearing the inscription, "Teutobocchus rex." Felix Plater's famous giant, which still figures in the arms of Lucerne, arose from some elephant remains found in 1577. A large elephant's tooth was sent from Constantinople to Vienna and offered to the emperor for two thousand thalers. The discoverers pretended to have found it



Priest with Elephant Head-dress Palenque (Waldeck).

the last century that the notion of *extinct* animals has been accepted even by scientific men. The attempts which before that were made to explain the presence of huge bones and teeth in the soil of Europe, America, and Northern Asia, seem very amusing when read by the light of our present knowledge. The range of conjecture was, however, a limited one, and it is interesting to observe the strong likeness of the theories constructed by the sages of Greece and Rome, India and China, mediæval and modern Europe, to the myths and traditions found among the savages of

in a subterranean chamber at Jerusalem which bore the Chaldean inscription: "Here lies the giant Og." But this was too great a strain on the faith of a very credulous age, and the emperor declined to purchase because, as Lambecius quaintly says, "The whole thing looked very like an imposition."

Don Quixote supported his chivalrous beliefs with similar evidence. "In the island of Sicily," he says, "there have been found long bones, and shoulder-bones so huge that their size manifests their owners to have been giants, and as big as great towers; for this truth geometry sets beyond doubt." But the catalogue of mediæval giants would fill a volume, and a very considerable literature on "gigantology" dates from that time. The learned, however, did not always accept these myths. One favorite way of escaping the difficulty was to declare fossil bones and teeth to be mere sports of nature generated in the earth by the "tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations," as was held by the famous anatomist of Padua, Falloppio (1550), who even went so far as to consider the remains of Roman art mere natural impressions stamped on the soil. Father Kircher (1680) adopts the same notion, and ridicules the idea of such monstrous giants, adding that he had himself seen these teeth in all stages of manufacture. Swift satirizes this school, whose professors "have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge."

By this time anatomists began to recognize the fact that these great bones and teeth belonged to elephants, and at once a new crop of theories sprang up to account for the new marvel. A prevalent view was that these were the remains of military elephants of the Romans, or of Hannibal, or Alexander the Great. This theory found an ardent advocate in Peter the Great; but, nevertheless, it was found to be insufficient, and that other wonderful solution of all difficulties, Noah's deluge, was called in to account for the anomaly.

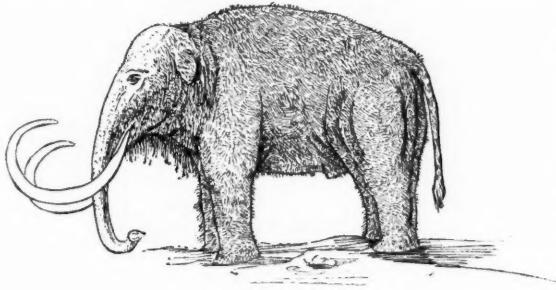
The abundance of elephant remains in Siberia had long been known in Europe, as fossil ivory formed an important article of commerce. Isbrand

Ides, in his travels from Moscow to China (1692), examined into the matter, and his account is worth quoting: "The heathens of Jakuti, Tungusi, and Ostiaki say that they [the mammoths] continually, or at least by reason of the very hard frost, mostly live under ground, where they go backwards and forward.

. . . They further believe that if this animal comes so near the surface as to smell or discern the air, he immediately dies, which, they say, is the reason why so many of them are found on the high banks where they come out of the ground. This is the opinion of the infidels concerning these beasts, which are never seen." Ides states that the Russians, on the other hand, consider the mammoths to be elephants which were drowned in the flood, and Lawrence Lang adds that some believed these to be the behemoth of Job, "the description whereof, they pretend, fits the nature of this beast; . . . those supposed words in particular, *he is caught with his own eyes*, agreeing with the Siberian tradition that the mammoth beast dies on coming to the light."

The Siberian myths even penetrated to China, as Von Ölfers has shown. A Chinese account of a journey to the Caspian in 1712 says: "In the coldest parts of this northern land there is a sort of animal which burrows under the earth, and which dies as soon as it is brought to light or the air. It is of great size, and weighs thirteen thousand pounds. It is by nature not a strong animal, and is therefore not very fierce or dangerous. It is usually found in the mud on the banks of rivers. The Russians usually collect the bones, in order to make cups, dishes, and other small wares of them. The flesh of the animal is of a very cooling sort, and is used as a remedy for fever." Other Chinese versions of the same story are known, and one of the sages, in commenting upon it, remarks that earthquakes are no longer an insoluble problem; the burrowing of the mammoth explains the matter most satisfactorily. In China itself the fossil bones masquerade as the familiar dragon, and some of the dragon bones and teeth figured in Chinese works are plainly the remains of elephants.

Curiously enough, the earliest mention of any American elephant is from the favorite, though the Indian tradi-



Brandt's Restoration of the Mammoth.

tions found acceptance with many. The French anatomist, Daubenton, first showed that these were elephants' bones, but William Hunter (in 1767) advanced a theory which has shown an astonishing vitality, being repeated with variations down to a comparatively recent period. Hunter showed to his own complete satisfaction that the mastodon (and he supposed the mammoth

the pen of "smattering, chattering, would-be college-president, Cotton Mather" (as Holmes calls him). This is a letter published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1714. The great witch-catcher confirms the scriptural account of antediluvian giants, just as St. Augustine had done before him, by describing elephants' bones and teeth, particularly by a tooth brought to New York in 1705, with a thigh-bone seventeen feet long. "There was another [tooth], near a pound heavier, found near the banks of Hudson's River, about fifty leagues from the sea, a great way below the surface of the earth, where the ground is of a different color and substance from the other ground for seventy-five feet long, which they supposed to be from the rotting of the body to which these bones and teeth did, as he supposes, once belong." Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, wrote of these same bones to Cotton Mather, that he was "perfectly of opinion that the tooth will agree only to a human body, for whom the flood only could prepare a funeral; and, without doubt, he waded as long as he could keep his head above the clouds, but must, at length, be confounded with all other creatures."

The remains of mastodons and elephants are scattered so abundantly over the United States that they very soon attracted the general attention of the settlers, as they had already done in the case of the Indians. The early accounts deal much with the marvellous, the giant

to be the same) was not an elephant at all, but a huge carnivorous animal, and concludes: "And if this animal was indeed carnivorous, which I believe cannot be doubted, though we may as philosophers regret it, as men we cannot but thank heaven that its whole generation is probably extinct."

Washington and Jefferson, little as we are accustomed to think of them as men of science, both showed considerable interest in the subject of these curious bones. Robert Annan had a collection of such remains at his house in Central New York, and writes: "His Excellency, General Washington, came to my house to see these relics. He told me he had in his house a grinder, which was found on the Ohio, much resembling these." Jefferson, on the other hand, wrote voluminously on the subject. In his "Notes on Virginia" he breaks a lance with Buffon, who had ventured to cast aspersions on the size of American animals. In speaking of the mastodon, which, like all the writers of his time, he confounds with the mammoth, he says: "That it was not an elephant, I think ascertained by proofs equally decisive. I will not avail myself of the authority of the celebrated anatomist who, from an examination of the form and structure of the tusks, has declared they were essentially different from those of the elephant, because another anatomist, equally celebrated, has declared, on a like examination, that they are precisely the same. But (1) the skeleton of the mammoth bespeaks an animal of five or

six times the cubic volume of the elephant, as M. de Buffon has admitted. (2) The grinders are five times as large, are square, and the grinding surface studded with five or six rows of blunt points, whereas those of the elephant are broad and thin, and the grinding surface flat. (3) I have never heard of an instance, and suppose there has been none, of the grinder of an elephant being found in America. (4) From the known temperature and constitution of the elephant, he could never have existed in those regions where the remains of the mammoth have been found. . . . The centre of the frozen zone may have been their acme of vigor, as that of the torrid is of the elephant. Thus nature seems to have drawn a belt of separation between these two tremendous animals. . . . When the Creator has therefore separated their nature so far as the extent of the scale of animal life will permit, it seems perverse to declare it the same from a partial resemblance of their tusks and bones. . . .

"It may be asked why I insert the mammoth as if it still existed. I ask in return why I should omit it as if it did not exist. Such is the economy of nature that no instance can be produced of her having permitted any one race of her animals to become extinct, of her having formed any link in her great chain so weak as to be broken. . . .

"The northern and western parts of America still remain in their aboriginal state, unexplored by us or by others for us; he may as well exist there now as he did formerly where we find his bones."

This doctrine of the indestructibility of species was an accepted scientific dogma of Jefferson's time, but it pushed him to great extremities when he came later to describe his *Megalonyx*, which he believed to be a gigantic lion, but which in reality was a huge sloth. To prove that this dreadful creature was still alive, he had recourse to hunters' tales about vast animals whose roarings shook the earth, and which carried off horses like so many sheep. "The movements of nature," he argues, "are in a never-ending circle. The animal species which has once been put into a train of motion is still probably moving in

that train. For, if one link in nature's chain might be lost, another and another might be lost, till this whole system of things should vanish by piecemeal."

Amusing and even absurd as all this may seem to us now, it is but justice to say that Jefferson rendered distinguished services to science, by the stimulus which he gave to inquiry and discussion of scientific problems; and the collections of fossil bones which, as President of the United States, he caused to be made in the West, have proved to be of very great value and importance.

It would be tedious to enumerate half the writers who followed Jefferson in discussing the nature of the mammoth. Nearly all of them regarded the creature as a gigantic flesh-eater, and exhausted all the adjectives of the language to describe his fierceness and blood-thirstiness. Some of these savants, not content with nature's handiwork, concocted the most gruesome monsters by putting together bones of many different animals, and then lashed themselves into a frenzy over their own creations. A few specimens will give a sufficient idea of the writings of this school, which make up quite a literature of their own.

"Now, may we not infer from these facts that nature had allotted to the mammoth the beasts of the forest for his food? How can we otherwise account for the numerous fractures which everywhere mark these strata of bones? May it not be inferred, too, that as the largest and swiftest quadrupeds were appointed for his food, he necessarily was endowed with great strength and activity? That as the immense volume of the creature would unfit him for coursing after his prey through thickets and woods, nature had furnished him with the power of taking it by a mighty leap? That this power of springing to a great distance was requisite to the more effectual concealment of his great bulk, while lying in wait for his prey? The Author of existence is wise and just in all his works; he never confers an appetite without the power to gratify it" (George Turner, 1797).

"With the agility and ferocity of the tiger, with a body of unequalled magnitude and strength, this monster must

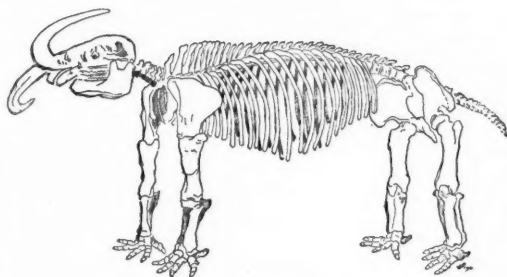
have been the terror of the forest and of man. . . . In fine, 'huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night' must have been this tremendous animal when clothed with flesh and animated with principles of life. . . .

From this rapid review of these majestic remains it must appear that the creature to whom they belonged was nearly sixty feet long and twenty-five feet high" (Thomas Ashe, 1801).

But all this fine rhetoric was ruthlessly dashed by Cuvier, who early in the present century showed that the dire destroyer was only an extinct elephant. The great lesson which Cuvier taught the world was, that many races of animals were entirely extinct, and that nature's chain of existence had not one, but many missing links. From his recognition of that fact the science of palæontology may be said to date. But the carnivorous nature of the mastodon was too fascinating an absurdity to be so easily killed, and it continued to appear at intervals. As late as 1835 we find a New England medical professor writing as if it were an unquestionable fact. The giant theory lingered still longer, and even yet cannot be considered entirely extinct among the unlearned. The dictum that the superstitions of one age are but the science of preceding ages receives ample confirmation in the history of this subject. Not longer ago than 1846 a mastodon skeleton was exhibited in New Orleans as that of a giant. The cranium was made of raw hide, fantastic wooden teeth were fitted in the jaws, all missing parts were restored after the human model, and the whole raised upon the hind legs. It certainly conveyed the notion of "a hideous, diabolical giant," and was no doubt responsible for many nightmares. As a sad commentary on the state of the medical profession in the Southwest at that time, it may be added that the exhibitor was perfectly honest in his belief, and to support his faith he had a trunk

full of physicians' certificates that these were human bones.

In 1840 "Dr." Koch, a German charlatan, created a great sensation by announcing the discovery of the leviathan of Job, which he called the Missouriium, from the State where it was found. It



Koch's Missouri Leviathan.

turned out, however, to be nothing but a mastodon preposterously mounted. Koch had added an extra dozen or more joints to the back-bone and ribs to the chest, turned the tusks outward into a semicircle, and converted the animal into an aquatic monster which anchored itself to trees by means of its sickle-shaped tusks and then peacefully slumbered on the bosom of the waves. Like the Siberians, he found interesting confirmations of his views in the book of Job, that refuge of perplexed monster-makers. Koch took his leviathan to London, where it was purchased by the British Museum, and reconverted into a mastodon by Professor Owen, who at once recognized its true nature.

From this time on, discoveries of mastodon bones were so frequently announced that popular interest in the matter gradually died away until it was revived by evidence that these elephants had become extinct since the appearance of man on the continent. This evidence is threefold—geological, traditional, and the proof derived from works of art. In Europe the evidence has been submitted to the most searching examination, and there is no possible room for doubt that, on that continent, the mammoth or hairy elephant coexisted with prehistoric man. Not only are the bones of these animals found in the same

caves and deposits with human bones and implements of human workmanship, but we have a number of unmistakable portraits of the mammoth engraved on ivory and stone. One of these on ivory, from the Madelaine cave in France, is an



Elephant Carving from La Madelaine Cave, France.

exceedingly spirited and accurate drawing. The prehistoric artist who drew that figure must have been very familiar with the living animal.

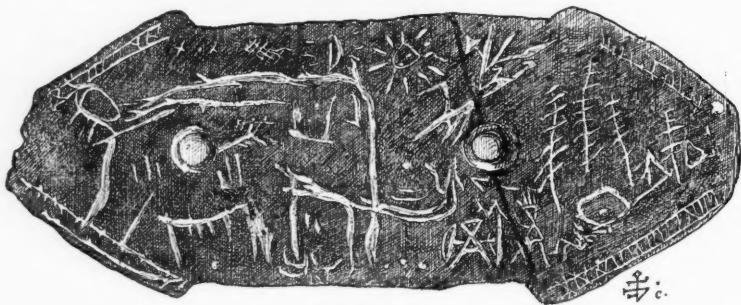
In America the evidence was long doubtful, but cannot be considered so any longer. Mastodon bones occur in this country in much more recent deposits than they do in Europe, often covered by only a few inches of soil or peat, and in such a state of preservation as to make it difficult to believe that they are more than a few centuries old. In California human bones and stone

Mexico embedded in a calcareous deposit which also contained elephant bones. These facts remove all reasonable doubt that man had appeared in America before the disappearance of the elephants. A much more difficult question is to decide

what race of men they were. The discoveries in California point to a very high antiquity, as the gold-bearing gravels are covered over with great beds of hard lava which have been completely cut through into cañons by the action of the streams, and the topography of the country materially changed. These processes are slow, and indicate a great lapse of time. In the East there is

reason to believe that the antiquity is not so high. In this connection the Indian traditions are of importance.

Longueil, the French traveller, who saw the great skeletons at Big-bone Lick in 1739, mentions the reverence in which the Indians held these, and states that they never removed or disturbed them. Jefferson gives the following tradition of the Delawares, about the "big buffalo:" "That in ancient times, a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone Licks, and commenced a universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffa-



The Lenape Stone.

implements have been found in the gold-bearing gravels associated with the remains of mastodons, mammoths, and other extinct animals. In Oregon the mastodon bones so abundant near Silver Lake are commingled with flint arrow- and spear-heads; and very recently a human skeleton has been discovered in

loes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians; that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, became so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain on a rock, on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be

seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereupon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living to this day." Jefferson also quotes the narrative of a Mr. Stanley who was captured by the Indians near the mouth of the Tennessee River and carried westward beyond the Missouri to a place where these great bones were abundant. The Indians declared that the animal to which they belonged was still living in the north, and from their descriptions Stanley inferred it to be an elephant.

Père Charlevoix, a Jesuit missionary, mentions in his history of New France an Indian tradition of a great elk, "beside whom others seem like ants. He has, they say, legs so high that eight feet of snow do not embarrass him; his skin is proof against all sorts of weapons, and he has a sort of arm which comes out of his shoulder, and which he uses as we do ours." As Tyler has remarked, this tradition seems to point to a remembrance of some elephant-like animal, for nothing but observation of the living form could give a savage a notion of the use of an elephant's trunk. Even the perfectly preserved frozen carcasses of Siberia did not give the natives any idea of it, and their myths make no mention of such an organ. An old Sioux who had seen an elephant in a menagerie described it to his friends at home as a beast with two tails, which would certainly be the view suggested to an Indian by the carcass of such an animal.

Still more explicit is a tradition given by Mather of some Ohio Indians, which seems to refer to the mastodon, and according to which these animals were abundant; they fed on the boughs of a species of lime-tree; they did not lie down, but leaned against a tree to sleep. The Indians of Louisiana named one of the streams Carrion-crow Creek, because in the time of their fathers a huge animal had died near this creek, and great numbers of crows flocked to the carcass; a mastodon skeleton was

found near the spot indicated by the Indians.

Traditions of a similar import are recorded from the Iroquois, Wyandots, Tuscaroras, and other tribes, and perhaps most interesting of all is a widely spread legend among the tribes of the Northwest British provinces, that their ancestors had built lake-dwellings on piles like those of Switzerland, "to protect themselves against an animal which ravaged the country long, long ago. This, from description, was no doubt the mastodon. I find the tradition identical among the Indians of the Suogualami and Peace Rivers, who have no connection with each other; but in both localities remains of that animal are found abundantly." So suggestive were these Indian tales that on some of the early maps of North America the mammoth is given as an inhabitant of Labrador.

In Mexico and South America we meet with a series of myths which form a curious parallel to those of the Old World. Bernal Diaz del Castillo reports among the Mexicans at the time of the Spanish conquest the existence of legends of giants, founded upon the occurrence of huge bones. The following is related of Tlascalla: "The tradition was also handed down from their forefathers that in ancient times there lived here a race of men and women of immense stature, with heavy bones, and were a very bad and evil-disposed people, whom they had for the most part exterminated by continual war, and the few that were left gradually died away. In order to give us a notion of the huge frame of these people they dragged forth a thigh-bone of one of these giants, which was very strong, and measured the length of a man of good stature. This bone was still entire from the knee to the hip-joint. I measured it by my own person, and found it to be of my own length, although I am a man of considerable height. They showed us many similar pieces of bones, but they were all worm-eaten and decayed; we, however, did not doubt for an instant that this country was once inhabited by giants. Cortes observed that we ought to forward these bones to his Majesty in Spain by the very first opportunity." He also found similar

bones placed as offerings in the temple at Cojohuacan, near Mexico.

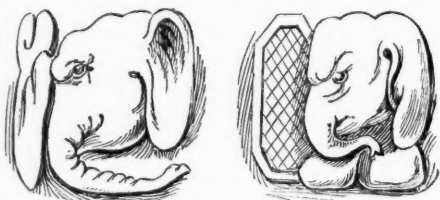
Humboldt collected similar legends in South America. In Guayaquil the tale of a colony of giants grew out of the mastodon bones which are found there. The finding of such bones near Bogota produced speculations which are a curious repetition of mediæval philosophy. "The Indians imagined that these were giants' bones, while the half-learned sages of the country, who assume the right of explaining everything, gravely asserted that they were mere sports of nature and little worthy of attention."

The natives who guided Darwin to some mastodon skeletons on the Parana River had a tradition which is very important as showing how the same myths can arise independently in very widely separated localities. As these bones occurred in the bluffs of the river, the conclusion was reached that the mastodon was a burrowing animal, exactly as the Siberians had inferred from similar evidence in the case of the mammoth. In the pampas, on the other hand, the ever-recurring myth of giants prevails, and such local names as the Field of the Giants, Hill of the Giant, require no comment.

Remains of aboriginal art which point to a knowledge of living elephants are not numerous. None is certainly known of Indian workmanship, as the famous Lenape stone is altogether too questionable to be allowed any weight in the argument. Nor do the Mound Builders

The Davenport elephant pipes would seem to remove this difficulty, but very grave doubts have been cast upon their authenticity. There is, however, in Grant County, Wis., a large mound, the shape of which is very suggestive of an elephant, but even here the latest surveys tend to cast doubt upon the elephant theory.

In Mexico there are many indications that elephants were known to the ancient inhabitants. Some of the bas-reliefs of Palenque figured by Waldeck are very strikingly like elephants, and the resemblance can hardly be the result of accident or coincidence. Close to an ancient causeway near Tezcucuo, in what may have been the ditch of the road, an entire mastodon skeleton was found, which "bore every appearance of having been coeval with the period when

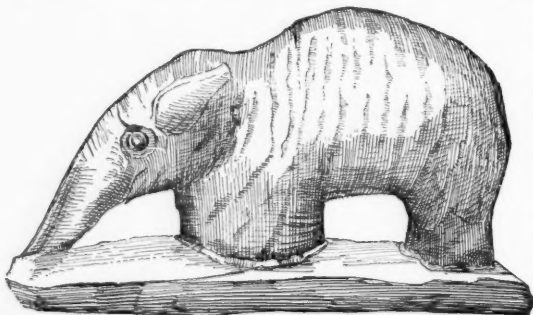


Reliefs from Palenque (Waldeck).

the road was used." Humboldt reproduces a figure from a Mexican manuscript representing a human sacrifice, and says of it: "The disguise of the sacrificing priest presents a remarkable and apparently not accidental resemblance to the Hindoo Ganesa [the elephant-headed god]."

Had the peoples of Aztlan derived from Asia some vague notions of the elephant, or, as seems to me much less probable, did their traditions reach back to the time when America was still inhabited by these gigantic animals, whose petrified skeletons are found buried in the marly ground on the very ridge of the Mexican Cordilleras?"

Taken altogether, the evidence from tradition and art is strongly in favor of the view that the ancestors of



Davenport Elephant Pipe (after Barber).

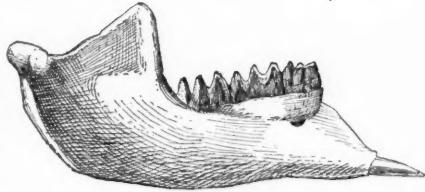
seem to have made use of the elephant's form in their pottery or sculptures.

existing American races knew these monstrous animals familiarly. Undoubtedly there is much of fable and absurdity in their legends, but there is something in these tales that is very like truth. The traditions of Europe, Siberia, and South America are plainly derived only from the finding of the bones, and in all the elaborate and often-repeated stories of giants and subterranean monsters we may search in vain for any knowledge of the living animal. The myths of the North American Indians, on the contrary, are irresistibly suggestive of elephants, and, as we have already seen, they convinced some of the early settlers that these animals were still to be found in the north. Traditions from other regions—the burrowers of Siberia, the dragons of China, and the giants of nearly all countries—are plainly nothing but attempts to account for the large bones which occur in the ground; but the Indian legends can be explained in no such way. Other Indian traditions, such as that of the "naked bear," seem to point clearly to the gigantic extinct sloths; and the fact that the mythical animals can be distinguished apart, and referred to appropriate originals in the extinct animals of the continent, speaks strongly for the accuracy of the stories.

The Mexican sculptures are of less value in this discussion, as there are so many striking correspondences between the ancient Mexican civilization and that of certain Asiatic tribes that, as Humboldt suggests, the form of the elephant may have been derived from Asia. But from the geological evidence this is unlikely. At all events the existence of the giant-myth in Mexico is no argument against a traditional knowledge of the living animals, as the oral tradition of the latter may well coexist with the conjectures about huge bones, resulting in tales of giants. Elephants are certainly familiar enough objects in India, and yet even there the petrified elephant bones of the Sivalik Hills are called by the natives giants' bones, belonging to the slain Rakis, the gigantic Rakshasas of Hindoo mythology.

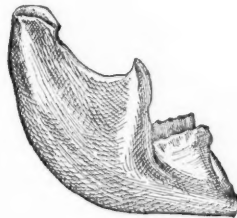
Altogether, then, the testimony—geological, archaeological, and traditional—goes to show that not very many cen-

turies ago elephants were an important element in American life.



Lower Jaw of Mastodon.

Now, what manner of beasts were these American elephants? At least two species, the mammoth and the mastodon, and perhaps others, occurred on this continent after the ice of the glacial period had melted and a more temperate climate again prevailed. The mastodon differed from other elephants in the shape and structure of the grinding teeth, and in the fact that the males possessed a small tusk in the lower jaw. The animal was of a comparatively low stature, averaging less than that of the living species of India; but the body was long and the limbs very massive; there may have been a hairy coat, but this is very uncertain. The mammoth (whose name is a Siberian word of probably Finnish origin) was a very different type of elephant from the mastodon or either of the existing species, though most like the Indian form. It was of vast size, reaching, in some cases, a height of sixteen feet; the tusks were very long, and spirally curved outward and backward, and the body was thick-



Lower Jaw of Mammoth.

ly covered with hair, which formed three distinct coats. The outer coat was long and coarse; beneath this was a layer

of finer fur, and under this again a dense mass of soft, brownish wool. Both of these animals were adapted to a cold climate, and ranged far beyond the Arctic Circle, though the mastodon is rare in the far north; their food, as we may learn from the still preserved contents of the stomach, was chiefly the tender shoots and cones of the pine and fir.

The frozen carcasses of Siberia are in such a wonderful state of preservation that the mammoth is the best known of all extinct mammals, and the following description, by a Russian engineer who had the good fortune to see one of these giants disinterred by a flood, will serve to give a vivid conception of what the creature was like: "Picture to yourself an elephant, with a body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long, colossal limbs, and a tail naked up to the end, which was covered with thick, tufty hair. . . . The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild; it had not the shape of our present elephants. . . . Our elephant is an awkward animal; but compared with this mammoth it is an Arabian steed to a coarse, ugly dray-horse. . . . I

had the stomach separated and brought on one side. It was well filled, and the contents well preserved and instructive. The principal were the young shoots of the fir and pine; a quantity of young fir-cones, also in a chewed state, were mixed with the moss."



Crown of Mastodon Tooth.

It is very difficult to explain why these gigantic animals should have so completely vanished from the New World within (geologically speaking) such recent times. The agency of primeval man may have had something to do with it, but this cause alone is insufficient. Some unfavorable change, of which we do not yet know the nature, swept away a great population of large American mammals, leaving behind them but sparse and pigmy representatives. The strangest, hugest, and fiercest of these forms have entirely disappeared; a fact over which we may well rejoice, as, from our point of view, the world is a much pleasanter place without them, and we can heartily re-echo Hunter's pious ejaculation, and "thank heaven that the whole generation is extinct."

THE OLD EARTH.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

How will it be there if we find no traces—
There in the Golden Heaven—if we find
No memories of the old Earth left behind,
No visions of familiar forms and faces—
Reminders of old voices and old places?
Yet could we bear it if it should remind?

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIRTEEN MONTHS OF IT.

GROWING familiarity with his work did not restore to Seth the lofty conceptions of journalism's duties and delights which he had nourished on the hill-side farm, and which had been so ingloriously dimmed and defaced by his first day's experience.

The tasks set before him, to which he gradually became accustomed, seemed almost as unintellectual and mechanical as the ploughing and planting he had forsaken. The rule of condensation, compression, continually dinned into his ears by his mentors, robbed his labors of all possible charm. To "boil down" columns of narrative into a few lines of bald, cold statement; to chronicle, day after day, in the curtest form, fires, failures, crimes, disasters, deaths, in a wearying chain of uninteresting news notes; to throw remorselessly into the journalistic crucible all the work of imagination, of genius, of deep fine thought, which came into his hands, together with the wordy dross spun out by the swarm of superficial scribblers, and extract from good and bad alike only the meaningless, miserable fact—this was a task against which, in the first weeks of experience, his whole soul revolted.

By the time he had become reconciled to it, and had mastered its tricks, his dream of journalism as the most exalted of all departments of activity seemed to him like some far-away fantasy of childhood.

He not only had failed to draw inspiration from his work; it was already ceasing to interest him. Under pleasanter conditions, he felt that he would have at least liked the proof-reading portion of the daily routine; but the printers were so truculent and hostile, and seemed so predetermined to treat him as their natural enemy, that this was irksome, too. There was no relief to the distasteful monotony in the other

branches of his work. Even the agricultural column, which he had promised himself to so vastly improve, yielded no satisfaction. The floating, valueless stuff from which his predecessors had selected their store came so easily and naturally to the scissors that, after a week or two, he abandoned the idea of preparing original matter: it saved time and labor, and nobody seemed to know the difference. These words, in fact, came to describe his mental attitude toward all his work. He had no pride in it. If he escaped curses for badly read proofs, and criticism for missing obvious matters of news, it was enough.

Seth did not arrive at this condition of mind without much inner protest, or without sundry efforts to break through the crust of perfunctory drudgery which was encasing him. At the start he bestowed considerable thought and work upon an effort to brighten and improve, by careful reworking of materials, one of the departments intrusted to him, and, just when he expected praise, Tyler told him to stop it. Then he tried to make his religious column a feature by discarding most of the ancient matter which revolved so drolly in the *Obago Evening Mercury*, and picking out eloquent bits from the sermons of great contemporary preachers; but this elicited denominational protest from certain pious subscribers, and Mr. Workman commanded a return to the old rut.

But the cruel humiliation came when Seth took to Mr. Samboye an editorial paragraph he had written with great care. It was a political paragraph, and Seth felt confident that it was exactly in the *Chronicle's* line, and good writing as well. The Editor took it, after regarding the young writer with a stony, half-surprised stare, and read it over slowly. He delivered judgment upon it, in his habitual pomposity of phrases: "This is markedly comprehensive in scope and clarified in expression, Mr. Fairchild." Then, as Seth's heart was warming with a sense of commendation and success,

the Editor calmly tore the manuscript in strips, dropped them in his wastebasket, and turned reflectively to his newspaper.

Seth's breath nearly left him: "Then you can't use it?" he faltered. "I thought it might do for an editorial paragraph."

There was the faintest suggestion of a patronizing smile on Mr. Samboye's broad, ruddy face.

"Oh, I am reminded, Mr. Fairchild," he answered, with bland irrelevance; "pray do not allow Porte to pass again with a small *p*, as you did yesterday in the proof of my Turkish article. It should be capitalized invariably."

The beginner went back to his stall both humiliated and angry. The cool insolence with which he had been reminded that he was a proof-reader, and warned away from thoughts of the editorial page, enraged and depressed him. He passed a bitter hour at his table, looking savagely through the window at the automatic motions of the printer directly opposite, but thinking evil thoughts of Samboye, and cursing the fate which had led him into newspaper work. So uncomfortable did he make himself by these reflections that it required a real effort to throw off their effects when Watts came up-stairs and the two left the office for the day. It was impossible not to relate his grievance.

Tom did not see its tragic side, and refused utterly to concede that Seth ought to be cast down by it.

"That's only Samboye's way," he said, lightly. "He won't let any of the fellows get onto the page, simply because he's afraid they'll outwrite him. He'd rather do it all himself—and he does grind out an immense load of stuff—than encourage any rivals. Besides, he never loses a chance to snub youngsters. Don't let it worry you for a minute. If he sees that it does, he'll only pile it on the thicker. In this business you've got to have a hide on you like the behemoth of Holy Writ, or you'll keep raw all the while."

Seth found some consolation in this view, and more still in Tom's cheery tone. The two young men spent the evening together—at Bismarck's.

This came gradually but naturally to

be Seth's habitual evening resort. It represented to him, indeed, all that was friendly and inviting in Tecumseh society. He was able to recall dimly some of the notions of coming social distinction he indulged in the farm days—dreams of a handsome young editor who was in great request in the most refined and luxurious home circles, who said the most charming things to beautiful young ladies at parties and balls, who wavered in his mind between wedding his employer's daughter and taking a share in the paper, or choosing some lowlier but more intellectual maid to wife, and leading with her a halcyon and exalted literary career in a cottage—but they were as unreal, as indistinct now as the dreams of night before last. All the social bars seemed drawn against him as a matter of course.

This did not impress him as a hardship, because he was only vaguely conscious of it, at first, and then grew into the habit of regarding it as a thing to be grateful for. Tom Watts pointed out to him frequently the advantage of being a Bohemian, of being free from all the fearsome, undefined routine and responsibility of making calls, of dressing up in the evening, and of dangling supine attendance upon girls and their mammas. This "social racket," the city editor said, might please some people; Dent, for instance, seemed to like it. But for his part it seemed quite the weakest thing a young man could go in for—entirely incompatible with the robust and masculine character demanded in a successful journalist.

This presented itself to Seth as an extremely sound position, and he made it his own so willingly that very soon he began to take credit to himself in his own eyes for having turned a deaf ear to the social siren, and having deliberately rejected the advances of fashionable Tecumseh. He grew really to believe that it was by preference, by a wise resolution to preserve his freedom and individuality, that he remained outside the mysterious, impalpable regions which were labelled in his mind as "Society." On the other hand, there was no nonsense at Bismarck's, or at the other similar beer-halls to which Tom introduced him. One dressed as

one chose, and did as one liked ; seven-up or penochle provided just the mental recreation a wearied literary brain demanded ; and the fellows one met there were cheerful, companionable young men, who likewise had no nonsense about them, who put on no airs of superiority, and who glided swiftly and jovially through the grades of acquaintanceship to intimacy.

Seth was greatly strengthened in his liking for this refuge from loneliness in a strange city by what he saw of Arthur Dent, whom Watts had prepared him to regard as the embodiment of the other and straitlaced side.

This young man was not at all uncivil, but he was delicate, almost effeminate in frame, wore eye-glasses, dressed with fastidious neatness, never made any jokes or laughed heartily at those of others, and rarely joined the daily lounge and smoke around Tyler's table after the paper had gone to press—and in all these things he grated upon Seth's sensitiveness. He was the one member of the staff whom Mr. Workman seemed to like and whom Mr. Samboye never humiliated publicly by his ponderous ridicule, and these were added grievances. He worked very steadily and carefully, and was said to do a good deal of heavy reading at home, evenings, in addition to the slavish routine of high social duties in which Seth indefinitely understood him to be immersed. His chief tasks were the book reviews, the editing of correspondence, and the preparation of minor editorial paragraphs in a smaller type than Mr. Samboye's. Seth thought that his style, though correct and neat, was thin and emasculated, and he came to associate this with his estimate of the writer, and account for it by his habits and associations—which the further confirmed him in his judgment as to the right way to live.

But there was something more than this. The first few days after his return from his vacation, Dent had tried to be courteous and helpful to the new-comer from the country, in his shy, undemonstrative way, and Seth, despite his preconceived prejudice, had gone a little way on the road to friendship. Then one night, as he and Watts were return-

ing arm-in-arm to their joint lodgings from Bismarck's, a trifle unsteadily perhaps, they had encountered Dent walking with a young lady, and Tom had pleasantly accosted them—at least it seemed pleasantly to Seth—but Dent had not taken it in the right spirit at the time, and had been decidedly cool to Seth ever since. This was so unreasonable that the country boy resented it deeply, and the two barely spoke to each other.

His relations with the others were less strained, but scarcely more valuable in the way of companionship. Mr. Tyler did not seem to care much for his company, and never asked him to go to the "Roast Beef"—a sort of combination of club and saloon where he spent most of his evenings, where poker was the chief amusement and whiskey the principal drink. From all Seth could learn, it was as well for him that he was not invited there. As for Murtagh, all his associations outside the office seemed to be with young men of his own race, who formed a coterie by themselves, and frequented distinctively Irish resorts. Like most other American cities, Tecumseh had its large Irish and German elements, and in nothing were ethnographic lines drawn so clearly as in the matter of amusements. There were enough young Americans holding aloof from both these foreign circles to constitute a small constituency for the "Roast Beef," but a far greater number had developed a liking for the German places of resort, and drank beer and ate cheese and rye bread as if to the manner born. Seth found himself in this class on his first step over the threshold of city life ; he enjoyed it, and he saw very little of the others.

The two most important men on the *Chronicle*, Mr. Workman and Mr. Samboye, were far removed from the plane upon which all these Bohemian divisions were traced. They belonged to the Club—the Tuscarora Club. Seth knew where the club-house was—but he felt that this was all he was ever likely to know about it. The first few days in Tecumseh had taught him the hopelessness of his dream of associating with his employer. Socially they were leagues apart at the outset, and if the distance

did not increase as weeks grew into months, at least Seth's perception of it did, which amounted to the same thing.

He did not so readily abandon the idea of being made a companion by Samboye, but at last that vanished too. The Editor held himself very high, and if he occasionally came down off his mountain-top, his return to those heights only served to emphasize their altitude. There were conflicting stories about his salary. Among the lesser lights of the editorial room it was commonly estimated at forty-five dollars a week, but some of the printers had information that it was at least fifty—which fatigued the imagination. Seth himself received nine dollars, which his brother supplemented by five, and he found that he was regarded as doing remarkably well for a beginner. But between this condition and the state of Samboye, with his great income, his fine house on one of the best streets, his influential position in the city, and his luxurious amusements at the Club, an impassable gulf yawned.

There is no pleasure in following further the details of the country boy's new life. He lost sight of his disappointment in the consolations of a phase of city existence which does not show to advantage in polite pages. He did not become vicious or depraved. The relentless treadmill of a daily paper forbade his becoming indolent. By sheer force of contact his mind expanded, too, more than even he suspected. But it was a formless, unprofitable expansion, which did not help him to get out of the rut. He performed his work acceptably—at least he rarely heard any criticisms upon it—lived a trifle ahead of his small income, and ceased to even speculate on the chance of promotion.

When, thirteen months after his advent in Tecumseh, the news came to him from the farm that his father was dying, he obtained leave to go home. Mr. Workman remarked to Mr. Samboye that afternoon:

"I shan't mind much if Fairchild doesn't come back."

"Is that so? He seems to get through his work decently and inoffensively enough. He will never set the North

River ablaze, of course, but he is civil and all that."

"Yes, but I can't see that there's anything in him. Beside, I don't like his influence on Watts. I'm told you can find them together at Bismarck's every night in the week."

"Of course, that makes it bad," said Mr. Samboye.

Then the proprietor and the editor locked up their desks, went over to the Club, and played pyramid pool till midnight.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK ON THE FARM.

THE farm seemed very little like home to Seth, now that he was back once more upon it. He could neither fit himself familiarly into such of the old ways as remained nor altogether appetite the changes which he felt rather than discerned about him.

Of all these alterations his father's disappearance was among the least important. Everybody had grown out of the habit of considering Lemuel as a factor in any question. Nobody missed him now that he was gone, or felt that it was specially incumbent to pretend to do so—nobody save Aunt Sabrina. Those who cared to look closely could see that the old maid was shaken by her weak brother's death, and that, though she said little or nothing about it, an augmented sense of loneliness preyed upon her mind. For the rest, the event imposed a day or two of solemnity, some alterations of dress and demeanor, a sombre journey with a few neighbors to the little burial-plot beyond the orchard—and then things resumed their wonted aspect.

To the young journalist this aspect was strange and curious. The farm had put on a new guise to his eyes. It was as if some mighty hand and brush had painted it all over with bright colors. It was not only that the house had been restored and refurnished, that new spacious buildings replaced the ancient barns, that the fences had been rebuilt, the farm-yard cleaned up and sodded, the old well-curb and reach removed—the

very grass seemed greener, the bending of the boughs more graceful, the charm of sky and foliage and verdure far more apparent. The cattle were plumper and cleaner; there were carriage-horses now, with bright harness and sweeping tails, and a costly black mare for the saddle, fleet as the wind; the food on the table was more uniformly toothsome, and there were now the broad silver-plated forks to which Seth had somewhat laboriously become accustomed in his Tecumseh boarding-house. He admired all these changes, in a way, but somehow he could not feel at home among them. They were attractive, but they were alien to the memories which, in his crowded, bricked-up city solitude, had grown dear to him.

There were droll changes among the hired people. For one thing, they no longer all ate at the table with the family. An exception was made in favor of Milton Squires, who had burst through the overalls chrysalis of hired-manhood, and had become a sort of superintendent. He had not learned to eat with a fork, and he still talked loudly and with boisterous familiarity at the table, reaching for whatever he wanted, and calling the proprietor "Albert," and his aunt "Sabriny." He did not bear his social and industrial promotion meekly. He bullied the inferior hired men—Leander had a colleague now, a rough, tow-headed, burly young fellow named Dana Pillsbury—and snubbed loftily the menials of the kitchen. This former haunt scarcely knew him more, and his rare conversations with Alvira were all distinctly framed in condescension. This was only to be expected, for Milton wore a black suit of store-clothes every day, with a gold-plated watch-chain and a necktie, and met the farmers round about on terms of practical equality. He was reputed to be a careful and capable manager; his wrath was feared at the cheese-factory; his judgment was respected at the corners' store. Naturally, such a man would feel himself above kitchen associations.

Of course this defection evoked deep wrath in Alvira's part of the house, some overflowings of which came to Seth's notice before he had been a day at the farm. Alvira was not specially

changed to the young man's eyes—in deed, her sallow, bilious visage, dark, snapping eyes, and furrowed forehead, seemed the most familiar things about the homestead, and her acidulous tones struck a truer note in his chords of memory than did any other sound.

Aunt Sabrina, wrapped as of old in her red-plaid shoulder-shawl, but seemingly less erect and aggressive, spent most of her time in the kitchen, ostentatiously pretending to pay her board by culinary labor. Behind her back Alvira was wont to say to her assistant, a slatternly young slip from the ever-spreading Lawton family tree, that the old lady only hindered the work, and that her room would be better than her company. But when Aunt Sabrina was present, Alvira was customarily civil, sometimes quite friendly. The two were drawn together by community of grievance.

They both hated Isabel, with her citified notions, her forks and napkins, and stuck-up airs generally. It had pleased Aunt Sabrina's mood to regard herself as included in the edict which ordained that servants should eat in the kitchen, and only the sharpest words she had ever heard Albert speak had prevented her acting upon this. She had come to the family table then, but always with an air of protest; and she had a grim pleasure in leaving her napkin unfolded, month after month, and in keeping everybody waiting while she paraded her inability to eat rapidly or satisfactorily with the new-fangled "split spoon."

She and Alvira had a never-failing topic of hostile talk in the new mistress. To judge by their threats, their gibes, and their angry complaints, they were always on the point of leaving the house on her account. So imminent did an outbreak seem to Seth, when he first heard their joint budget of woes and bitter resolves, that he was frightened, but the Lawton girl reassured him. They had talked just like that, she said, every day since she had been there, which would be "a year come August," and she added, scornfully: "They go away? You couldn't chase 'em away with a clothes-pole!"

The two elderly females had another

bond of sympathy, of course, in Milton's affectation of superiority. They debated this continually; though as Sabrina had the most to say about her niece-in-law, with Alvira as a sympathetic commentator, so the hateful apotheosis of the whilom hired-man was recognized to be Alvira's special and personal grievance, in girding at which Sabrina bore only a helping part.

Seth accounted for this by calling up in recollection an old, vague understanding of his youth that Milton was some time going to marry Alvira. He could remember having heard this union spoken of as taken for granted in the family. Doubtless Alvira's present attitude of ugly criticism was due to the fear that Milton's improved prospects would lead him elsewhere. The Lawton girl, indeed, hinted rather broadly to him that there were substantial grounds for Alvira's rage. "I'd tear his eyes out if I was her, and he wouldn't come up to the scratch," she said, "after all that's happened." Seth understood her suggestion, but he didn't believe it. The Lawtons were a low-down race, anyway. He had seen one of the girls at Tecumseh once, a girl who had gone utterly to the bad, and this sister of hers seemed a bold, rude hussy, with a mind prone to mean suspicions.

It was a relief to go back again to the living-room, where Isabel was, and he both verbally and mentally justified her gentle hint that the kitchen was not a good place for young men to spend their time.

"You have no idea," she said, letting her embroidery fall in her lap for the moment, "how ruinous to discipline and to household management generally this country plan of making companions of your servants is. I had to put a complete stop to it, very soon after I came. There would be no living with them otherwise. There's not much comfort in living with them as it is, for your aunt sits out in the kitchen all day long, pretending that she is abused—and encouraging them to think that they are ill-used, too. She makes it very hard for me—harping all the time on my being a Richardson, just as she did with your mother.

"Then, there's Milton. I did not

want to make any difference between him and the other hired people, but your brother insisted on it—on having him at the table with us, and treating him like an equal. He is as coarse and rough and horrid as he can be, but it seems that he is very necessary on the farm, and your brother leaves so much to him and relies so much on him that I couldn't help myself. He hasn't got to calling me 'Isabel' yet, but I expect him to begin every day of my life. You can't imagine what an infliction it is to see him eat—or rather, to hear him, for I try not to look."

Isabel took up her work again, and Seth looked at her more closely than he had done before. She sat at the window, with the full summer light on her bright hair and fair, pretty face. Her tone had been melancholy, almost mournful; looking at her, Seth felt that she was not happy, and more—for he had never supposed her to be particularly happy—that she was bitterly disappointed with the result of the farm experiment. She had not said so, however, and he was in doubt whether it would be wise for him to assume it in his conversation.

"Albert seems to thrive on country fare," he said, perhaps unconsciously suggesting in his remark what was turning in his mind—that she herself seemed not to have thrived. The rounded outlines of her chin and throat were not so perfect as he remembered them. She looked thin and tired now, in the strong light, and there was no color to speak of in her face.

"Oh, yes," she said, with that falling inflection which is sister to the sigh, and keeping her eyes bent upon her work, "*he* grows fat. I did not imagine that a man who had always been so active, who was so accustomed to regular office work and intellectual professional pursuits, could fall into idle ways so easily. But it is always a bore to him now when he has to go down to New York at term time. Once or twice he has had a coolness with his partners because he failed to go at all. I shouldn't be surprised if he gave New York up altogether. He talks often of it—of practising at Tecumseh instead. Oh, and that reminds me. You can tell. What relation does Te-

cumseh bear to this place? I know they have some connection in his mind, because he spoke once of the 'pull'—whatever that may mean—being a Tecumseh lawyer would give him here. I know they are not in the same county, for I looked on the map. Whatever it is that would be his purpose in going there, I am curious to learn. You know," she added, with a smile and tone pathetic in their sarcasm, "a wife ought to be interested in whatever concerns her husband."

"They are in the same Congressional district," Seth replied. "There are three counties in the district—Dearborn (where we are now), Jay, which lies east of us, and then Adams, which is a long, narrow county, and runs off south of Dearborn. Tecumseh is away at the extreme southern end of Adams County. Perhaps that is what you have in mind."

"It is what *he* has in mind," she said.

"But how does Albert fill his time here—what does he do?"

"In about equal parts," she made answer, lifting her eyes again, with the light of a little smile in them now, "he reads novels here in the house, and drives about the neighborhood. What time he is not in the easy-chair up-stairs, devouring fiction, he is in his buggy on the road. He won't let me have anybody up from New York, even of the few I know, but he has developed a wonderful taste for striking up acquaintances here. He must by this time know every farmer for twenty miles around. First of all, in buying his stock when he took the farm, he spread his purchases around in the queerest way—getting a cow from this man, a colt from another, a pig here and a bull there. Milton and he went together, and they must have driven two hundred miles, I should think, collecting the various animals.

"I didn't understand it at first, but I begin to now. He wanted to establish relations with as many men here as he could. And the farmers he invites here to dinner—you should see them! Sometimes I think I shall have to leave the table. It's all I can do, often, to be decently civil to them—rough, vulgar men, unwashed and untidy, whom he

waylays out on the road and brings in. He thinks I ought to exert myself to make them feel at home, and chat with them about their wives and children, and ugh! call on them and form friendships with them. But I draw the line there. If he enjoys bringing them here, why I can't help it; and if he likes to drive about, and be hail-fellow-well-met with them, that is his own affair. But——"

She stopped, and Seth felt that the silence was eloquent. He began to realize that his pretty sister-in-law was in need of sympathy, and to rank himself, with indignant fervor, on her side.

Annie Fairchild came in. Seth had seen and spoken with her several times, during the period of his father's death and funeral, but hurriedly and in the presence of others. Her appearance now recalled instantly the day of the fishing trip—a soft and pleasant memory, which during his year's exile had at times been truly delicious to him.

The women thought of it too, now, and talked of it, at Seth rather than to him, and with a playful spirit of badinage. As of old, Isabel did most of the talking. Annie had become quite a woman, Seth said to himself, as she took off her hat, tidied her hair before the glass, and laughingly joined in the conversation. She talked very well, too, but she seemed always to think over her words, and there appeared to be in her manner toward him a certain something, intangible, indefinite, which suggested constraint. He could feel, though he could not explain, it.

During his stay in Tecumseh he had seen almost nothing of the other sex. There were often some young women at the boarding-house, but he had not got beyond a speaking acquaintance at the table with any of them, in the few instances where his shyness had permitted even that. His year in a city had improved him in many ways. He could wear good clothes now without awkwardness; he spoke readily among men, and with excellent choice of language; he knew how to joke without leading the laughter himself. But he had had no chance to overcome by usage his diffidence in female company, and he had not been quite at ease in his mind since

Annie came in. She seemed to make a stranger of him.

He thought upon this, and felt piqued at it. He wondered, too, if he was not sitting clumsily in his chair—if it was not impolite in him to cross his legs. Gradually, however, he grew out of his reserve. It dawned upon him that Annie was timorous, nervous, about the impression she was making on him, and that Isabel listened with real respect and deference to what he had to say. He grew bold, and took the lead of the conversation, and the two women followed meekly. It was a delightful sensation. He said to himself: "It is the easiest thing in the world, once you make the plunge. I could talk with women now in the finest drawing-room in the land." He sat back in his chair, and told them some anecdotes about Mr. Samboye, from which somehow they gathered the notion that he was, at the best, co-ordinate in rank with Seth. They were more than ever proud of their relative, who had so rapidly conquered a high and commanding position for himself in that mystic, awesome sphere of journalism. Seth expanded and basked in this admiration.

He had heretofore found the evenings on the farm stupidly tedious. To sit at the big table till bedtime, reading by the light of a single kerosene-lamp, or exchanging dry monosyllables with Albert, offered a dismal contrast to the cheerful street-lamps, the bright store-windows, the noise and gayety and life of the places of evening resort in Tecumseh. But this evening revealed a far more attractive side of country life than he had known before. Annie stayed after tea, and the three played dominoes. Albert seemed somewhat out of sorts, but they did not mind his silence in the least. They chatted gayly over their games, and time flew so merrily and swiftly that Seth was surprised when Annie said she must leave, and he discovered that it was a quarter to ten.

"How pleasantly the evening has passed!" Isabel said, and smiled at him; and Annie answered, "Hasn't it! I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much," and she, too, smiled at him.

The old walk over the fields, down

the poplar lane, to see Annie home—how like the old times it seemed! And yet how far away they were! Sometimes in these by-gone walks, as they came up now in Seth's memory, he and Annie had been almost like lovers—not, indeed, in words, but in that magnetic language which the moon inspires. It occurred to neither of them to saunter slowly, now. They walked straight ahead, and there were no "flashes of eloquent silence." Their conversation was all of Isabel.

"Not as happy as she expected?" said Annie, repeating a question of Seth's; "you can't guess how wretched she is! Sometimes it's all she can do to keep from breaking down. I am literally the only person she has to talk to, that she cares about, week in and week out. Albert is away a great deal. I don't think he is much company when he is home. She did try, when she first came, to make some acquaintances round about, among the well-to-do farmers' wives. But she couldn't bear them, and they said she was stuck-up, and so that came to nothing. She doesn't get on at all with Aunt Sabrina, either. Poor girl! she is so blue at times that my heart aches for her. Of course she wouldn't let you see it. Besides, she has been ever so much more cheerful since you came. I do hope you will stay as long as you can—just for her sake."

She added this explanation with what sounded to Seth's ear like gratuitous emphasis. The disposition rose swiftly within him to resent this.

"You are very careful," he said, "to have me understand that it's for her sake you want me to stay." Then he felt, even while the sound of his voice was in the air, that he had made a fool of himself.

His cousin did not accept the individual challenge.

"No, of course we are all glad to see you. You know we are. But she specially needs company; it's a mercy to her to have somebody to brighten her up a little. Really, I get anxious about her at times. I try to run over as much as I can, but then I have grandmother to tend, you know."

"How is the old lady, by-the-way? And oh—tell me, Annie, what it was

that all at once set her against me so. You remember—the day before we went fishing and Isabel saved my life.”

The answer did not come immediately. In the dim star-light Seth could see that his cousin's face was turned away, and he guessed rather than saw that she was agitated.

“I will tell you,” she said at last, nervously, “why grandmother—or, no, I will *not* tell you! You have no right to ask. Don't come any farther—I am near enough to the house now. Good-night.”

She had hurried away from him. He watched her disappear in the darkness, then turned and walked meditatively home.

He was not so sure as he had been that it was easy to understand women.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. RICHARD ANSDELL.

It was no light task to spend a vacation contentedly on the farm. There were thousands of city people who did it, and seemed to enjoy it, but Seth found it difficult to understand how they contrived to occupy themselves. What work on a farm meant, he knew very well; but the trick of idling in the country was beyond him. It was too hot, in these July days, for driving much, and besides, Albert rarely invited him into the buggy when the grays were brought around to the step. The two brothers saw little of each other, in fact. It was not precisely a coolness, but Albert seemed to have other things on his mind beside fraternal entertainment. The old pastime of fishing, too, failed him. In the renovation of the house his fine pole and tackle had somehow disappeared, and he had no money wherewith to replace them. He had entered upon his vacation unexpectedly, at a time when he happened to be particularly short of cash—and there was something in Albert's manner and tone which rendered it impossible to apply to him, even if pride had not forbidden it.

There was, it is true, the increasing delight of being in Isabel's company,

but alongside this delight grew a doubt—a doubt which the young man shrunk from recognizing and debating, but which forced its presence upon his mind, none the less—a doubt whether it was the part of wisdom to encourage too much of a friendship with his sister-in-law. This friendship had already reached a stage where Aunt Sabrina sniffed at its existence, and she hinted dimly to Seth of the perils which lurked in the lures of a citified siren, with an expression of face and a pointedness of emphasis which clearly had a domestic application. There was nothing in this, of course, but the insensate meddlesomeness of a disagreeable old maid, Seth said to himself, but still it annoyed him.

More serious, though, was his suspicion—lying dormant sometimes for days, then suddenly awakened by a curt word or an intent glance—that Albert disliked to see him so much with Isabel. Often this rendered him extremely nervous, for Isabel had no discretion (so the young man put it to himself), and displayed her pleasure in his society, her liking for him, quite as freely in her husband's presence as when they were alone. There was nothing in this, either, only that it made him uneasy. Hence it came about that, just when one set of inclinations most urgently prompted him to stay about the house, another set often prevailed upon him to absent himself. On these occasions he generally walked over to Thessaly and chatted with John.

“John and I have so much to talk about, you know, being both newspaper men,” he used to say, with a feeling that he owed an explanation of some sort to Isabel. “And then I can see the daily papers there. That gets to be a necessity with a journalist—as much so as his breakfast.”

“I scarcely dare to read a paper now,” Isabel once replied. “It drives me nearly mad with longing to get back among people again. I only read heavy things, classic poetry and history—and then, thank Heaven! there is this embroidery.”

It was at John's, or rather on the way there, that Seth met one day a man of whom he was in after-life accustomed to

say, "He altered the whole bent of my career." Perhaps this was an exaggerated estimate of the service Richard Ansdell really rendered Seth; but it is so difficult, looking back, to truly define the influence upon our fortunes or minds by any isolated event or acquaintance, and, moreover, gratitude is so wholesome and sweet a thing to contemplate, and the race devotes so much energy to civilizing it out of young breasts, that I have not the heart to insist upon any qualification of Seth's judgment.

Mr. Ansdell, at this time was nearly forty years of age, and looked to be under thirty. He was small, thin-faced, clean-shaven, dark of skin and hair, with full, clear eyes, that by their calmness of expression curiously modified the idea of nervousness which his actions and mode of speech gave forth. He was spending his fortnight's vacation in the vicinity, and he was strolling with his friend the school-teacher, Reuben Tracy, toward the village, when Seth overtook them. Seth and Reuben had been very intimate in the old farm days—and here was a young man to the latent influence of whose sobriety of mind and cleanliness of tastes he never fully realized his obligation—but since his return they had not met. After greetings had been exchanged, they walked together to the village, and to the *Banner of Liberty* office.

It was the beginning of the week, and publication day was far enough off to enable John to devote all his time to his visitors. There was an hour or more of talk—on politics, county affairs, the news in the city papers, the humors and trials of conducting a rural newspaper, and so forth. When they rose to go, John put on his hat, and said he would "walk a ways" with them. On the street he held Seth back with a whispered, "Let us keep behind a bit, I want to talk to you." Then he added, when the others were out of hearing:

"I have got some personal things to say, later on. But—first of all—has Albert said anything since to you about the farm?"

"Not a word."

"Well, I have been thinking it all over, trying to see where the crooked-

ness comes in—for I feel it in my bones that there is something crooked. But I am not lawyer enough to get onto it. I've had a notion of putting the whole case to Ansdell, who's a mighty bright lawyer, but then, again, it seems to be a sort of family thing that we ought to keep to ourselves. What do you think?—for, after all, it is mostly your affair."

"I can't see that Albert isn't playing fair. It must be pretty nearly as he says—that he has put as much money in the farm as it was worth when he took it. It's true, that father's will leaves it to him outright—and that wasn't quite as Albert gave us to understand it should be—but Albert pledges us that our rights in it shall be respected, and it seems to me that that is better than an acknowledged interest in a bankrupt farm would be, which we hadn't the capital to work, and which was worthless without it."

"Perhaps you are right." John paused for a moment, then began again in a graver tone: "There's something else. How are you getting on on the *Chronicle*?"

"Oh, well enough; I get through my work without anybody's finding fault. I suppose that is the best test. A fellow can't do any more."

"That is where you are wrong. 'A fellow' can do a great deal more. And when you went there I, for one, expected you were going to do a deuced sight more. You have been there now—let's see—thirteen months. You are doing what you did when you went there—sawing up miscellany, boiling down news notes, grinding out a lot of departments which the office-boy might do, if his own work weren't more important. In a word, you've just gone onto the threshold, and you've screwed yourself down to the floor there—and from all I hear you are likely to stay there all your life, while other fellows climb over your head to get into the real places."

"From all you hear? What do you mean by that—who's been telling you about me?"

"That you sha'n't know, my boy. It is enough that I have heard. You haven't fulfilled your promise. I thought

you had the makings of a big man in you; I believed that all you needed was the chance, and you would rise. You were given the chance—put right in on the ground-floor, and there you are, just where you were put. You haven't risen worth a cent."

"What do you expect a fellow to do? Get to be editor-in-chief in thirteen months? What could I do that I haven't done? There have been no vacancies, so no one has climbed over my head. I've done the work I was set to do—and done it well, too. What more can you ask?"

Seth spoke in an aggrieved tone, for this attack seemed as unjust as it had been unexpected.

John replied: "Now keep cool, youngster! Nobody expected you to get to be editor-in-chief in thirteen months, so don't talk nonsense. And I am not blaming you for not getting promotion, when there have been no vacancies. What I do mean, if you want to know, is that you have failed to make a good impression. You are not in the line of promotion. Workman doesn't say to himself, when he thinks of you, 'There's a smart, steady, capable young man on whom we can count, who's able to go as high as we are able to put him.' No! instead of that he says—but no, never mind. I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"Oh, you are mighty considerate, all at once," retorted Seth, angrily. "Go on! Say what you were going to say! What is it that Workman says, since you've been spying on me behind my back?"

"Now you are talking like a fool," said the elder brother, keeping his temper. "I haven't been spying on you. I have only been commenting on facts which have come to my knowledge without seeking, and which were brought to me by one who has your interest at heart. I have only been talking to you as I ought to talk, with the sole idea of benefiting you—helping you. If you don't want to hear me, why I can shut up."

Seth did not reply for a minute or so; then he growled, moodily: "Go ahead! Let's hear it all."

"The 'all' can be said in a few words. You have been wasting your time. I

grant that you have done your work well enough to escape blame—but what credit is there in that? a million mechanics do that every day. Instead of improving yourself, elevating and polishing yourself, by good reading, by studying the art of writing, above all by choosing your associates among men who are your superiors, and from whom you can learn, you have settled down in a Dutch beer-saloon, making associates out of the commonest people in town, and having for your particular chum that rattle-headed loafer Tom Watts. Do you suppose Mr. Workman doesn't know this? Do you suppose he likes it, or that it encourages him to hope for your future?"

Seth was silent longer than ever, this time. When he spoke it was to utter something which he instantly regretted: "I haven't been able to gather from your old friends that you were altogether a bigot, yourself, on the subject of beer, when you were my age."

Fortunately, John did not get angry; Seth honestly admired and envied his elder brother's good temper as he heard the reply:

"That's neither here nor there. Perhaps I did a good many things that I want you to avoid. Besides, there was nothing in me. I am good enough as far as I go, but if I had worked on a daily paper till my teeth all fell out I should never have got any higher than I was. With you it is different; you can go up to the head of the class if you are a mind to. But the beer-saloon isn't the way—and Tom Watts isn't the guide."

"He is the only friend I have got. What was I to do? It is easy enough to talk, John, about my knowing good people and all that, but *how*? That is the question. It isn't fair to blame me as you do. All the men like Workman and Samboye—I suppose you mean them—hold themselves miles above me. Do you suppose I've ever seen the inside of their houses or of their club? Not I! You dump a young countryman in a strange city, new at his work, without knowing a solitary soul—and then you complain because he gets lonesome, and makes friends with the only people who show any disposition to be friendly with him. Do you call that fair play?"

"Well, there's something in that," John replied, meditatively. "Some time I'm going to write a leader on the organized indifference of modern city society to what becomes of young men who deserve its good offices, and drift into beer-saloons because they are not forth-coming. It would make the *Banner* immensely solid with orthodox people."

"You wouldn't have wanted me to go to the Young Men's Christian Association, I suppose?"

"No-o, I don't know that I would. I don't know, after all, that you could have done much differently. But you've done enough of it, do you understand? You have served your time; you have taken your diploma. It is time now to quit. And I can put you onto a man now who will help you on the other tack. Do you see Ansdell, ahead there?"

"Yes—is he the man who told you about Workman and me?"

John ignored the question. "Ansdell is one of the cleverest men going; he's head and shoulders over anybody else there is in Tecumseh, or in this part of the State. For you to know him will be a college education in itself. He is more than a big lawyer, he is a student and thinker; more than that, he is a reformer; best of all, he is a man of the world, who has sown more wild-oats than would fill Albert's new bins, and there's not an atom of nonsense about him. He knows about you. We've talked you over together. He understands my idea of what you ought to be, and he can help you more than any other man alive—and what is more, he will."

"It was he who told you about me, wasn't it?" Seth persisted.

"If you will know, it was and it wasn't. All he said was that he had heard Workman speak of you; that he had got the idea from his tone that you were not making the most of your opportunities; that he thought this was a great pity; and that if he could be of any use to you he would be very glad. That is all—and not even your sulkiness can make anything but kindness out of it."

This practically ended the dialogue, for the others had stopped to let the

brothers come up, and John shortly after left the party.

The three men had a long stroll back to the hill-side road, with a still longer lounge on the grass under the elms by the bridge. Seth watched and listened to this swarthy, boyish-looking mentor, who had, so to speak, thrust himself upon him, very closely, as was natural. Did he like him? It was hard, he found, to determine. Mr. Ansdell was extremely opinionated. He seemed to have convictions on almost every subject, and he clung to them, defended them, expanded them with almost tearful earnestness. His voice was as strong and powerful as his figure was diminutive; he talked now chiefly about the Tariff, which he denounced with a vibrating intensity of feeling. Seth knew nothing about the Tariff, or next to nothing, but he admired what Ansdell said, mainly because it was said so well. But he grew quite enthusiastic in his indorsement when he heard his editor, Mr. Samboye, used as a typical illustration of the dishonesty with which public men treated that question. After that he felt that it would be easy to make friends with Mr. Ansdell.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEAR ISABEL.

It was the last day but one of Seth's vacation on the farm. He was not sorry, although the last week, by comparison, had been pleasant enough. He had seen a good deal of Mr. Ansdell, who interested him extremely, and who had come for him three or four times for long walks in the fields. He sat now in the living-room, near Isabel, dividing his attention between her and his book—one of Albert's innumerable novels. The desultory conversation mixed itself up with the unfolding work of fiction so persistently that he presently gave over the attempt to read, and drew his chair nearer to his sister-in-law. It was raining outside, and wet weather always made her want to talk. She said:

"Tell me, Seth, if you have noticed any change in Alvira."

"No, I can't say that I have. In fact, she seems to me the one person about the place who has *not* altered a bit."

"See what eyes men have! Why, she has grown ages older. She goes about now muttering to herself like an old, old woman. And the way she looks at one, sometimes—it is enough to give one the chills. I tell Albert often that I am almost afraid to have her in the house."

Seth chuckled audibly, in good-natured derision. "What a mountain out of a mole-hill! Why, Alvira has glared at people that way, with her little black-bead eyes, ever since I was a boy. She doesn't mean anything by it—not the least in the world. The trouble is, Isabel, that you let your imagination run away with you. You are desperately lonesome here, and you amuse yourself by conjuring up all sorts of tragic things. You will have Aunt Sabrina a professional witch next thing you know, and Milton a mystic conspirator, and this plain old clap-boarded farm-house a castle of enchantment."

He had never before assumed even this jocose air of superiority over his blonde sister-in-law, and he closed his sentence in some little trepidation lest she should resent it. But no, she received it with meekness, and only protested mildly against the assumption underneath.

"No, I am sure there is something in it. She is brooding about Milton. Not in any sentimental way, you know, but it used to be understood, I think, that they were to marry, and now he carries himself way above her. Why, I can remember, as long ago as when I visited here that summer, when we were all boys and girls and cousins together, I heard your mother say they would make a match of it some time. But now he avoids the kitchen and her. It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, for me to be speculating in this way about the love-affairs of the servants. But you are driven to it here. You have no idea how grateful one gets to be, here in the country, for the smallest item of human gossip."

Seth was still considering whether it was possible for him, in careful language, to suggest his own—or rather

the Lawton girls'—view of the Milton-Alvira affair, when Isabel spoke again:

"Speaking of gossip, there is something I have been tempted half a dozen times to mention to you—something I heard almost every day during the little time that the women round about were calling on me. You will guess what I mean—the talk about you and Annie."

Seth did not immediately answer, and she continued:

"Of course you know, Seth, that I wouldn't speak of it if I thought it would be distasteful to you. But I know it used to be the idea that you two were marked for each other. I have heard ever so much about it since we have lived here. And yet you don't seem to me to be at all like lovers—hardly even like affectionate cousins. I think she has rather avoided the house since you have been here, although that, of course, may be only imagination. She is such a dear, good girl, and I am so fond of her, but still I can hardly imagine her as your wife. You don't mind my speaking about it, do you?"

Seth was still at a loss what to say, or, better, how to say it. While she had been speaking, the contrast between the two young women, which had been slumbering in his mind for a year, had risen vividly before him. The smile, half-deprecating, half-inviting, with which she looked this last question at him, as she laid the everlasting embroidery down, and leaned slightly forward for a reply, gave the final touch to his vanishing doubts.

"Mind *your* speaking about it? No, no, Isabel." He scarcely knew his own voice, it was so full of cooing softness. "I am glad you did—for—for who has a better right? No, there is nothing in the gossip. Our people—my mother, her grandmother—had it in mind once, I believe, but Annie and I have never so much as hinted at it between ourselves. Ever since mother's death old Mrs. Warren has, however, taken a deep dislike to me—you remember how she forbade Annie to go with us on that fishing trip—but even without that—"

"Ah, I sha'n't forget that fishing trip," Isabel whispered, still with the tender smile.

"Nor I, you may be very sure." The

caressing tone of his voice sounded natural to him now. "As I was saying, even if we two young people had once thought of the thing, I fancy it would be different now, anyway. *Then*, I was going to be a farmer. *Now*, of course, that is all changed. My career is in the city, in circles where Annie would not be at home. She is a dear, good girl, as you say: nobody knows that better than I do. But you must admit she *is*—what shall I say?—rural. Now that I have got my foot on the ladder, there is no telling how far I may not climb. It would be simply suicide to marry a wife whom I perhaps would have to carry up with me, a dead weight."

The youngster was not in the least conscious of the vicious nonsense he was talking. In the magnetic penumbra of Isabel's presence his words seemed surcharged with wisdom and good feeling. And the young woman, too, who was four years his senior, and who should have known better, never suspected the ridiculous aspect of the sentiments to the expression of which she listened with such sweet-faced sympathy. We are such fools upon occasion.

"Besides, there is no reason why I should think of marriage at all, for a long time to come—at least not until I have made my way up in my profession a bit. When the time does come, it will be because I have found my ideal—for I have an ideal, you know, a very exalted one."

He looked at her keenly, blushing as he did so, to discover if she had caught the purport of his words; then he addressed himself, with an absence of verbal awkwardness at which he was himself astonished, to making it more clear.

"I mean, Isabel, that my brother has won a prize which would make anything less valuable seem altogether worthless in my eyes. If there is not another woman in the world like my brother Albert's wife, then I shall never marry."

"Brother Albert's wife" looked up at the speaker for an instant—a glance which seemed to him to be made of smiles, sadness, delight, reproach, and many other unutterable things; then she bent over her work, and he fancied

that the pretty fingers trembled a little between the stitches. There was a minute of silence, which seemed a half-hour. At last she spoke:

"Does your brother impress you as being a particularly happy man? I won't ask a similar question about his wife."

Seth found it necessary to stand up to do this subject justice. "No!" he answered. "He doesn't deserve such a wife. But because one man is incapable of appreciating a treasure which he has won, it's no reason why another man shouldn't—shouldn't say to himself, 'I will either marry that kind of woman or I'll marry none.' Now, *is* it, Isabel?"

"Perhaps this wife is not altogether the treasure you think she is," the young woman answered, with the indirection of her sex.

Seth found words entirely inadequate to express his dissent. He could only smile at her, as if the doubt were too preposterous to be even suggested, and walk up and down in front of her.

Still intent upon her work, and with her head inclined so that he saw only a softened angle of face beneath the crown of glowing light-hued hair, she made answer, speaking more slowly than was usual with her, and with frequent pauses:

"I don't think you know all my story, though it is a part of your family's history on both sides. You remember my father—a sporting, horse-racing man of the world, and you know that my mother died when I was a baby. You knew me here, one summer, as a visiting cousin, and we played and quarrelled as children do. Now you know me again as your brother's wife—but that is all. You know nothing of the rest—of how my father, proud about me as he was common in other things, kept me mewed up among governesses and house-keepers in one part of the house, while his flash companions rioted in another part; of how my wretched, chafing girlhood was spent among servants and tutors, with not so much as a glimpse of the world outside, like any Turkish girl; of how, when your brother, because he was a cousin, did become the one friend of my father's who might be invited into the drawing-room, and be introduced

to me, and took a fancy that he would like to marry me, I welcomed even such a chance for emancipation, and almost cried for joy; and of how I woke up afterward—no, this is what you do not know.” There was a considerable pause here. “And I do not know why I tell this to you now, except that I want you to understand.”

“I *do* understand, Isabel.”

As a matter of fact, he did not understand at all, but he thought he did, which, for present purposes, came to the same thing.

“And you can realize,” she went on, “how I feel at the thought of staying here the rest of my life—or, even if we go elsewhere—of having my life mapped out for me without any regard to my wishes and aspirations, while you are just pluming your wings for soaring, and can fly as high as you like, with no one to gainsay you. Oh, what it must be to be a man!” She was looking up at him now, with enthusiasm supplanting the repining in her eyes. “And you love your work so, too! You are so clever and capable! You can be anything you like in your profession—and it is impossible that I should ever be anything that I want to be.”

A month ago, when he first came to the farm, this calm assumption of his ability to carve whatever part he desired out of the journalistic cake would have fallen upon Seth like cruel and calculated sarcasm. As it was, he winced a little under its exaggeration, but the substance pleased him. He squared his shoulders unconsciously as he answered:

“Well, I am only at the threshold as yet, but if there is any such thing as doing it, I am going to push my way on. It doesn't seem so easy always, when you are right in the thick of the fight, but now, after my rest here, I feel like an eagle refreshed. I am full of new ideas and ambitions. I owe a good deal of it to Ansdell, I suppose. You never saw such a fellow for making everybody believe as he does, and take an exalted view of things, and long to be doing something great. John prescribed him to me as a doctor would some medicine, and I took him more or less under protest, but I feel immensely better already.”

Isabel took only a languid interest in the inspiring qualities of this prodigy, and reverted to her own grievance:

“Yes, you will go and conquer your position. I will stay here and count those miserable poplars across the road—did you ever see a more monotonous row?—and work antimacassars for no one to see, and mope my heart out. Why, do you know, I haven't one single correspondent!”

The full enormity of the situation thus revealed was lost upon Seth, who had never written more than half a dozen letters in his life, and did not see why people who did not have to write letters should want to do so. But he said “Indeed!” as compassionately as he could.

“No, not one. I did think you might have taken pity on me; but for all the year that you have been away, I have never heard a word from you.”

“I wrote once or twice to Albert,” Seth answered, tentatively, to occupy time until he could turn around in his mind the immense suggestion involved in this complaint.

“Yes, and I used to hear at the breakfast-table—‘Oh, by-the-way, Aunt Sabrina, Seth sends his love to you and Isabel’—only this and nothing more! What is the good of having a literary man in the family if he doesn't write you long, nice letters?”

The vista which had flashed itself before Seth's mental vision was filled with dazzling light. He could not mask the exultation in his voice as he asked:

“Do you really want me to write to you?”

“You ought not to have waited to be asked,” she said, smiling again. “Yes, you shall write me—and long letters too, mind—as often as you like.” She added, after a moment's pause, in which both had been turning over the same idea: “You needn't be afraid of writing too often. The bundle from the post-office always comes to me in the morning hours before he gets down-stairs. Dana brings it up when he comes back from the cheese-factory, and it never goes into any one's hands but mine. Besides, henceforth I shall watch for it all the more carefully.”

Next morning Seth prepared once again to leave the homestead, but this time with a light heart and a gay demeanor. A month's absence had served so to remodel his views of the *Chronicle* that he already felt himself to be a personage of importance in its control. He had been constantly spoken of in the village as "one of the editors" of that journal, and found so much pleasure in the designation that he had come to use it in thinking of himself. He felt himself fired, too, with new enthusiasm and power by his talks with Ansdell, and he believed, not only that he saw where his past errors had lain, but that he knew now the trick of success. Above all, he was to write long letters to Isabel, and receive answers equally long and nice from her, and—this gave him an especial sense of delight—it was all to be a secret between them.

The sun shone brightly, too, after the rain, as if to be in harmony with his mood. Albert was more affable than he had been before, and after breakfast, and while the carriage was being brought around, gave him some cigars for the journey, and a twenty-dollar bill for pocket-money. These were pleasant preludes to a little brotherly conversation.

"I wish you would hurry up and get to have a say on the *Chronicle* as soon as you can, Seth," said the lawyer, holding him by the lapel in fraternal fashion. "You can help me there—help me very materially. I am going to be nominated for Congress in this district next year—don't whisper about it yet, but I've got it solid. I haven't let any grass grow under my feet since I moved here, and they can't beat me in the Convention. But the *Chronicle* can do a good deal in the election, and I look to you for that. I am not going to Washington without knowing my business after I get there. There is a big thing on hand—big for me, big for you too. Good-by now, my boy; I must get up-stairs to my writing. You won't forget!"

No, Seth promised, very cordially and heartily, he would not forget.

When his traps had been piled again into the carriage, and he said good-by to his aunt and to Alvira, no Isabel was to be seen. She had been at breakfast,

but had subsequently disappeared. Seth went into the living-room—no one was there. He opened the door to the stairs and called out her name—no answer. As he closed the door again, he heard the faintest tinkle imaginable from a piano-key. He had not thought of the parlor, which was ordinarily unused, but he hastened to it now. Isabel stood at the instrument, her head bowed, her finger still pressing the key. She turned with a dear little exclamation, which might be either of surprise or satisfied expectancy, and held out her hand.

"So you *wouldn't* go, after all, without saying good-by to me!"

"Why, Isabel, you know better!" answered Seth, still very downright for his years. He was actually pained at her having fancied him capable of such a thing, and while he held her hand he looked at her with mild reproach in his eyes.

"Oh, do I?" she answered, rather inconsequently. Then she sighed, and bowed her fair head again. "Have you given it a thought at all—how lonely it will be after you are gone for—for those who are left behind? I can't bear to think of it—I came in here because I couldn't stand and see the horses at the door, and the preparations for your going. It is as if the tomb-door were swinging back on me again. I am foolish, I know"—here the words were much hampered in their flow by incipient sobs—"but if you could realize my position—the awful desolation of it, the—the—" She broke down altogether, and, with the disengaged hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Seth had never seen a young and beautiful woman in tears before, off the stage, but his racial instincts served him in the emergency. He gently took her hand down again, holding them both, now, in his. He told her, again surprising himself by the smoothness and felicity of his words, how delightful she had made his visit, how deeply he prized her sympathy and compassionated her lot, and how the pangs of regret at parting were only solaced by the thought that she had permitted him to write. Then he kissed her—and hurried out to the carriage.

The handsome, high-bitted grays

made short work of the drive to Thesaly station, where John was waiting to have a parting word, so that Seth scarcely had time to collect his thoughts and settle accounts with himself before the train started. Three hours later, when he got off at Tecumseh, he had progressed no further in his work of striking a moral balance than:

"After all, she is my cousin as well as my sister-in-law."

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UPWARD LEAP.

"WHAT man of achievement cannot recall some one short period of his life which seems to transcend in significance and value all the rest of his career—when great things, for which he had only unconsciously waited, came to him without the asking; when the high court of events rendered its sudden, unexpected verdict of success, without costs to him who had never made a plea; when the very stars in their courses seemed to have privily conspired to fight for him? How swift, inexplicable, even amazing it all was! And yet how simple, too! And when the first flush of astonishment—half delight, half diffidence—had passed, how natural it all seemed; how mind and manners and methods all expanded to meet the new requirements; how calmly and as a matter of course the dignity was worn, the increment appropriated the mental retina adapted to the widened focus! How easily, too, he sloughed off his own conviction that it was all pure luck, and accepted the world's kind judgment of deserved success! Who is it that accuses the world, and rails at its hardness of heart? What man among us all, in the hour of honest introspection, does not know that he is rated too high, that he is in debt to the credulity, the generosity, the dear old human tendency to hero-worship, of his fellows?"

This is an extract from a letter which the successful Seth Fairchild wrote a few months ago. Chronologically, it is dated only a couple of years after the occurrences with which we are now con-

cerned—but to him an interval of decades doubtless seemed to separate the periods. Perhaps the modesty of it is a trifle self-conscious, and the rhetoric is of a flamboyant kind which he will never, apparently, outgrow; but at all events it shows a disposition to be fair as between himself and history. The period of great fortune, to which he alludes, is to be glanced at in this present chapter—to be limned, though only in outline, more clearly no doubt than he himself could be trusted to do it. For, though a man have never so fine a talent for self-analysis, you are safe to be swamped if you follow him a step beyond your own depth. In cold fact, Seth could no more tell how it was that, within one short year, he rose from the very humblest post to become editor of the *Chronicle*, than Master Tom here can explain why he has outgrown his last summer's knickerbockers while his twin brother hasn't.

He had been back at his work in Tecumseh only a month when word came to the office one morning that Mr. Tyler could not come—that he had been seriously injured in the havoc wrought by a runaway horse. It was too early for either editor or proprietor to be on the scene, and Arthur Dent at that hour was the visible head of the staff. He and Seth had scarcely spoken to each other for months—in fact, since that disagreeable evening encounter—but he walked over now to our young man's desk and said:

"Mr. Fairchild, you would better take the News to-day. Tyler has been badly hurt."

Marvelling much at the favoritism of the selection, for Dent had not only passed Murtagh over, but had waived his own claims of precedence, Seth changed desks. He got through the work well enough, it appeared, but he mistrusted deeply his ability to hold the place. Mr. Samboye did not seem to approve his promotion, though he said nothing, and the manner in which Mr. Workman looked at him in his new chair seemed distinctly critical.

After the paper had gone to press, and some little routine work against the next morning's start was out of the way, he wandered between idling the re-

maining two hours away among the exchanges or attempting an editorial article for the morrow, such as Mr. Tyler occasionally contributed. His former experience with Mr. Samboye dismayed him a bit, but he concluded to try the editorial experiment again. Some things which Ansdell had said one day on the silver question remained in his mind, and he made them the basis of a half-column article. He was finishing this when the office-boy told him Mr. Workman wished to see him below. He took his silver article with him, vaguely hoping, hardly expecting, to be congratulated on his day's work, and told to keep the desk.

Seth's impressions of his employer were that he was a hard, peremptory man, and he searched his face now for some sign of softness in vain. Mr. Workman motioned him to a seat, and said, abruptly:

"You were on the News desk to-day. Did you take it yourself, or were you sent there?"

"Mr. Dent told me to take it, sir."

"Why didn't he take it himself, or put Murtagh on?"

Seth had it in mind to explain that Murtagh did not come down early enough, but he remembered how strenuous the rules were in the matter of matutinal punctuality, and concluded to say simply that he didn't know. Mr. Workman looked at him for a moment, made some arabesque figures with his pencil on the edge of the blotter, looked at him again, and then said, in a milder tone than Seth had supposed his voice capable of:

"I may as well be candid with you. I have been very much disappointed in you so far. You haven't panned out at all as your brother led me to expect you would."

This was a knock-down blow. Poor Seth could only turn his copy about in his hands and stammer: "I am very sorry. In what way have I failed?"

"It would be hard to tell exactly in what way. I should say it was in a general failure to be the sort of young man I thought you were going to be. You have shown no inclination, for example, to write anything—and yet your brother praised you up to the skies as a writer."

"But what was the good? I did write a long paragraph when I first came here, and handed it in to Mr. Samboye, and he tore it up before my eyes! That would be enough to discourage anybody!"

"Oh, he did that with you, too, did he?" Mr. Workman made more arabesques on his blotter, shading them with great neatness.

Seth thought this was a favorable opportunity to get in his Silver article, and handed it to the proprietor with a word of explanation. Mr. Workman read it over carefully, and laid it aside without a syllable of comment. There was nothing in his face to show whether he liked it or not. He surrounded all his pencilled figures with a wavy border, and said again:

"Then, there are your associations. Before ever you came I was discouraged at the amount of money and time and health my young men were squandering in saloons. It had become a scandal to the town. I get a young man in from the country whose habits are vouched for as perfect, with an idea that he will influence the rest, and lo and behold! he becomes the boss guzzler of the lot!"

"There is a good deal of justice in that, Mr. Workman—or there was. But since I've been back this time it has been changed. I have moved into another boarding-house where I have a room to myself, and I have read at home almost every evening when I was not with Mr. Ansdell. I think I see the folly of that old way as clearly as anyone can."

"Ansdell and I had a long talk about you the other day. It was he who gave me my first idea that there was anything in you. He is something of a crank on certain subjects, but he knows men like a book. I have been saying to myself that if he liked you there must be more in you than I had discovered. If I am right in this, now is your time to show it. It is a toss up, the doctors say this afternoon, whether poor Tyler lives or dies. In any case he won't be about in months. You can keep on at the desk for a while. We'll see how you make it go."

The next afternoon, when the inky

boy brought up the damp first copies from the clanging, roaring region of the press, Seth was transfixed with bewilderment at seeing his article in the position of honor on the editorial page. While he still stared at it, amazed and troubled, Mr. Samboye, with an angry snort, swung around in his chair to face him.

"Is this Silver thing yours?"

"Yes."

"And it is your conception of the ethics of journalism, is it, to sneak leaders into the composing-room without authority?"

"I sneaked nothing in! I gave the copy to Mr. Workman last night. I am as much surprised to see it the leader as you are."

Mr. Samboye rose abruptly, and strode through the room to the stairs. They were rickety at best, and they trembled, the whole floor trembled, under his wrathful and ponderous tread.

The fat-armed foreman, who was in on his eternal quest for copy, had heard this dialogue. He grinned as the Editor slammed the door below, and chuckled out, "He'll get his comb cut now. The boss ordered your thing to be the leader himself."

Mr. Samboye presently returned, with his broad face glowing crimson, and seated himself at his work again in gloomy silence. He made more erasures than usual, and soon gave it up altogether, taking his hat and stick with an impatient gesture, and stamping his way out.

Time went on. The luckless Mr. Tyler died, and Seth became confirmed in his place. He had developed, more strongly, perhaps, than any other one trait, the capacity for system, and he was able to so remodel and expedite the routine work of the News desk that he had a good deal of time for editorial writing. His matter was never again given the place of honor, but it came to be an important and regular feature of the page. He worked hard on the paper—and almost equally hard, by spells, at home evenings. He did drop in at Bismarck's, or some like place, for a few moments now and then, but he was careful to avoid games, or any further intimacy with habitués. Had it not

been for Ansdell and Dent, this part of his new regimen would have been well-nigh impossible, for the gregarious instinct was strong in him—as it is in any young man worth his salt—and associations of some sort were as necessary as food to him. He had discovered, long before this, that Dent was an old acquaintance of Ansdell's, and that he, in fact, had told the latter about Seth and his profitless courses, and interested the lawyer in his case.

He had learned, too, that this pale "Young Man Christian," as Watts had called him derisively, had from the first been well-disposed toward him, and when the emergency of Tyler's absence came up, had waived alike his own claims to preferment and his justifiable personal pique, and thrust Seth forward into the place because he felt that he needed some such incentive to make a man of himself. This was very high conduct, and Seth tried hard to like Dent a great deal in return. He never quite succeeded. They were too dissimilar in temperament to ever become close friends. Seth explained it to himself by saying that Dent was too cold and non-emotional. But Dent himself never seemed conscious of anything lacking in their relations, and they were certainly cordial and companionable enough when they met, generally two evenings a week, at Mr. Ansdell's chambers.

Nothing less like the bachelor's den dear to tradition can be imagined. There were no pipes, for the lawyer smoked cigars and nothing else; there was no litter of papers, opened books, pamphlets, scraps, and the like, for he was the soul of order; no tumbled clothes, odd boots, overflowing trunks, etc., for he was the pink of neatness. He used to like to describe himself in the words with which Evelyn paints his father, as "of a thriving, neat, silent, methodical genius," but it was always with a twinkling eye, for surely no man was ever less silent. He was a born talker—nervous, eager, fluent, with a delicate sense of the sound and shading of words, a keen appreciation of all picturesque and salient points, a rare delight in real humor, and, above all, with tremendous capabilities of ear-

nestness. Conceive such a man, if you can—for there will never be another like him—and then endow him in your mind with a marvellous accumulation of knowledge, with convictions upon every conceivable subject, and with nothing short of a passion for enforcing these upon those of whom he was fond—and some idea of the perfect ascendancy he gained over Seth will have been obtained.

Mr. Ansdell was neither impeccable nor omniscient. There was much in both his theories and his practice which would not commend itself to the moral statutes of the age; he attempted no defence, being incredulous as to the right of criticism upon personal predilections. But he had a flaming wrath, a consuming, intolerant contempt, for men who were unable to distinguish between private tastes and public duty. On this subject of public duty he was so strenuous, so deeply earnest, that often there seemed but a microscopic line between his attitude and fanaticism. But this zeal had its magnificent uses. Often it swayed, despite themselves, the politicians of his party who had least in common with him, and who disliked him and vaunted their conventional superiority to him even while they were being swept along toward nobler purposes than their own small souls could ever have conceived, in the current of feeling which his devotion had created.

He took complete possession of Seth's mind, and he worked wonders upon it. There is neither room here, nor power, to analyze these achievements. The young man, heretofore through circumstances slow and mechanical, revealed under the inspiration of this contact his true temperament. He became as receptive as a sensitized plate in the camera. He seemed to take in facts, theories, emotions, prejudices, beliefs, through the very pores of his skin. He found himself hating one line of public action, and all its votaries, vividly; he found himself thrilling with violent enthusiasm for another line, and its exponents—such an enthusiasm as exiled men tremble under when they hear the national air of their native land.

He was not always right. Very often, indeed, he did injustice, in his mind, and

in the types as well, to really well-meaning men who, after their lights, were just as patriotic as he was. He condemned with undue ferocity where he could not unreservedly praise, and, like most men of three-and-twenty who sit on the tripod of judgment upon their fellow-mortals, he made many mistakes. But his mental and moral advance, despite these limitations, was tremendously swift, and, in the main, substantial. No man ever made the world budge an inch ahead who had not well developed the capacity for indignation at weak and wrong things. This indignant faculty grew and swelled in Seth's nature like a strong vine, spreading upon the tree of his admiration for his ideals.

He had a fair income now—twenty dollars a week—and he lived very well, having a room in a good house, and taking his meals down-town. This was a condition of life which had always commended itself to his imagination, and he revelled now in realizing it. Of course he saved no money. Through Ansdell and others he had made the acquaintance of a number of Tecumseh men of position, and he had been asked a little to their houses, but he had not gone more than once. This single experience did not dismay or humiliate him; he flattered himself that he came out of it with credit. But it did not interest him; it was wofully difficult to talk to the women he met—to know what to say to them. It was the easier to come back from this one excursion to his old Bohemian bachelor notions, and justify them to himself.

The correspondence with Isabel had not been altogether so attractive as he had anticipated. It had its extremely pleasant side, of course, but there were drawbacks. She wrote well, but then most of her writing was about herself, which grew wearisome after a time. It was difficult, too, to find time to answer her letters always when the philandering mood was upon him, and in this matter he found himself curiously the creature of his moods. The routine of daily newspaper toil had rendered him largely independent of them in his ordinary work. He wrote about as well one day as another. But there were seasons when he could not write to Isabel at all. Then he would say to himself that the

need of doing so was a nuisance, and in this frame of mind he would generally end by reproaching himself for even entertaining the idea of a mild flirtation with his brother's wife. Not that there was anything wrong in it, of course; he was quite clear on this point; but it was so useless, such a gratuitous outlay of time and talent!

But then next day, perhaps, a good dinner, or a chance glimpse of fresh romance in the exchanges, or some affecting play at the theatre of an evening, would bring back all the glamour

of her pretty, tender face, the magic of her eyes, the perfume of her tawny hair. And then he could write, and did write, often with a force of sweet rhetoric, a moving quality of caressing ardor, which it is difficult to distinguish from love-making.

To him these letters did not mean that at all; they were really abstract reflections of the sentimental side of his nature, which might have been evoked by almost any likable, intelligent woman.

But to the wife on the farm they seemed deeply, deliciously, personal.

(To be continued.)

TEDESCO'S RUBINA.

By F. D. Millet.

ANYONE may see among the fragments of antique sculpture in one of the museums of Rome a marble head of a young maiden which has been rudely broken off at the neck. It bears no marks of restoration, and is mounted on the conventional pedestal or support. There is a half-coquettish twinkle in the lines of the mouth and eyes, and a most bewitching expression of innocent youthful happiness about the face, which at once attracts and fascinates the eye of even the most careless observer of these relics of ancient art. The head is gracefully poised and exquisitely proportioned, but is not conventionalized to the degree usual in busts of a similar character. Indeed, notwithstanding its classical aspect, there is a marked individuality of treatment noticeable in its composition, if I may so call the arrangement of the hair and the pose of the head. The features are small and regular, the chin a trifle too delicate, if possible, to complete the full oval suggested by the upper part of the face, and the hair, in which a wreath of ivy is twined, clusters in slender, irregular curls around a low forehead, and is gathered behind in a loose knot. One

tress of hair, escaping from the embrace of the ivy-branch, caressingly clings to the neck. On the pedestal is the label:

A Roman Nymph—Fragment.

Visiting the museum one day in company with two artist friends, I pointed this head out to them as we were hastily passing through the room. Like myself, they were enchanted with the fragment, and lingered to sketch it. They were very long in making their sketches, and after they declared them finished, shut their books with a resolute air, walked briskly off, but returned again, one after the other, to take another look. At last I succeeded in dragging them away; but while we were examining another part of the collection, in an adjoining room, each disappeared in turn, and came back, after a few minutes' absence, with the volunteered excuse that he had found it necessary to put a last touch on his drawing of the attractive fragment. When we left the museum both of my infatuated friends had made arrangements with the custodian to permit a moulder to come and take a cast of the head.

The island of Capri is the most delightful spot in the Mediterranean. Blessed with a fine climate, a comparatively fertile soil, and a contented population, it is one of the best places in which to spend a season that is accessible to the ordinary traveller. In this refuge life does not sparkle, but stagnates. Tired nerves recover their tone in the eventless succession of lazy days. Overtaxed digestion regains its normal strength through the simple diet, the pure air, and the repose of mind and body which is found in this paradise. Of late years the island has become a great resort for artists of all nationalities. Many good studios are to be had there, plenty of trained models of both sexes and all ages are eager to work for trifling wages, living is cheap, rents are by no means exorbitant, and subjects for pictures abound at every step.

A few modern buildings of some pretensions to size and architectural style have been erected within the last twenty or thirty years, but the greater part of the houses on the island, both in the town of Capri and in the village of Anacapri, are very old and exceedingly simple in construction. The streets of the town are narrow and crooked, and twist about in a perfect maze of tufa walls and whitewashed façades, straggling away in all directions from the piazza. The dwellings of the poorer classes are jumbled together along these narrow streets as if space were very valuable. They overhang and even span the roadway at intervals, and frequently the flat roof of one house serves as a loggia, or broad balcony, for the one above it. Small gardens are sometimes cultivated on these housetops, and the bleating of goats and cackling of hens is often heard in the shrubbery there. Not the least among the many attractions of Capri are its historical relics. Ruined Roman villas and palaces abound all over the hills, traces of ancient baths and grottos of the nymphs may be seen along the water's edge, and fragments of Roman architecture are built into every wall and into almost every house. The peculiar geological formation of the island furnishes the excuse for a variety of short and pleasant excursions; for there are numbers of interesting caves,

strange rock forms, and grandly picturesque cliffs and cañons within easy reach by sea or by land.

When I was in Capri, there was one remarkably pretty girl among the models, called Lisa. She was only fifteen years old, but, like the usual type of southern maiden, was as fully developed as if she were three or four years older. Her father and mother were dead, and she lived with her great-grandmother in a small house of a single room in a narrow street which ran directly under my bedroom. None of the houses of the quarter where my studio and apartment were situated had glass in the windows, but the interiors were lighted, like those of the ancient Romans, by square holes provided with wooden shutters. From the rude window in my bedroom, and also from the loggia in front of the studio, I could look directly down into the small dwelling below, and at all times of the day could see the old woman knitting in the shadow just inside the open door, and Lisa flitting about busy with the primitive housekeeping. Whenever I wanted the girl to sit for me, I had only to call down and she would come up to the studio. It takes but a few days to become intimately acquainted with the simple-hearted islanders, and in a short time the old woman grew very friendly and communicative; and at my invitation frequently came to sit on the loggia, whence she could look over the sea, toward the south, to watch for returning coral fishermen, or on the other side, to the north and east, where Naples shimmered in the sun and Vesuvius reared its sombre cone. She was not comely to look upon, for she was wrinkled beyond belief, and her parchment-skin was the color of oak-tanned leather. She often said that Lisa was the image of her own family, but I could trace no resemblance between the blooming maid and the withered dame. The chief beauty of the young girl's face, or at least the most remarkable feature of it, was the eyes, which were of a deep-blue gray, almost as brilliant as the rich, dark ones common to the Italian type, but more unique and more charming in contrast with the olive-tinted skin and black hair. The old woman's eyes were as dark as those of the gener-

ality of her race, and apparently but little dimmed by her great age. All over the island she had the reputation of being the oldest inhabitant; but as she could not remember the date of her birth—if, indeed, she ever knew it—and as there had been no records kept at the time she was born, there was no means of proving the truth or the falsity of the tales about her wonderful age. She bore everywhere the peculiar name of *La Rubina di Tedesco*—*Tedesco's Rubina*—the significance of which, although it was variously explained by common tradition, had really been forgotten more than a generation before, and was now known only to herself. The islanders are fond of giving nicknames, and I should not have remarked this one among so many others if it had not been for the word *Tedesco*, which in Italian means German. My curiosity was excited on this account, to discover what the name really meant and why it had been given to her.

In the long summer twilights I used to talk with the old woman by the hour, or rather I used to listen to her by the hour, for without a word from me to encourage her she would drone on in her queer patois in the garrulous way very old people have, elaborating the details of the most trivial incidents, and rehearsing the intimate family history of all her numerous acquaintances. She looked upon me with the more favor because it happened that I was the only artist who employed Lisa, and consequently furnished all the money for the support of the small household. Relying on the position I held in her esteem as patron, and cannily increasing her obligation to me by various small presents, I schemed for a long time to make her tell the history of her own life. She had an aggravating way of either utterly ignoring all questions on this subject, or else of taking refuge in a series of wails on the change in the times and on the degeneracy of the islanders. By degrees and at long intervals I did, however, succeed in getting a full account of her early life and of the origin of her popular name.

Long ago, even long before any steamers were seen on the bay of Naples, two young Germans—a sculptor

and an architect—wandered down to Capri, to study the antiquities of the island. They were both captivated by the beauties of the spot, by the delights of the pastoral life they led there, and possibly also by the charms of the island maidens, who even then had a wide reputation for beauty, and they consequently stayed on indefinitely. Rubina was then a girl of fourteen, and held the enviable position of *belle of Anacapri*. The sculptor, whose name was Carl Deutsch, somehow made the acquaintance of the beauty, and after a time persuaded her to sit for him. He first made a bust in wax and then began to work it out in marble, using for his material an antique block found in one of the ruined palaces of Tiberius. Days and weeks he toiled over this bust, and as he worked he grew hopelessly in love with his model. As time passed, the islanders, with their usual freedom with foreigners' names, translated Carl Deutsch into its Italian equivalent, *Carlo Tedesco*, and Rubina, who was constantly employed by the sculptor as a model, was naturally called *Tedesco's Rubina*.

Then on the peaceful island was enacted the same old tragedy that has been played all over the world myriads of times before and since. Tedesco's friend, the architect, also fell in love with the model, and took advantage of the sculptor's preoccupation with his work to gain the girl's affection. Early in the morning, while his friend was engaged in sharpening his tools and preparing his studio for the day, he would toil up the six hundred stone steps which led to the village of Anacapri, on the plateau above, meet Rubina, and accompany her down as far as the outskirts of the town. Then often, at the close of the day, when the sculptor, oppressed with that hopeless feeling of discouragement and despair which at times comes over every true artist, would give up his favorite stroll with Rubina and remain to gaze at his work and ponder over it, the architect would be sure to take his place. So it went on to the usual climax. Rubina, flattered by the assiduous attentions of the one, and somewhat piqued by the frequent fits of absent-mindedness and preoccupation of the other, at last reluctantly

gave her consent to marry the architect, who planned an elopement without exciting a suspicion on the part of the sculptor that his idol was stolen from him. The faithless friend pretending to the innocent girl that, being of different religions, it was necessary for them to go to the mainland to be united, sailed away with her one morning at daybreak without the knowledge of anyone save the two men who were hired to row them to Naples. Where they went, and how long they lived together, I could not find out, for she would not open her lips about that portion of her history. Only after a great deal of persuasive interrogation did I learn that when she came back she brought with her a girl baby a few months old. It was always believed in the village that her husband had died. I drew my own inference about the circumstances of her return.

When she reached the island, Tedesco had long since disappeared, and, although there were no absolute proofs, he was thought to be dead. For months after he had learned of the faithlessness of both sweetheart and friend he had been seen very little outside his studio. What he did there was not known, for he invited nobody to enter. Even the neighbor's wife, who had done the housekeeping for the two young men, did not see the interior of the studio after Rubina ran away. She gossiped of the sculptor to the women down the street, and they all shook their heads, touched their foreheads significantly with index-fingers, and sadly repeated, "Un po' matto, un po' matto"—"A little mad." Several weeks passed after the flight of the young couple, and then the sculptor was observed nearly every morning to walk over one of the hills in the direction of a high cliff. Sometimes he was absent but a few hours, but on other days he did not return until night. At length, toward the end of winter, he gave up his studio and apartment without a word of his plans to anyone. When he had departed, carrying the few articles of clothing which were kept in the outer room, the housekeeper entered the studio and found, to her astonishment, that, with the sculptor, all traces of his work had disappeared.

After a while it was discovered that

he had taken up his abode in a certain cave, near the water's edge, at the foot of the cliff, along the top of which he had been frequently seen walking. This cave had always been considered approachable only from the water side; but some men who were fishing for cuttlefish near the shore had seen the mad sculptor clamber down the precipice and enter the mouth of the cave, which was half closed by accumulated rubble and sand. The fishermen, of course, exaggerated their story, and the simple islanders, who always regard a demented person with awe, came to believe that the sculptor possessed superhuman strength and agility, and, although their curiosity concerning his mode of life and occupation was much excited, their superstitious fears prevented them from interfering with him or attempting to investigate his actions. At long intervals the hermit would appear in the piazza, receive his letters, buy a few articles of food, and disappear again, not to be seen for weeks.

Summer passed and a second winter came on, and with it a succession of unusually severe storms. During one of these long gales the sea rose several feet, and the breakers beat against the rocks with terrific force. All the boats which had not been hauled up much higher than usual were dashed to pieces. Several houses near the beach were washed away, and there was no communication with the mainland for nearly two weeks. After that storm the sculptor was never seen again. Some fishermen ventured into the mouth of the cave, now washed clear of rubbish, but discovered nothing. It was therefore believed that the hermit, with all his belongings, was swept out to sea by the waves. Of late years no one had visited the cave, because the military guard stationed near by to prevent the people from gathering salt on the rocks, and thus evading the payment of the national tax on this article, had prohibited boats from landing there. This prohibition was strengthened by the orders which forbade the exploration of any of the Roman ruins or grottos on the island by persons not employed for that purpose by the government. Several years before the authorities had exam-

ined all the ruins. They had carried to Naples all the antiquities they could find, and then had put a penalty on the explorations of the islanders, to whom the antiquities are popularly supposed to belong by right of inheritance. This regulation had created a great deal of bad feeling, particularly since several peasants had been fined and imprisoned for simply digging up a few relics to sell to travellers.

I asked the old woman what became of her child, for she did not readily volunteer any information concerning her.

"Ah, signor' padrone," she said, "she was a perfect little German, with hair as blond as the fleece of the yellow goats. She was a good child, but was never very strong. She married a coral fisherman when she was seventeen, and died giving birth to Lisa's mother. Poor thing! May the blessed Maria, mother of God, rest her soul! Lisa's mother was blond also, but with hair like the flame of sunset. She was a fine, strong creature, and could carry a sack of salt up the steps to Anacapri as well as any girl in the village—yes, even better than any other. She married a custom-house officer and moved to Naples, where she had meat on her table once every blessed week. But even in her prosperity the misfortunes of the family followed her, and the cholera carried off her husband, herself, and a boy baby—may their souls rest in Paradise!—leaving Lisa alone in the world but for me, who have lived to see all this misery and all these changes. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Lisa resembles her mother only in her eyes. All the rest of her is Caprian. Ah me! ah me! She's the image of what I was, except her eyes. By the grace of God I am able to see it! May the Virgin spare her to suffer—" and so on to the end of the chapter of mingled family history and invocations.

Lisa resemble her? I thought. Impossible. What! that wrinkled skin ever know the bloom of youth like that on Lisa's cheek, that sharp chin ever have a rounded contour, that angular face ever show as perfect an oval as the one fringed by the wavy hair straggling out from Lisa's kerchief? Did that mask, seared with the marks of years of

suffering, privation, and toil, ever bear the sweet, bewitching expression which in Lisa's face haunts me with a vague, half-remembered fascination? Never! It cannot be!

This history of a love-tragedy enacted when Goethe was still walking among the artificial antiquities in the groves of Weimar had a curious charm for me. I patiently listened to hours of irrelevant gossip and uninteresting description of family matters before I succeeded in getting together even as meagre a thread of the story as the one I have just repeated. The old woman had a feeble memory for recent events and dates, but she seemed to be able to recollect as well as ever incidents which took place at the beginning of the century. She retailed the scandals of fifty years ago with as much delight as if the interested parties had not all of them long since been followed to the hillside graveyard or been buried in the waste of waters in that mysterious region known as the coral fisheries.

Partly in order to test the accuracy of her memory, and partly to satisfy my curiosity, I persuaded her to show me the place where the sculptor used to walk along the edge of the cliff. I had previously taken a look at the cave from the water, and knew its position in relation to the cliff, but had never been able to discover how the German had succeeded in clambering up and down. Accordingly, one Sunday forenoon, when most of the islanders were in church, she hobbled along with me a short distance up the hillside and pointed out the spot where the children had seen the mad sculptor vanish in the air. This place was marked by a projecting piece of ledge, which cropped out of the turf on the very edge of the cliff, not at its highest point, but at some distance down the shoulder of the hill, where it had been broken sheer off in the great convulsion of nature which raised the isolated, rocky island above the sea. I could not induce her to go within a dozen rods or more of the edge of the cliff, and, having shown me the spot I wished to find, she hobbled homeward again.

There was no path across the hill in any direction, and the scant grass was

rarely trodden except by the goats and their keepers. On that Sunday forenoon there was no one in sight except, a long distance off, a shepherd watching a few goats. Thinking it a favorable opportunity to investigate the truth of the story about the sculptor, I walked up to the very brink of the precipice and lay down flat on the top of the piece of ledge pointed out by the old woman, and cautiously looked over the abyss. The cliff below me was by no means sheer, for it was broken by a number of irregular shelf-like projections, a few inches wide, upon which loose bits of falling rock had caught from time to time. Cautiously looking over the cliff, I saw at once that it would be possible for me to let myself down to the first irregular projection, or bench, provided I could get some firm hold for my hands. The turf afforded no such hold, and at the very edge, where it was crumbled by the weather, it was so broken as to be dangerous to stand on. I looked along the smooth perpendicular ledge, but found no ring to fasten a rope to and no marks of any such contrivance. A careful search in the immediate neighborhood did not disclose a projecting piece of rock firm enough to attach a rope upon. I lay down and hung over the cliff, to see if I could see any traces of a ladder, marks of spikes, tell-tale streaks of iron-rust, or anything to show how the descent had been made. Nothing of the kind was visible.

Far below, the great expanse of turquoise sea, stained with the shadows of summer clouds, seemed to rise with a convex surface to meet the sky at the distant horizon line. Away off to the south, toward Stromboli and Sicily, a few sails, minute white dots relieved against the delicate blue water, hung motionless, as if suspended in an opalescent ether. To the left the green shores of the mainland stretched away to hazy Pæstum. To the right the headland of Anacapri rose majestically against the tender summer sky, and a bank of cumulus clouds reflected in the smooth sea. Beneath screamed a flock of seagulls, sailing hither and thither in graceful flight.

While dreaming over the beauty of the scene before me, I suddenly caught

sight, as it were, out of the very corner of my eye, of a crevice in the ledge beside me almost hidden by the grass which grew tall against the rock. Hastily tearing the grass away with my right hand, I found that this cleft, which was only a couple of inches wide at the most, continued downward along the face of the cliff in a slanting direction, rapidly diminishing in width until it lost itself or became a simple crack in the rock. With my knife and fingers I dug the cleft out clean, as far as I could reach, expecting to find an iron rod or a spike or something to which a rope could be fastened. But I was again disappointed, for there were no signs of iron and no visible marks of man's handiwork. Whether this was an artificial excavation in the rock or merely an accidental irregularity I could not determine, but it made a perfect hold for the hand, like an inverted draw-pull. The moment I discovered this I saw how the descent could easily be accomplished, and without stopping to reflect I clutched my right hand firmly in the cleft and swung off the cliff. My feet struck a pile of loose stones, but I soon kicked them off, made a solid foothold for myself, and then turned cautiously around. The wall of rock pitched backward sufficiently for me to lean up against it, with my face to the sea, and stand there perfectly secure. When I turned again and stood facing the rock, my head was above the edge of the cliff so that I could overlook quite an area of the hilltop. Before attempting to descend the cliff I thought it prudent to test my ability to reach the turf again. Seizing the cleft with the fingers of my right hand, and clutching the irregularities of the edge of the rock with my left, I easily swung myself upon my chest, and then upon my knees, and stood on the turf. Elated now by my success, I let myself over the edge again and began the difficult task of picking my way down the face of the cliff. By diligently kicking and pushing the rubble from the bench I was on I slowly made my way along, steadying myself as well as I could by putting my fingers in the crevices of the rock. In two places I found three or four holes, which had the appearance of having been artifi-

cially made, and by the aid of these I let myself down to the second and third projecting benches. From this point the descent was made without much difficulty, although I carefully refrained from casting my eyes seaward during the whole climb. Fortunately I was on the face of the cliff, which was at a receding angle and consequently was not swept by the telescope of the guard on the beach to the right, and I finished the descent and reached a point to the left of the mouth of the cave, and on a level with it, without any interruption. I was too much fatigued to care to risk discovery by the guard in entering the cave, which was in full sight of his station, so, after resting a while on the rocks, I clambered up the path I had come, and found that the ascent, though toilsome, was not particularly difficult.

I told no one of my adventure, not even the old woman; but early the next Sunday morning I went down the cliff again, unobserved as before, and, watching my chance when the guard was sweeping the shore to the right with his glass, I stole into the cave. It was an irregular hole, perhaps thirty feet deep at its greatest length, and not over ten feet high in any part. Three shallow, alcove-like chambers led off the main room. These were all three nearly full of gravel, sand, and disintegrated rock, and the floor of the whole cavern was covered with this same accumulation. There were plentiful marks of the labors of the Italian antiquarians, for the ground had all been dug up, and the last shallow pits which had been excavated to the bed-rock had not been refilled.

With no settled purpose I took up a piece of an old spade I found there, and began to dig on one side of the cave near the largest alcove. The accumulation was not packed hard, and I easily threw it aside. I had removed a few feet of earth without finding anything to reward my labors, and then began to dig in the heap of rubbish which was piled in the alcove, nearly touching its low ceiling. Almost the first shovelful of earth I threw out had a number of small gray tesserae in it. Gathering these up and taking them to the light, I found

that part of them were of marble, or other light-colored stone; but that a few were of glass with a corroded surface, which could be clipped off with great ease, disclosing beautiful iridescent cubes underneath. The whole day was passed in this work, for I was much interested in my discovery. The tesserae were of no great value, to be sure, but they proved that the cave had been used by the Romans, probably as a grotto of the nymphs, and they were certainly worth keeping in a private collection. Possibly not a little of the charm of the operation of excavating was due to the element of danger in it. The guard was stationed less than a rifle-shot away, and if I were discovered, fine and possibly imprisonment would be my lot.

To make a long story short, I made several excursions to the cave in the same manner and dug nearly the whole ground in a systematic way, leaving until the last a small alcove near the mouth of the cave, because I found very few tesserae anywhere in the strong daylight. Everything which was not a simple, uninteresting piece of stone or shell I stowed away in a bag and carried to my studio. In a few Sundays I had a peck or more of tesserae, a quarter of them glass ones, and a great many bits of twisted glass rod and small pieces of glass vessels. One day the spade turned out, among other things, several small pieces of brown, porous substance which looked in the dim light like decayed wood. I put them in the bag with the rest, to be examined at my leisure at home. The next morning, when I came to turn out the collection gathered the day before, these curious pieces fell out with the rest and immediately attracted my attention. In the strong light of day I saw at once what they were. They were the decayed phalanges of a human hand. The story of Tedesco and Rubina was always in my mind; and I compared the bones with my own fingers and found them to be without doubt the bones of an adult, and probably of a man.

I could scarcely wait for the next Sunday to arrive, but I did not dare to risk the descent of the cliff on a weekday lest I should be seen by the fishermen. When at last I did reach the cave

again, I went at my work with vigor, continuing my search in the place where I left off the previous week. In a short time I unearthed several more bones similar to those I already had, but, although I thoroughly examined every cubic foot of earth which I had not previously dug over, I found no more of the skeleton.

In my studio that evening I arranged the little bones as well as I could in the positions they had occupied in the human hand. As far as I could make out, I had the thumb, the first and third fingers and one joint of the second, three of the bones of the hand, and one of the wrist-bones. There could be no question but these had once belonged to a human hand, and to the right hand, too. There was no means of knowing how long ago the person had died, neither could there be any possible way of identifying these human relics. The possession of the grewsome little objects seemed to set my imagination on fire. After going to bed at night I often worked myself into a state of disagreeable nervous tension by meditating on the history of the sculptor, and revolving in my mind the theories I had formed of the mystery of his life and the manner of his death. For some reason the old woman had never told me where his studio had been, and it never occurred to me to ask her until the thought suddenly came during one of these night-hours of wakefulness. When I put the question to her, the next afternoon, she replied simply:

"This studio was his, signor padrone."

The poor old soul had been living her life over again, day after day, as she sat knitting and looking out to sea, her imagination quickened and her memory refreshed by the surroundings which many decades had but little changed.

This information gave a new stimulus to my thoughts, and I lay awake and pondered and surmised more than ever. There seemed to be something hidden away in my own consciousness, which was endeavoring to work its way into recognition. It would almost come in range of my mental vision, and then would lose itself again, just as some well-known name will coquettishly elude the grasp of the memory. While lying awake in

a real agony of thought, a vague feeling would enter my mind for an instant, that I had only to interpret what I already knew and the mystery of my imagination would be clear to me. Then I would revolve and revolve again all the details of the story, but the fugitive idea always escaped me. With that discouraging persistence which is utterly beyond our control, whenever great anxiety weighs upon our minds, I repeated again and again the same series of arguments, and the same line of theories, until at last, utterly worn out, I would go to sleep. It was quite inexplicable that I should think so much about a sculptor of whom I had never heard, except from Tedesco's Rubina, and who died long before I was born; but, in spite of my reason, I could not rid myself of the vague consciousness that there was something I was unwittingly hiding from myself.

One warm night in summer I sat up quite late writing letters, and then, thinking I should go to sleep at once on account of my fatigue, went to bed. But sleep came only after some hours, and even then not until I had stood for a long time looking out of the window on the moonlit houses below, with my bare feet on the cool stone floor. The first thought that came to my head as I awoke the next morning was about that marble head I had seen in Rome a year before. The dark page of my mind became illuminated in an instant. I did not need to summon Lisa to note the resemblance of her face to the marble one which had so fascinated me, for I was familiar enough with her features to require no aid to my memory. Besides, I had a fairly accurate study of her head on my easel, and I compared the face on the canvas with the marble one which I now remembered so vividly. There was the identical contour of the cheeks and forehead, with the hyper-delicate chin; the nose, the mouth, the eyes each repeated the forms of the marble bust. It was the color alone that gave the painting its modern aspect, and it had been, I now saw, my preoccupation with the color which had prevented my observing the resemblance before. The only thing my portrait lacked, as a representation of the model from whom

the marble was made, was that fascinating expression of girlhood, which, I was obliged to confess to myself, I had not succeeded in catching.

Full of my discovery, I wrote at once to the authorities in Rome, asking for a history of the fragment.

In a few days I received the not unexpected information that it had been given by the Naples museum in exchange for another piece of antique sculpture. I hurried across to Naples and interviewed the authorities there, requesting precise statements about the bust, on the plea that I was interested in the particular period of art which it represented. In the list of objects of antiquity excavated in the summer of 18— I found this entry, under the head of Capri :

"Female head with ivy wreath in hair—Marble—Broken off at neck—No other fragments discovered. Mem.: This probably belonged to a statue of a sea-nymph, as it was found in a grotto with the remains of mosaic pavement and ceiling."

In return for this information I gave the authorities my sincere thanks, but not my secret.

Three years later I met my two artist friends in New York. Like all who have torn themselves away from the enchanting influences of Italy, we reviewed with delight every incident of our sojourn there, not forgetting the visit to the museum in Rome. Two plaster copies of the head had been made, and the mould then broken.

In each of the studios the plaster head occupied the place of honor, and its owner exhausted the choicest terms of art phraseology in its praise. Foolish fellows, they could not escape from the potent spell of its bewitching expression, and, burdened with the weight of the sentimental secret, each of them took occasion, privately and with great hesitation and shamefacedness, to confess to me that he had stolen away while we were together in the museum in Rome to kiss the marble lips of the fascinating fragment.

To each of them I made the same remark.

"My dear fellow, if you were so foolish as to fall in love with a marble head, and a fragment at that, what would you have done in my place? I made the acquaintance of the model who sat for it."

ENGLISH IN OUR COLLEGES.

By Adams Sherman Hill.

In most, if not all, American colleges the teaching of English stands better than it did ten years ago. English is no longer looked down upon, no longer deemed unworthy to be on the same footing with Latin, Greek, and mathematics. It is recognized as forming, and as deserving to form, an important part of the higher education; and this recognition has stimulated teachers already in the profession to better work, and has recruited their ranks with young men and women of ability and enthusiasm.

In one shape or another, English now has an honored place in every insti-

tution which is, or pretends to be, a college or a university; but in this curriculum it means one thing, in that another. Some institutions class English with French and German, Italian and Spanish, under the head of modern languages; and the advocates of the study in this sense are fond of pitting the modern languages against the ancient ones, or of using English alone as a weapon to brain Greek with. Some institutions make all their students give two or three hours a week for a whole year to Anglo-Saxon, apparently on the ground that the earlier the English, the purer and the better worth knowing it

is; and the more barren the literature, the less the probability that a student will be diverted by some literary *ignis fatuus* from the study of the forms of words. Others, which do not take this extreme view, neglect every English author since Shakspeare, as if he were the latest one worth studying, or devote themselves to Browning, as to the Shakspeare of the nineteenth century. There are teachers who identify English with rhetoric taught as a science—that is, as matter of knowledge valuable, not for the use to be made of it, but for its own sake; others identify it with rhetoric taught as an art composed of certain principles, which they strive to apply to the essays of their pupils; others content themselves with demanding a certain number of essays from each student, but make no provision for the study of principles, whether as formulated in a text-book on rhetoric or as embodied in literature; and there are some, I am told, who treat “forensic disputation,” or even elocution, “oratory,” “vocal expression,” as the English most important to know.

In these and other fields too numerous to mention, admirable work has been done without doubt; but to get the good of it all, an enthusiastic student of English would have to betake himself to several centres of intellectual life. No college in the country, so far as I know, gives instruction on all matters included in the study of English in its widest sense. None provides the requisite facilities for a student who desires to master his mother tongue in its history as a language, in its completeness as a literature, and in its full scope as a means of expression with the pen and with the lips. This state of things is not, and has not been for many years, the case with Greek, Latin, or mathematics. It is no longer the case with many branches of natural science, with some of the modern languages, or with some of the most ancient ones. Why should it be so with English? Why should a man who wishes to know all that is to be known about the language he is going to use all his life be at a disadvantage in the pursuit of his favorite species of knowledge, as compared with him whose tastes lead him to regions into which

only a few specialists are privileged to enter?

The question answers itself. There is every reason why every college in the country should do for English all that it does for its most favored studies; and the time will come, or I greatly misread the signs of the future, when no American institution of learning can afford to economize in this direction. Now that learned men and learned bodies are, like clergymen and churches, no longer too far above the rest of the world to be weighed in the same scales in which other men and other bodies are weighed, and to be criticised with equal freedom, they can no longer apply the resources supplied by public or by private beneficence to the nourishment of hobby-horses whose bones are marrowless, in whose eyes there is either no speculation in the old sense of that word, or too much speculation in the modern sense. A college which is to live by the people must supply the education needed for the people, and for the leaders of the people; and what is so much needed as English? In these days of multifarious knowledge, of intellectual activity in so many directions, there are many things of which a man need know only the rudiments: but of English an educated man should know more than the rudiments, because—if for no other reason—everybody knows, or half-knows, or thinks he knows them; because everybody deems himself capable, not only of criticising the English of others, but also of writing good English himself. Therefore, educated men should know enough to be able to protect pure English against the numerous foes that beset it on every side in these days of free speech and a free press. *Noblesse oblige.* Superior advantages bind those who have enjoyed them to superior achievement in the things in which self-taught men are their competitors, as well as in the work of scholarship.

Taking for granted, then, that English should form an important part of every college curriculum, and should be a prescribed study for all students in every college in which any subject is prescribed, we have still to ask whether the objective point, toward which the work as a whole ought to tend, should

be English as language, English as literature, or English as a means of communication between man and man. Not that it is either practicable or desirable to teach English in one sense without teaching it in the other senses also. Students of a language cannot go far without taking up the literature in which that language finds its most characteristic expression; students of a literature cannot fail to note some of the peculiarities of the language it is written in, and are likely to have some curiosity as to points in the history and development of language; students of the art of composition will be greatly helped to handle the language in a practical way by knowing the exact meaning of the words, and by familiarizing themselves with the classics, of their native tongue; and students, whether of language or of literature, can do little with the results of their labors, unless they are able to communicate them to others clearly and effectively.

What, however, should be the primary aim in a course framed to supply the needs, not of specialists, but of the main body of students? Should the purpose be to make them know English as philologists know it? or as literary historians and critics know it? or as it is known by those who can say what they wish to say, whether in speech or in writing, in such a fashion that the persons addressed shall readily and fully and exactly understand what is meant, and shall see what the writer desires them to see as vividly, follow a narrative or a piece of reasoning as closely, and feel the force of argument or of emotion as strongly and deeply, as it is in the power of language to make them?

Can there be any doubt on this question in the mind of anybody who looks at it with unprejudiced eyes—the question, it is to be borne in mind, relating to prescribed studies solely? Every student who chooses to pursue the history of the English language as far back as books will take him, and every student who chooses to devote himself to the study of the literature of his native tongue, whether in its broad outlines or in its minutest details, should have all the opportunities and all the facilities for his specialty that his col-

lege can supply. In optional studies there should be no discrimination, no favoritism; so far as possible, every reasonable demand for instruction in any subject should be granted: but a prescribed curriculum, which is necessarily limited on every side, can contain only those courses which the authorities believe to furnish the greatest good to the greatest number.

Among these courses, one in the art of composition should surely be included, rather than one in philology, or in literary history, or even in literature, except literature that will serve as a means of stimulating the powers of production, and of turning them in the right direction. Rhetoric may be prescribed as a part of the course, not for its own sake, but as one of the means by which a student is taught to write. Knowledge of the principles of the art of composition, as applied by the best writers, ought to help the student to communicate what he has to say in a better form than he would otherwise employ. By the shortcomings of others he should learn what to avoid, and by their achievements what to seek, in his own compositions. Familiarity with superior writers ought to help him to do unconsciously what the text-book helps him to do consciously. Surrendering himself to the influence of genius, he will be carried beyond himself, his mind will work more freely than usual, and his sentences will reproduce his thoughts in more perspicuous and more telling language. A man's mind cannot but be stimulated by contact with greater minds, whether living or dead. Shakspere, Bacon, Burke, George Eliot, feed the powers of thought and the powers of expression at the same time, and thus enable one to think, to talk, and to write to more purpose.

If, then, we may assume that English in the form of English composition should be a prescribed subject in every college curriculum in which any subject is prescribed, we have next to consider what may and what may not be profitably done by a teacher of this onerous and often thankless subject. On this matter two extreme theories are held: one, that a teacher can do nothing; the other, that a teacher can do everything.

According to the do-nothing school,

"To learn how to write, you have only to write." "When you have something to say, you will be able to say it well enough." "A clear thinker will be a clear writer, a forcible thinker a forcible writer," and so on. Those who favor this view admit, indeed, that an intelligent critic may root up faults of style, repress bad tendencies, smooth rough places; but they add that he is likely to kill the wheat with the tares, to discourage inclinations in the right direction, to cultivate elegance at the cost of strength, and, above all, to make a young writer self-conscious, self-critical, and, therefore, more and more artificial—the effort to follow rules and avoid faults depriving him of the inspiration and the guidance that would otherwise have been furnished by his own healthy natural self. They declare that under such discipline an original writer, or one who might have become such if left to himself, is reduced almost to the level of an accomplished proof-reader. They point to authors of acknowledged merit who never received any instruction but such as they gave themselves, and to youths of later days whose written work in college was rated very low, but who soon after leaving college showed that they could express themselves so as to command attention to what they wrote on subjects with which they were familiar and in which they took a living interest.

In this view there is, no doubt, a kernel of truth. Bad instruction is worse than none. A teacher who confines his efforts to the eradication of faults is likely to do more harm by discouragement than he does good by emendation; but the wise teacher will constantly endeavor to make the soil he cultivates produce all it can, taking pains all the time to quicken the good seed, and to help his pupils to see that weeds are removed, not so much because they are weeds as because they choke the good grain. Even such a teacher may at first seem to be doing more harm than good to his pupils; for the novice has to pass through a period of transition, during which, like a boy who has taken half a dozen lessons in dancing, he is awkwardly conscious of his short-comings, but does not see how to improve. In a few weeks, however, a teacher who combines tact with good

sense will be able to do for his pupils, or rather to help them to do for themselves, what the great writers who had no instructors did for themselves; and the young men under him need not wait till they get out of college before writing good English.

The do-everything school, on the other hand, talk as if an instructor in English composition had it in his power, not merely to help a pupil to express what he has to say so as to make it tell for all it is worth, but also to supply him with something worth saying; not only, if I may use the expression, to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but to fill it with gold fresh from the mint. Some who do not go quite to this length in their demands upon the teacher of English, nevertheless do expect him to turn out from his mill "finished writers," however poor the grain put into the hopper. "Why," ask the men of this school, "why, if the colleges do their duty, have we so few great writers in this country? Why are so few of the men who do good work with the pen college-bred? Surely the teachers of English either slumber at their posts, or

'painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their [pupils]
sleep.'

In this view, too, there is a kernel of truth. No teacher should ignore the fact that good English with nothing or next to nothing behind it is sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal—the brass of loud-mouthed declaimers or the tinkle of soft-mouthed poetasters. A teacher should make his pupils understand that they must think before writing, must have something clearly in view which they are to put into language; but it is not his business as teacher of composition to provide them with materials. He may do so if he will; but, other things being equal, young writers do better with topics that interested them before they thought of writing upon them than with those imposed as subjects of composition, with knowledge gathered as knowledge rather than as so much grist for the English mill. So far as possible, a teacher should bend his efforts to the task of making the materials already in his pupils' possession into as good an

article as possible. If the materials are meagre, it is his misfortune but not his fault; and he will make a poor use of his talents if he shows young men how to hide poverty of thought in "finish" of style.

In my judgment, the work of an instructor in English composition is, indeed, limited in range, but is very important within its range. His office is not so much to provide his pupils with matters for thought, or with machinery for thinking, as to show them how to communicate their thoughts to others in the clearest, strongest, and most effective manner. To this end he should strive, in the first place, to stimulate their minds, so that they may put forth their full powers when they write, and put them forth naturally and with the force of their individuality; and, in the second place, he should, so far as in him lies, remove the obstructions which ignorance, half-knowledge, bad training, mannerism, self-consciousness, imitation of poor models, the thousand and one forces that fight against good English, place between the thought and its free and natural expression.

Over some of these obstacles a student's mental energy will, if roused to its full power, carry him by its own momentum; for, as everyone knows, a writer is less likely to make egregious errors in spelling or punctuation, for instance, if he be so absorbed in the matter of what he is writing as to give no conscious attention to forms of words or construction of sentences. The more firmly, moreover, his mind grasps the subject in hand, and the more rapid the movement of his train of thought, the more likely he is to hit upon the best words and the best arrangement of words.

If a teacher, then, is able to interest his pupils in what they are writing so fully that they put their best selves into their work with the pen, he will succeed, not only in giving to it continuity and individuality not otherwise to be attained, but also in diminishing the number of errors and defects. Those which remain should be dealt with firmly but considerately. The student should be made to feel that they are removed in order that the free flow of his thought may be unimpeded, and that they are of

no account as compared with lack of life and of unity in the composition as a whole.

Every teacher will decide for himself how to stimulate his pupils. The means are as various as the conditions of life and the idiosyncrasies of human nature. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. What is successful with a small class will fail with a large one. In all cases, and under all conditions, the one thing needful is that the teacher should have the power to awaken interest and inspire enthusiasm. If he does not throw himself into his work, the minds of his pupils will be cold and sluggish. They must catch fire from him.

Under the most favorable conditions, the results of English composition as practised in college are, it must be confessed, discouraging. The shadow of generations of perfunctory writers seems to rest upon the paper, and only here and there is it broken by a ray of light from the present. I know no language—ancient or modern, civilized or savage—so insufficient for the purposes of language, so dreary and inexpressive, as theme-language in the mass. How two or three hundred young men, who seem to be really alive as they appear in the flesh, can have kept themselves entirely out of their writing, it is impossible to understand—impossible for the instructor who has read these productions by the thousand, or for the graduate who looks at his own compositions ten years after leaving college.

Perhaps the most potent cause of this deplorable state of things has been the practice of forcing young men to write on topics of which they know nothing and care to know nothing—topics, moreover, that present no salient point for their minds to take hold of. An improvement—for improvement there is—has been noticed since students have been given greater freedom in the choice of subjects, have been encouraged to choose a topic which has already engaged their attention for its own sake, and have been told to limit and define the topic they choose so as to keep themselves strictly to one line of thought—whether in defending or attacking a proposition clearly stated, or in arranging facts in accordance with some prin-

ciple of method, or in telling a story or describing a scene in a coherent and vivid manner.

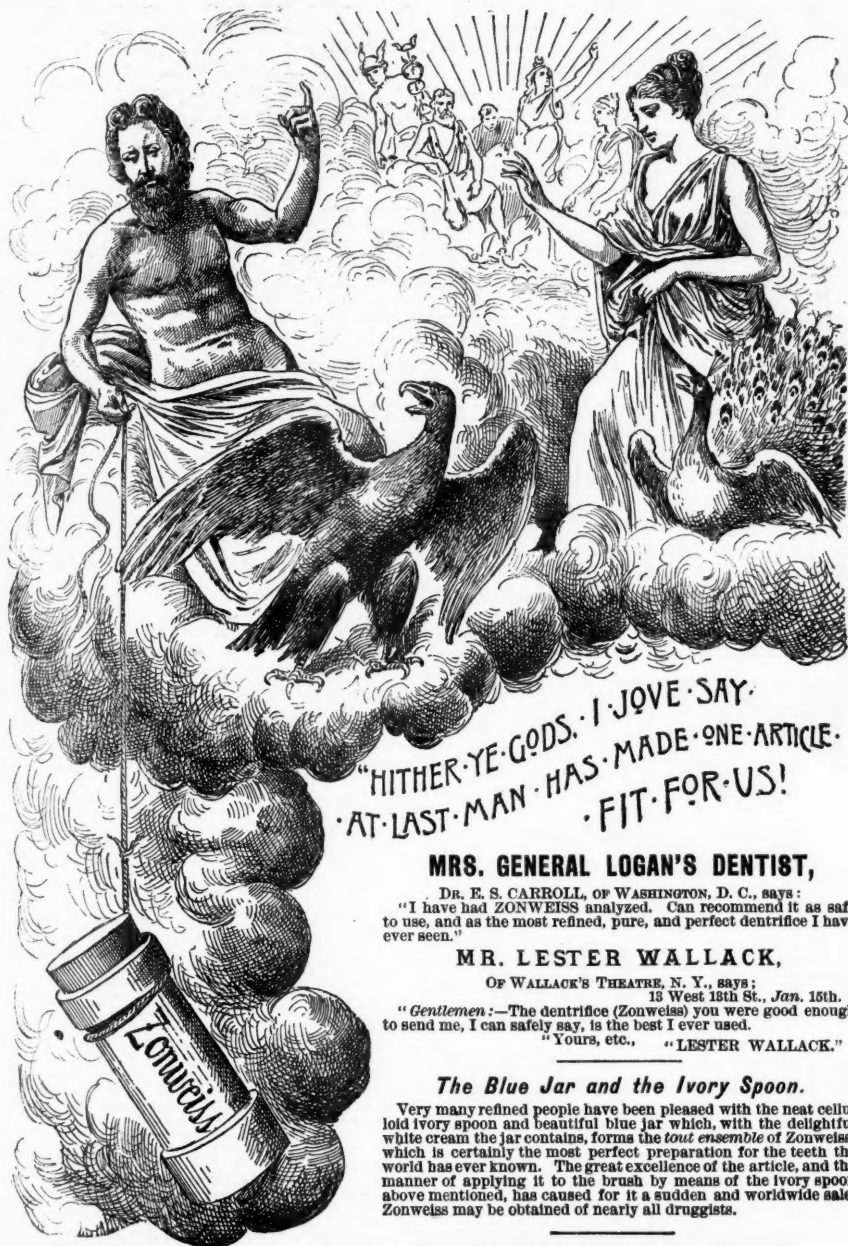
I have found, too, that most young men do better under pressure than when left to their own devices as to time and space. This year, for example, with an elective class of thirty seniors and juniors, I am making an experiment, which has proved unexpectedly successful. A part of the work consists of papers a page long, written in the classroom. No manuscript is to be brought in; but students are advised to select their subjects beforehand, and to find out exactly what they want to say. Any subject will answer; but they are urged to avoid the commonplace, the bookish, and the profound, and to choose topics which can be disposed of within the prescribed limits.

At first, "time up" at the end of the manuscript often signified that the writer had undertaken more than he

could do in the ten minutes allowed; but experience soon showed each man what could and what could not be put into a paragraph, and practice gave facility in composition. Having no space for prefaces, or digressions, or perorations, the members of the class usually begin at the beginning and go straight to the end. Having no time to be affected, they are simple and natural. Theme-language, which still haunts too many of their longer essays, rarely creeps into the ten-minute papers. Free from faults of one kind or another these papers are not; but the faults are such as would be committed in conversation or in familiar correspondence. The great point has been gained that the writers, as a rule, forget themselves in what they are saying; and the time will come, it is to be hoped, when they will be correct as well as fluent, and will unite clearness in thought with compactness in expression, and vigor with well-bred ease.



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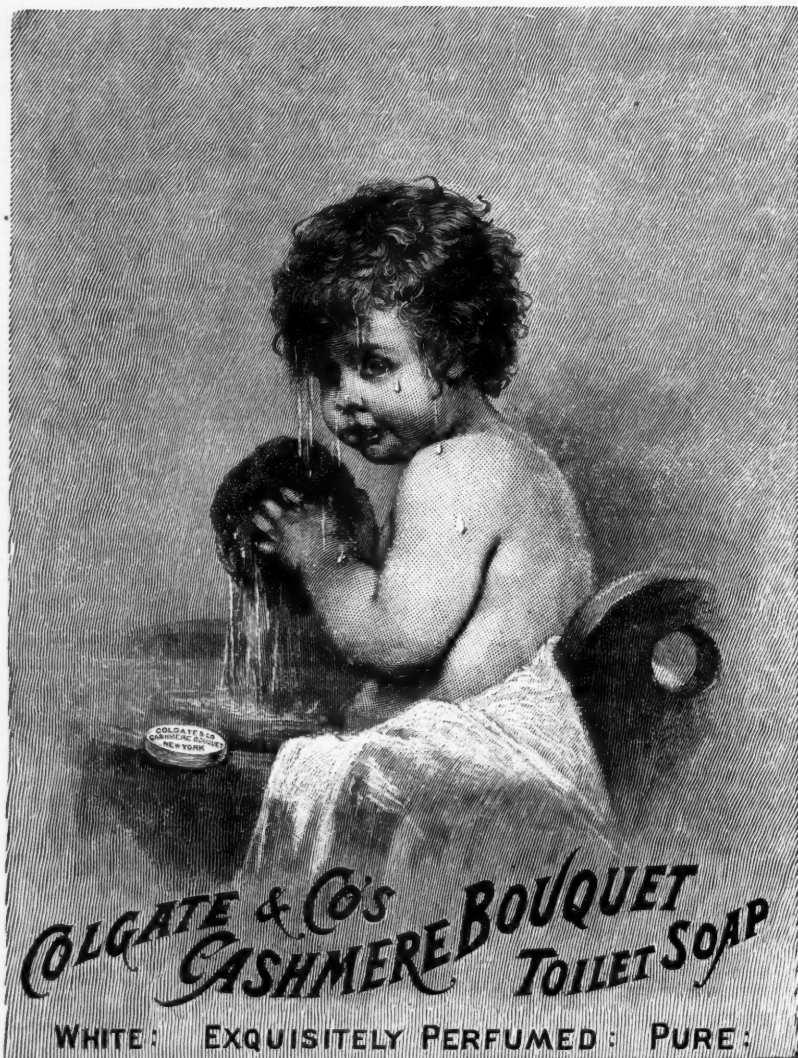
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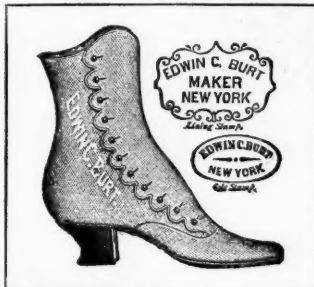
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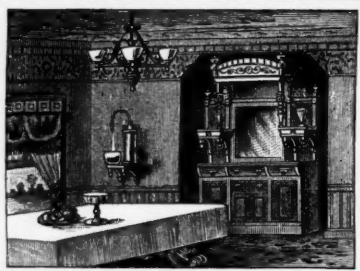
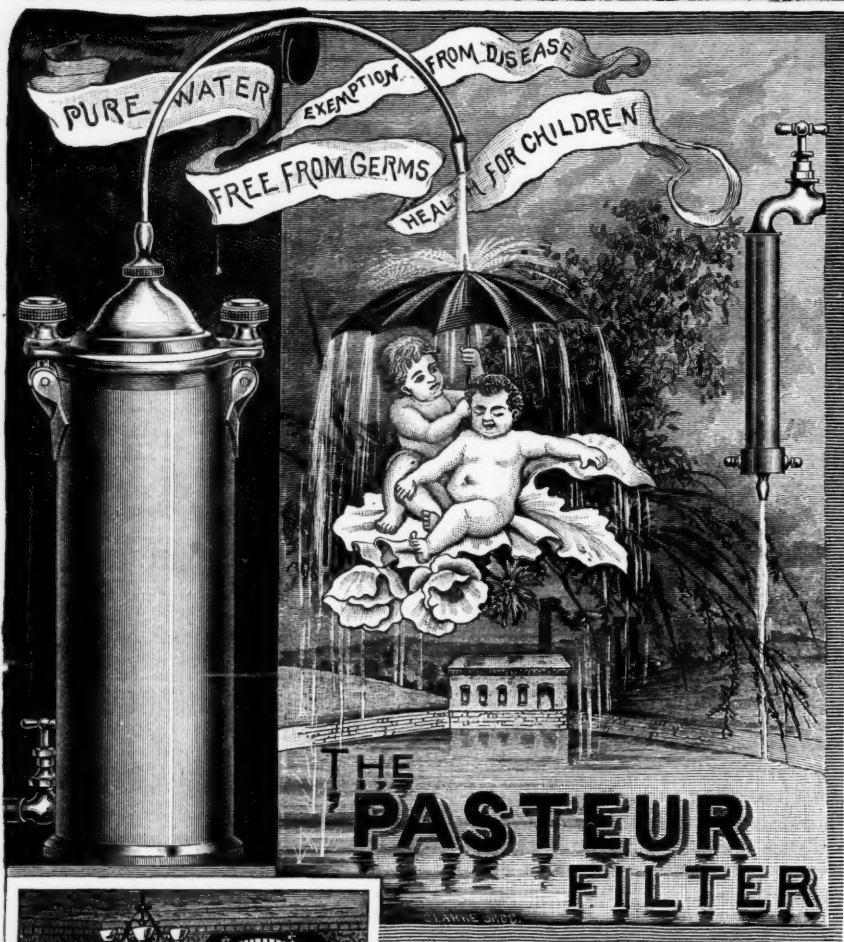


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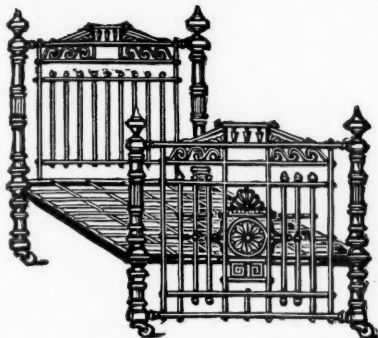
and domestic uses four sizes are made, the smallest, containing a single bougie, giving from one to three gallons per hour, and the largest, with seven bougies, yielding from eight to fifteen gallons per hour, according to the pressure and condition of the water. The Filters are very attractively finished, and in any dining-room, however elegant, are quite ornamental. The Filter can be attached to tanks located in the upper stories. Non-pressure Filters can also be furnished.

The Pasteur Filter is largely used in Europe, and many are now in successful operation in this country. It has received the highest endorsements. For prices, etc., address

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ENGLISH BRASS BEDS



In connection with our large furniture display, we have opened a department for the above. The prices of these goods will be found very low, and, being of the best quality, are warranted not to tarnish as the cheaper makes of these goods do. They range in price from \$19 upwards, and for country homes are quite a novelty.

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Furniture Makers and Importers,

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For Parlors, Libraries, and Pianos.

Send 2c. stamp for circular. Mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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Manufacturers of

Fine Commercial Furniture

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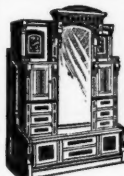
Office Desks,
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FOLDING BED
THE MOST POPULAR BED.

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Their deserved reputation for excellence of fabric, richness and durability of color, novelty and beauty of design, has led to frequent infringements and inferior goods have often been palmed off in their stead. For the protection of the public, the Company has adopted as a trade-mark the word "**BIGELOW**," which will be woven (at every repeat of the pattern) in white capitals into the back of the fabric.

Customers will therefore have merely to examine the back of a carpet to be certain that they are getting the genuine Bigelow Wiltons or Body Brussels.

These Goods can be obtained from
all first-class dealers.

SEEDS & PLANTS.

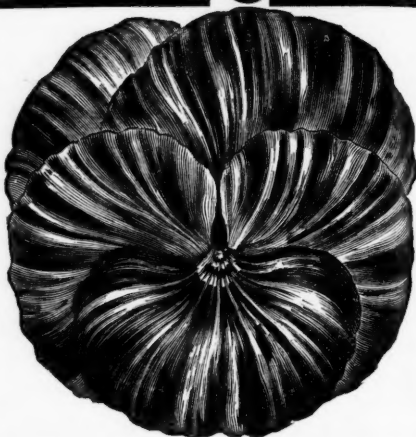
BURPEE'S Diamond Collection NEW AND CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS FIFTEEN 50c. PACKETS

FOR 1887 ONLY We have prepared a SPECIAL DIAMOND COLLECTION of 15 NEW AND CHOICE ANNUALS—the most beautiful varieties, that should be in every garden.

These are not common, cheap flowers, but the very choicest of their kind, including beautiful novelties in cash or postage stamps, we will mail one

For regular size packet each of New Imperial German Pansies, of grand form, large size, wonderful beauty and diversity of colors and markings; seed of over fifty superb varieties of this famous strain mixed. *Stellata Splendens* Phlox—immense trusses of large vivid crimson flowers, each with a large white star in the centre. *The Eldorado* Marigold—Magnificent bushes with 75 to 100 immense double flowers, of perfect shape and bright colors. *New Dwarf Calliopsis*—A novelty of real beauty. *Tom Thumb Nasturtium*. *Empress of India*—Very dark foliage and brilliant scarlet flowers. *Improved Double Mixed Poppy*—a grand strain. *New Annual Chrysanthemums*—all the most beautiful varieties of the popular "Painted Daisies" *New Double Gaillardia*. *Prince of Orange* *Calendula*—brighter than Meteor. *Double Rose-flowered Portulaca*, all colors. *Fireball Helichrysum*—a beautiful everlasting. *Verbena Hybrida*, extra fine mixed—this magnificent strain alone is 50c. per pkt. *Large-flowering German Ten-Weeks Stock*. *New Clarkia*. *Mrs. Langtry* and *New Virginia Stock*. *Fairy Queen*.

One packet each of the above 15 Choice Annuals mailed, postpaid, for 50c., or five of these Diamond Collections for \$2. Illustration and directions for culture printed on each packet of the 15 varieties.



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We invite special attention of all intelligent cultivators to the following STERLING NOVELTIES OF RARE VALUE, which having CAREFULLY GROWN and Tested we can HONESTLY RECOMMEND.

BURPEE'S CHAMPION MARKET MELON.—The handsomest and most profitable market melon yet introduced. Of perfect globe shape, ribbed and densely netted; thick meat, with light green flesh. Three times the size of Burpee's Netted Gem, nearly as early and much more productive. Per liberal packet, 20 cents; 3 packets for 50 cents.

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BURPEE'S GOLDEN UPRIGHT PEPPER.—Remarkable in habit of growth, the peppers growing upright; of large size, rich golden-yellow, tinged with bluish-red; very mild flavor. Per packet, 15 cents.

THE TURNER HYBRID TOMATO.—Very early and the largest of all good tomatoes; remarkable for solidity, fine quality and immense productiveness. Our original selected seed. Per package, 15 cents; per ½ ounce, 40 cents.

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BURPEE'S MAMMOTH SILVER KING ONION.—The largest of all onions, having attained the enormous weight of four and three-fourths pounds. Per packet, 15 cents; per ounce, 40 cents.

All the above, except the last three, are catalogued by us for the first time this year, and are Vegetables of Unusual Merit. We will mail one package of each of the Ten Varieties for if the purchaser names SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. For fuller descriptions of the above (six of them being painted from nature in our colored plates), see

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1887. It is a handsome book of 128 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and honest descriptions of all THE BEST Garden, Farm and Flower SEEDS.

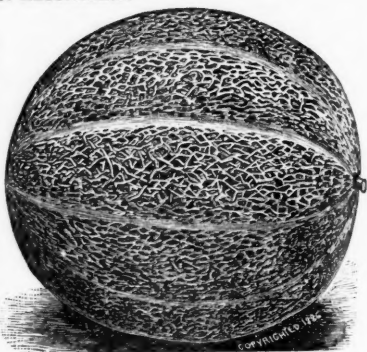
including TESTED NOVELTIES and Valuable Specialties, many of which cannot be obtained elsewhere.

NEW FLOWERS of extraordinary beauty. *Burpee's Farm Annual* is Mailed Free to all who intend to purchase. **WHITE TO-DAY** for the most complete catalogue published as you may not see this advertisement again.

BURPEE'S SEEDS are warranted by us and acknowledged by thousands of planters to be unsurpassed and rarely equalled.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., SEEDSMEN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WAREHOUSES: 475 & 477 North Fifth Street, and Nos. 476 and 478 York Avenue.



\$1.00

SEEDS & PLANTS

A BEAUTIFUL PANSY BED CAN BE MORE EASILY AND QUICKLY ESTABLISHED PLANTS THAN OTHER WAY. WE OFFER VIGOROUS YOUNG PLANTS, READY FOR IMMEDIATE BLOOM. Plants, as we grow them, will be found to bloom constantly all summer. Full instructions for cultivation sent with each package. The most marked improvements in Pansies ever seen will be found in the following 3 varieties: **NEW TRIMARDEAU, OR GIANT THREE-SPOTTED PANSY PLANTS.** A new class of Pansies of French origin that will afford unbounded satisfaction on account of their extraordinary size. The flowers are immense, will astonish every one, and will be highly prized by every lover of this popular flower. The engraving shows the average size of the flowers when well grown, which are borne in wonderful profusion.



This cut shows an average size flower of our Giant Three-Spotted Pansies.

The great value of this variety and its consequent scarcity has led some dealers to offer a spurious and different variety under this name. We offer the true "Trimardeau" obtained from the grower in Europe.

NE PLUS ULTRA, OR GIANT FIVE-SPOTTED.

Every one will be surprised at their rich and brilliant shades as well as by their enormous size, as this is the finest colored and handsomest marked of all large flowering Pansies. Nothing more elegant in Pansies could hardly be desired. This and the other two kinds here offered will make the handsomest collection ever seen. Our

PERFECTION PANSY PLANTS,

While not so large as the above two sorts, are superbly colored. Those who have seen them say they never saw anything like them. The flowers are of dazzling brilliancy; the colors exquisite and wonderful, and so delicate that no description can convey any adequate idea of their beauty. There are over forty varieties, striped, spotted, bordered, and fringed in rainbow colors, with rich velvety texture. One dozen strong, vigorous plants, of either the above varieties, ready for immediate bloom, for 60c., or 25 for \$1.00, or one dozen of each three sorts for \$1.50, by mail, postage paid, and safe arrival guaranteed. Seed, if desired, 40c. per paper, or one paper of each sort for \$1.00.

The great demand for these Pansies exhausted our stock last year early in the season. This year our stock is very large and we can supply every one. Our importation from Japan of **Lilium Auratum**, or Golden-Banded Lily, the "Queen of Lilies," is unusually fine; large, healthy bulbs, sure to do well, 40c. each; 3 for \$1.00.

SEND FOR OUR SEED AND PLANT CATALOGUE. Very complete, illustrated, artistic, of particular interest to all lovers of choice flowers. Sent free to all readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE enclosing stamps to pay postage. Address,

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Send us Your Address

on a postal card and we will send you a collection of 36 varieties of Flower Seeds, including Pansy, Verbena, Dahlia, Mignonette, Smilax, Phlox, &c., from which you may select such as you desire at one-half the prices usually charged.

This is a bona-fide offer; the packets are large and full, and the seeds guaranteed fresh.

Remember the Seeds themselves will be sent you, for selection, not a catalogue. Write plainly your name, residence and state, on a postal card, and address,

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WHY NOT BUY AT FIRST HANDS?

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Treatise how to grow them
FREE. 2 flowering bulbs, Pearl Tuberose, to all who send 14c. 4 bulbs, 25c. Carnation Plants, 6 splendid sorts 50c. 14 for \$1. New Oxalis Deppil, 12 bulbs 10c. All by mail. **CHAS. T. STARR, Avonlea, Chester Co., Pa.**

SEEDS & PLANTS.



MUSA ENSETE.

"The Great Abyssinian Banana."

Mr. William Robinson, the great English authority on gardening, says this is the noblest decorative plant in the world, and the many customers we induced to try it last season confirm this:

Mr. Krieger, superintendent of the Wheeling park writes: "I never had anything in the park that has attracted one-quarter the attention and admiration as these wonderful Bananas. You will remember my buying fifty of them when at your establishment last spring, at your earnest recommendation, though I confess I was decidedly skeptical of such small plants realizing your glowing description. I planted them in an old Dahlia bed, and although the soil was very rich already, I piled on the manure 'thick and heavy,' and spaded it in. Then I had my men water the bed daily with the hose. The result is astonishing. To-day (Oct. 14th), the plants are 13 feet high (actual measurement), and their beauty and majestic appearance is beyond my power of description." A member of the Pittsburgh Club, who bought a lot to plant in front of the club house (in the central part of the city), says: "The rapidity of their growth astonished me, and I have been bothered not a little trying to tell the many inquirers what they are. They are cheap, ridiculously cheap, for I could not have equalled their tropical effectiveness with a couple hundred dollars' worth of Palms."

The great merits of this Banana have long been known to plantsmen and amateurs, but its high price has always prevented its becoming popular. We have succeeded in getting a large stock, which we can offer at about one-sixth the usual prices.

In the latitude of New York they should not be planted until the 20th or 25th of May. In some of the Southern States and California they are entirely hardy.

PRICES—50 cts., 75 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 each; \$5.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, and \$30.00 per dozen, according to size; a few extra large plants at \$5.00 and \$10.00 each. The smallest sized plants will make fine specimens (from 6 to 12 feet high) the first season if soil is very rich and freely watered. We will send the smallest size, post-paid, by mail, carefully packed, for 75 cents each. The large sizes are not available.

OUR BOOK.—Our work, "A Few Flowers Worthy of General Culture," published (at first for free distribution) to call serious attention to the great advantage of gardening with hardy flowers; but its attractiveness created such a great demand for it, and from many who were not plant buyers, that it was a serious tax on us, and we are compelled to make a nominal charge for it. The fourth and enlarged edition, now ready, is certainly the most beautiful and original book on flowers yet published—can be had, bound in a handsome, durable cover, for 50 cents, or in leather for 75 cents, and FIFTY CENTS will be ALLOWED ON THE FIRST ORDER SENT amounting to two dollars or more; or an order for two dollars or more will secure a copy free, but not a second copy if one has already been received.

OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, containing a complete list of the best new and old varieties of Roses, Clematises, Rhododendrons, Hardy Azaleas, Carnations, Lilies, Tuberous-rooted Begonias, Gloxinias, and the largest collection of Hardy Plants in America, sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

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12 PLANTS BY MAIL
12 Verbenas or 12 Pansies (50c.)
or 3 Verbenas, 3 Pansies, 1 Rose, 1 Oxalis, 1 Forget-me-not, 1 Chrysanthemum, 1 Helianthus, and 1 Fuchsia.
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GEORGE R. KNAPP,
Greenfield, Mass.
FRUIT AND NUT TREES,
ROSES,
SMALL FRUITS,
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SEEDS & PLANTS.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER BLOOMING **ROSES**

For 18 Years our Great Specialty has been growing and distributing **ROSES**. We have all the Latest Novelties and finest standard sorts in different sizes and prices to suit all. We send **STRONG, VIGOROUS PLANTS** safely by mail or express to all points **3 to 12 PLANTS \$1.** \$8 to \$25

Our New Guide, 88 pp., describes nearly 500 finest varieties of roses, the best Hardy Shrubs and Climbing Vines, and New and Rare Flower Seeds, and tells how to grow them. **FREE.** Address **THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,** Rose Growers, **WEST GROVE, Chester Co., Pa.**



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Now ready, contains 2 Colored Plates, hundreds of Illustrations, and nearly 300 pages—32 pertaining to Gardening and Flower Culture, and over 150 containing an Illustrated List of nearly all the **FLOWERS and VEGETABLES** grown, with directions how to grow them, where the best **SEEDS, PLANTS, AND BULBS** can be procured, with prices of each. This book mailed free on receipt of 10 cents, and the 10 cents may be deducted from the first order sent us. Every one interested in a garden, or who desires good, fresh seeds, should have this work. We refer to the millions of persons who have planted our seeds. **BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS AT HEADQUARTERS.**

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN,
Rochester, N. Y.



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Have been sown by many successful cultivators for nearly half a century. We are Growers and Importers as well as Exporters of all the varieties of Vegetable, Flower, and Field Seeds, Plants, Roses, Bulbs, and Dealers in all Garden and Farm Supplies. Our system of selection is most thorough, and our treatment of customers most generous. Place yourself in our hands and we shall provide for you both pleasure and profit. We could say much more to extol our wares but we believe you wish results and ask you to give us a trial.

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FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES
OR ANYTHING IN THE NURSERY LINE, without first writing for our valuable **FREE Catalogue**, the **21 LARGE GREENHOUSES** for **33d YEAR.** **700 ACRES.** **Best we ever issued, containing the Rarest New and Choicest Old.** **THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, OHIO.**

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Smith's Illustrated Seed Catalogue. **FREE** to all applicants desiring choice selections of Flower, Vegetable, Field, Bird Seeds, &c., true to name and of best quality. Implements and everything for the Garden or Greenhouse, at lowest prices. Give us a trial order.
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BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING CARNATION PINKS RIVALS OF THE ROSE.

The flowers par excellence for table decoration or personal adornment.

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ROCHESTER COMMERCIAL NURSERIES.
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Both Fruit and Ornamental. ROSES, Vines, Clematis, Rhododendrons, etc. Two illus. Catalogues 10 cts. Free to customers. Wholesale List, FREE.

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38 Years' Experience in growing our strong and reliable ROSES. Grand Specialties in PLANTS, BULBS & FLOWER SEEDS of extra choice quality. Rare Novelties of great beauty. Handsomely illustrated Catalogue for 1887 with a lovely Colored Plate of Scott's Mammoth Fancies. 10 cts. Free to customers. Wholesale List, FREE. Sent for it now. **ROBERT SCOTT & SON,** Philadelphia, Pa.

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MISCELLANEOUS



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"Now, when the buds begin to show,
'Tis time for old and young to know,
That FEVERS, LASSITUDE, and all
The ills at INDIGESTION'S call,
With every trouble, ache or pain
That follows in the BILIOUS train,
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From crown of head to sole of shoe.
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Wise families throughout the land
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The only Remedy Prepared for Popular Use that is at once Safe,
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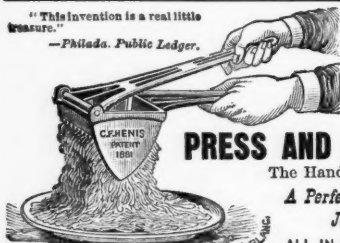
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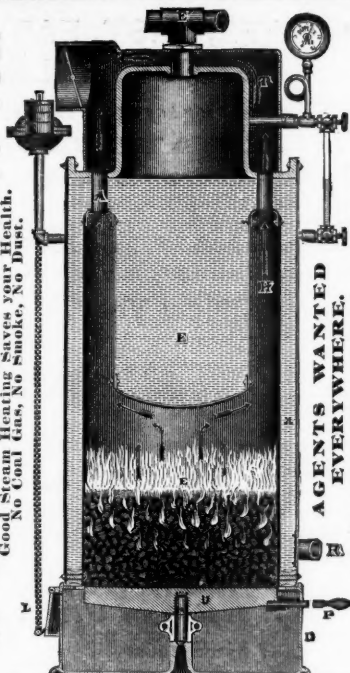
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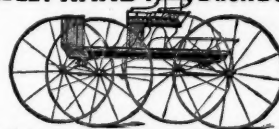
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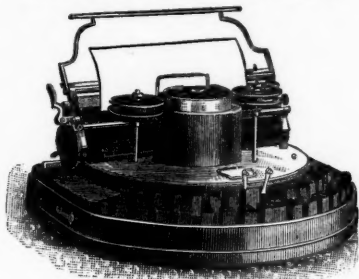
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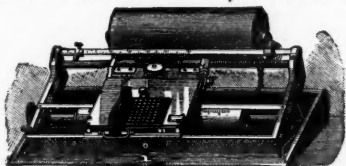
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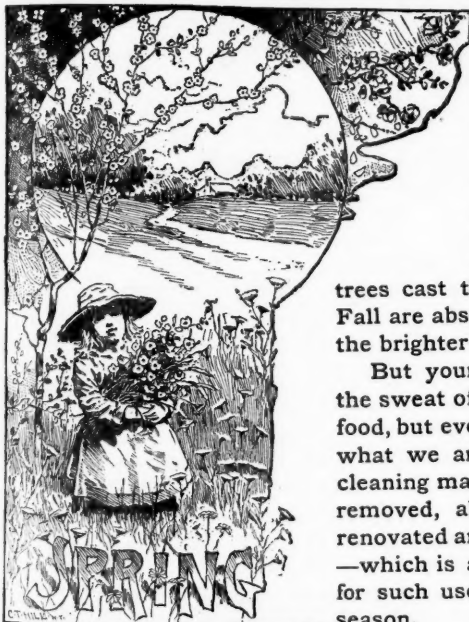
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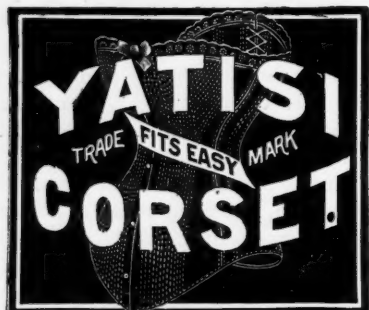
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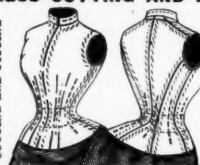
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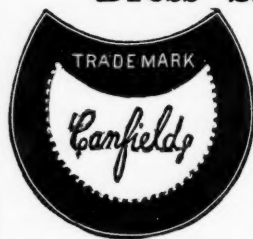
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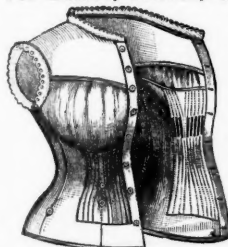
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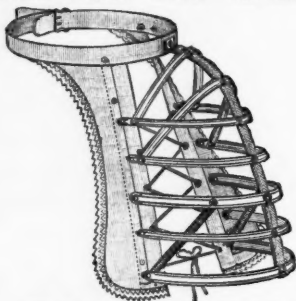
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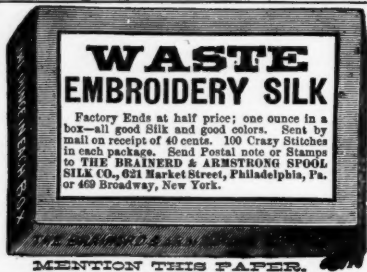
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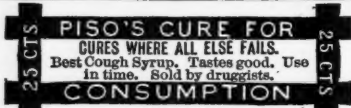
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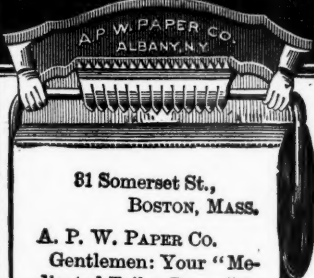


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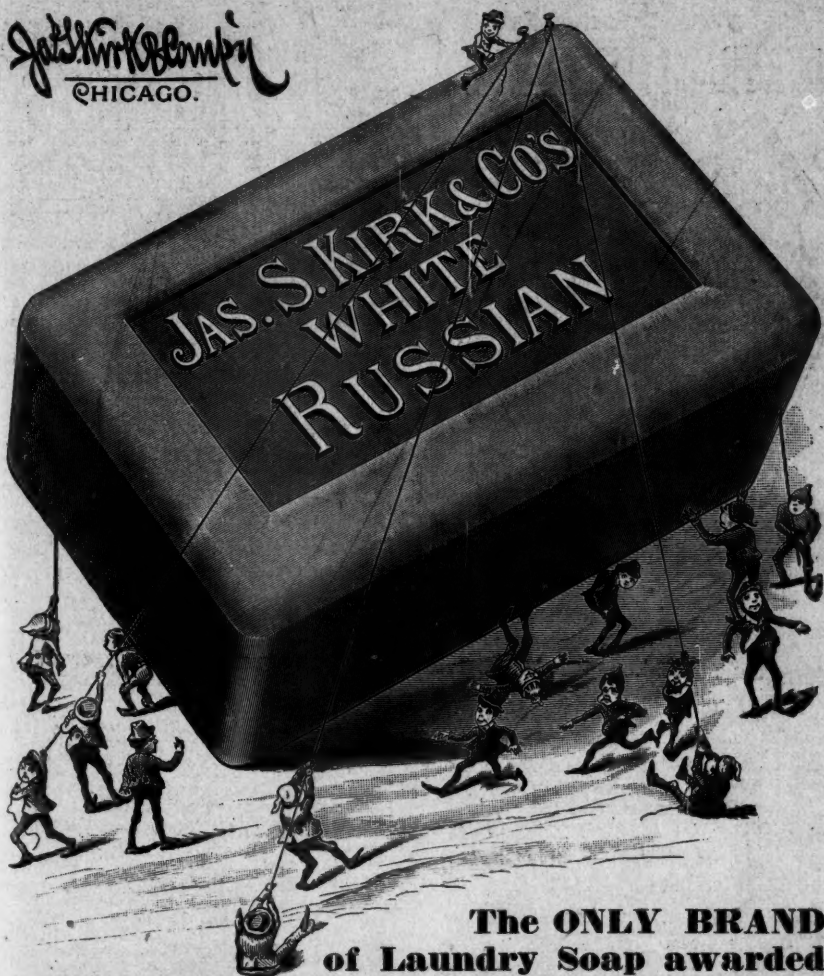
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